

July :: Ten Cents

Chatelaine



In This Issue: **My Hollywood Diary . . .** By MADELEINE CARROLL

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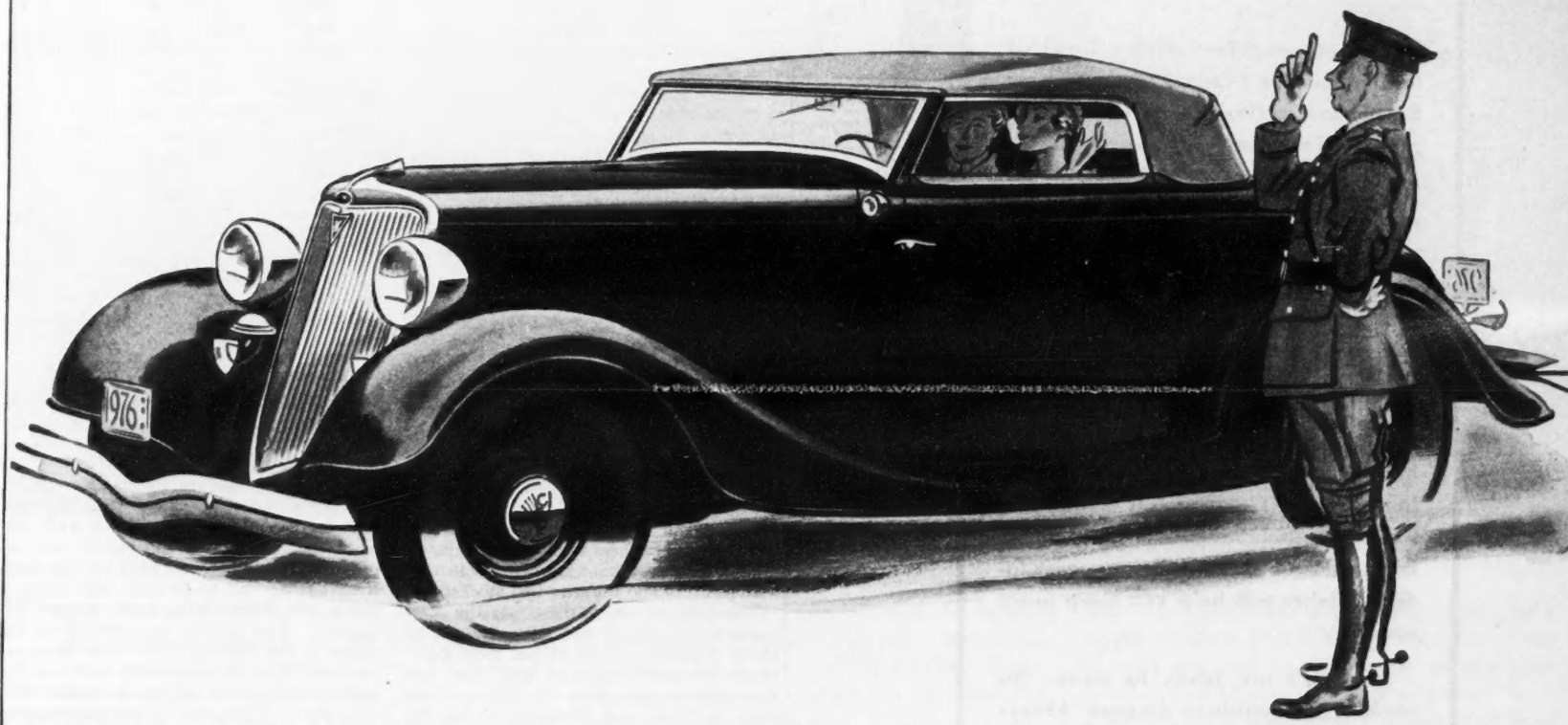
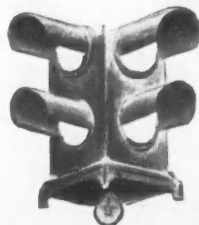
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Chatelaine

"Mistress of her Castle"

This magazine is equipped to serve the chatelaines of Canada with authoritative information on housekeeping, child care, beauty and fashions, and with entertaining fiction and articles of national interest.

TORONTO, ONTARIO



H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor

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Have you sailed the St. Lawrence from Montreal to citadelled Quebec, to Murray Bay, to the Saguenay? Or driven down the North Shore, or round the thrilling Gaspé route?

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Do you know New Brunswick, its valleys, woods, rivers and its picturesque coast? And have you tasted of the calm and rest and loveliness of Prince Edward Island?

Do you know your Canada?

Travel, and you make your holiday an investment as well as a joy.

H. Napier Moore



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GONE ARE THE DAYS when a cheese assortment was reserved for the grand finale of a stiff formal dinner. Lately it has leaped into vogue for smart little suppers, for teas, for impromptu gatherings. The point is that they are putting the cheese tray where guests can get at it—on the buffet or on a coffee table in the living room.

It's being done everywhere in Canada, because nowadays fine cheeses of all kinds are so easily available. Kraft is responsible for that—Kraft, the largest maker, importer and distributor of fine cheeses in all the world. You're expecting someone in for bridge tonight . . . tomorrow night? You're planning a

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C-7

The Book Club at Work

Last Autumn, Chatelaine suggested the details for a Book Club. Here's one of many records of a successful Winter's group reading

THE IDEA of a book club suggested by Chatelaine was carried out during the winter by a group of average everyday people in a small western Canadian city. The eight women who made up our group included a teacher of English in a collegiate institute, a doctor, a Victorian Order nurse, a social worker, a teacher of French in a private school, a potential teacher who marks papers in a correspondence school, a stenographer and a married woman of the *Hausfrau* type. Five are university graduates, the other three have had some particular technical education.

Our ages range from the twenty-two-year-old stenographer to the forty-two-year-old *Hausfrau*. All of us were born in Canada and except for an occasional trip abroad have lived here all our lives. We come of middle-class Anglo-Saxon families, just the ordinary taxpaying kind who don't make headlines.

Joined by a common impulse of wanting to read more books than we were able to buy individually, we each bought one and pooled the lot. The books were passed from one to another every two weeks, when we met every second Thursday evening to discuss what we had read.

If the discussion waned and seemed likely to die for lack of breath, or if it waxed too hot and insulting till it seemed that blood might be shed over differences of opinion, we would have a play or a short story or a piece of literary criticism read aloud. Thus we were stimulated to fresh discussion or soothed into the impersonal outlook.

There was no formal organization of the club, no president or secretary or other officers, no minutes were taken, no fees charged, no dues collected. There was no feeling of obligation to attend the club. We did not set tasks or insist on formal papers being prepared and read aloud. Such papers are often tedious and a bore. The desire to read more books was our bond.

The hostess of the evening usually made a cup of tea later on and passed crackers and cheese or bread and butter, but the question of food was casual.

Four of our eight members were born in the West. The others think with longing of centres they have known where bookstores were plentiful and libraries well stocked.

The book on which there was the most unanimity of feeling was *Peter Abelard*, by Helen Waddell. Some of our most hard-boiled members admitted that they had wept copious tears over it. The old love story of Eloise and Abelard still has the power to wring our hearts and lift us out of the grey monotony of daily routine. Whether or not the story as told by Miss Waddell is historically correct, it is a marvellous tale written in a simple, classic and profoundly moving style.

One member of the club held that *Flush*, by Virginia Woolf, was the example par excellence of exquisite style, so exquisite that the experience of reading the book overcame her lifelong and violent detestation of dogs, all dogs, any dog in any shape or form. Taken as fact or as fantasy, there is no question of the pleasure to be had out of *Flush*, purely for the sake of the style, which gives the tale the needful touch of authenticity.

We could get very little expression of opinion on *The Man of the Renaissance*. It is heavy going and we were afraid of the teachers, afraid to be found out in the depths of our great ignorance of the Renaissance.

The Woods Colt stirred up varying opinions, but we all agreed that it was the sort of book

that must be read till finished if it took till morning. One member was so impressed that she leaned back on the sofa as if recovering from a blow, and asked in a hushed voice why no one had ever told her of this man Williamson before. Where had he been all her life? What else had he written? She departed, hat on backward, for the lending library bent on discovery. She didn't find much, but, still under the influence of the book, she begged us not to discuss it at all in the club, not in her presence at any rate, as her feelings about it were of a high and sacred order not to be interfered with or trodden upon. If you were thrilled with Mary Webb's *Precious Bane* you'll be thrilled with this.

None of us were able to read Gertrude Stein's *Three Lives* all through. We included it in our list because the reviews last fall were full of Gertrude Stein and we were aiming to keep up in the modish world of books. After earnest attempts to read her work we came across an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* which seemed to explain the mystery. She had been practising for many years a stunt when she read a book, had another book read aloud to her and did automatic writing at the same time. She was supposed to be experimenting in some theories about the connection of sound with the production of literature. In spite of the cackling and acclaim of the professional book reviewers, we did not feel that her results had been successful.

There was a good deal of groaning over *Ida Elizabeth*, not over the style, which we all regard with suitable respect, but over the matter. Must mothers always sacrifice themselves to their children? Must they become slaves? Must they blot themselves out and wear away soul and body for their offspring? Must they?

The Longer Day brought forth a good deal of opinion on the subject of a mother's relation to her children. Since none of us had borne a child we all felt qualified to discuss this point at great length and heat. *The Longer Day* ranged us up in two camps, evenly divided into Marys and Marthas. Brenda, the chief character in the book, was what the Marthas of this world call impractical, a dreamer; and while she dreamed, the Marthas had to be busy and bustling doing the tasks which the Marys left undone. For there is no question in the minds of the Marthas that these tasks are necessary and all important, and that the world simply could not go on unless they were done. Dreaming, by implication, may be left until there is nothing else of a practical nature to do. And then, if there was any time left and no actual harm came of it, it might possibly be indulged in. This was the attitude of Fredrica, Brenda's eldest daughter, who led a terribly busy life correcting her mother's mistakes, apologizing for and explaining as well as she could, her mother's sins of omission and commission. When the family went to the seashore, Brenda told her smallest child aged three, a fairy tale about a little boy who went riding on a seagull's back, riding out to sea to a fairy kingdom. While the mother took a nap on the sands, the little boy with some of his sister's practical nature in him literally went to sea and was drowned. Fredrica always looked upon her mother thereafter as a murderer.

When the next child was born an imbecile, Brenda devoted all her time to it, leaving the rest of the children to look after themselves, since they were so like Fredrica and so well able to do it. The imbecile child lived

Continued on page 67

Start the day whistling!

BEGIN at breakfast with a bowl of toasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes. You get flavor and refreshing crispness that put a real edge on your appetite.

But more than that. Kellogg's are rich in energy . . . easily, quickly digested. The kind of food that leaves you fit!

Enjoy Kellogg's for lunch, with cool milk or cream and some berries or other fruit.

And here's another tip. When you're hungry at bedtime, don't eat a lot of heavy food. Get yourself a bowl of Kellogg's. Scientific tests show that a late snack of these delicious, easy-to-digest flakes will help you sleep more soundly.

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FOR COOLNESS



For Tomorrow We Live

by
ANN MORSE



ELDRIDGE

"As a rule actresses are only
meant to be seen by candle light."

Illustrated by H. E. ELDRIDGE

AND SO, the papers said, they were retiring. Elsa Poe and Peter Randall, the First Couple of the Theatre, fresh from their phenomenal Broadway success in "Bachelor's Bow," were retiring. The picture they had made of "Bachelor's Bow" was even now triumphantly sweeping the country. Yet they were retiring, the papers said, into private life. Completely and for good.

Their public sighed ten thousand sighs, shook ten thousand heads, scanned every printed word that told the why or wherefor.

Ten sob sisters wrote: "In an interview today, Miss Poe said that success is not all she and Mr. Randall ask of living." Another ten quoted Peter Randall: "My wife and I wish to retire to our home in the country, to live the quiet ordinary life of quiet ordinary human beings."

"As though such a pair could ever be ordinary human beings," their public mourned.

And the Broadway and Boule Hollywood wise-aces leered. "Publicity stuff. They'll be back in a month."

Yet, three months, and Elsa Poe and Pete Randall were still on their hilltop, in their small white house with the bright green blinds, two hundred miles from Broadway, three miles from the nearest town.

It was July then. More specifically, it was a fine morning in the heart of July, and the sun was gentle on Elsa's fair head as she bent in graceful consternation over a rose, over a vicious beetle on the rose.

In the garden below, Pete Randall, knee deep in cabbages, was straightening, dilating his eyes, registering indignation, exasperation, disgust. "Bugs," he was growling on the still air. "They've elected me their patron saint. Bugs."

And, in the rose garden, Elsa heard. "Cabbage bugs?" she scoffed. "Ho!" Her voice dropped on its

famed inflection. "Have you ever tried coping with rose beetles, my dear? Or cutworms?" She was very sad.

With that dramatic vigor on which critics have written columns, Pete Randall strode out of his cabbage patch, came over to her. Anxiously he peered at her. "Elsa," he said, "are you happy here? Are you really contented, living like this?"

Elsa glanced around at him across her lovely shoulder. "Every morning," she purred, "you ask me that."

Pete grinned. "And you ask me the same thing every evening."

"I shall ask you now, then." There was the arc of her dark brows, the gentle mockery of her smile known to thousands. "Are you content here, darling?"

Before her loveliness, Pete was abruptly humble. "I?" he said. "It's more than I could ever hope for, being with you like this always, Elsa. Without the bickerings, the crazy tantrums, the misunderstandings we always used to be in."

"Well then, we have been wise?"

"But you"—Pete frowned, waved his arms—"you're a beautiful woman, Elsa. You're fascinating. Sometimes it seems that you're more beautiful, more fascinating every day."

"Darling," Elsa purred.

"... to see you wasted like this on the desert air—"

"So?" Elsa smiled. "So you are desert air now, my dear?"

Cassie, their dusky maid, gathered vegetables in the truck garden below, gloomy, grumbling to herself as she gathered.

Elsa chuckled, called to her. "Cassie! Do you think Mr. Randall resembles desert air, Cassie?"

"Chipso is nice," says Mrs. Pine, "because it is **SAFE**. This print has been washed many times, yet the colors are as bright as new."

"Chipso gets the floor dirt out of David's rompers **WITHOUT HARD RUBBING**—yet it is safe, too, for his soft wool sweaters."

"Bob's suit has been in the wash almost every week for 9 months. The **COLOR** has **NEVER RUN** nor faded at all."

Posy's dress is as fresh-colored as **NEW** although "it has been washed time and again with Chipso this past year," her mother says.

"Patty's candy-striped dress has had regular Chipso washing winter and summer **FOR OVER A YEAR.**"

UNRETouched, DIRECT COLOR PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN THE HOME OF MRS. R. L. PINE.



"No clothes lost through fading" one important reason why Mrs. Pine has her washing done with Chipso

Look at Patty and Posy Pine. How charming their small frocks are, with their simple lines and clear, definite colors! And Bobby and David are well-groomed little men. Their suits are not streaked or faded and the white trimming is snowy white.

This photograph shows you that clothes need not be new to look nice. Nicely laundered clothes stay new looking. That is where Chipso helps Mrs. Pine. "Chipso takes the

dirt out quickly without hard rubbing, yet Chipso doesn't fade colors," she says.

"In fact, we think Chipso is unsurpassed because it is so **SAFE** for *everything*. My sports clothes and housedresses wash beautifully in Chipso. Underwear and stockings keep their color and wear well. I usually wash the baby's woolen sweaters myself with Chipso. The wool stays nice and soft, without shrinking or turning yellow."

It's *soapier* . . . never harsh on hands or clothes

"I like Chipso for dishes," says Mrs. Pine. "It foams up into quick, thick suds which are not at all harsh on my hands."

Your smooth hands, after a session in Chipso suds, show you why Chipso-washed clothes stay new looking. Chipso is **SOAPIER** . . . it is not adulterated with harsh, "dirt-cutting"

ingredients, but loosens dirt with **RICH**, lively **SUDS**. Don't endanger the clothes you've spent good money for by washing them in cheap flakes or harsh soaps and powders. Get your big box of Chipso from your grocer. At its low price, Chipso is truly the best value in rich, **SAFE** soap on the market today.

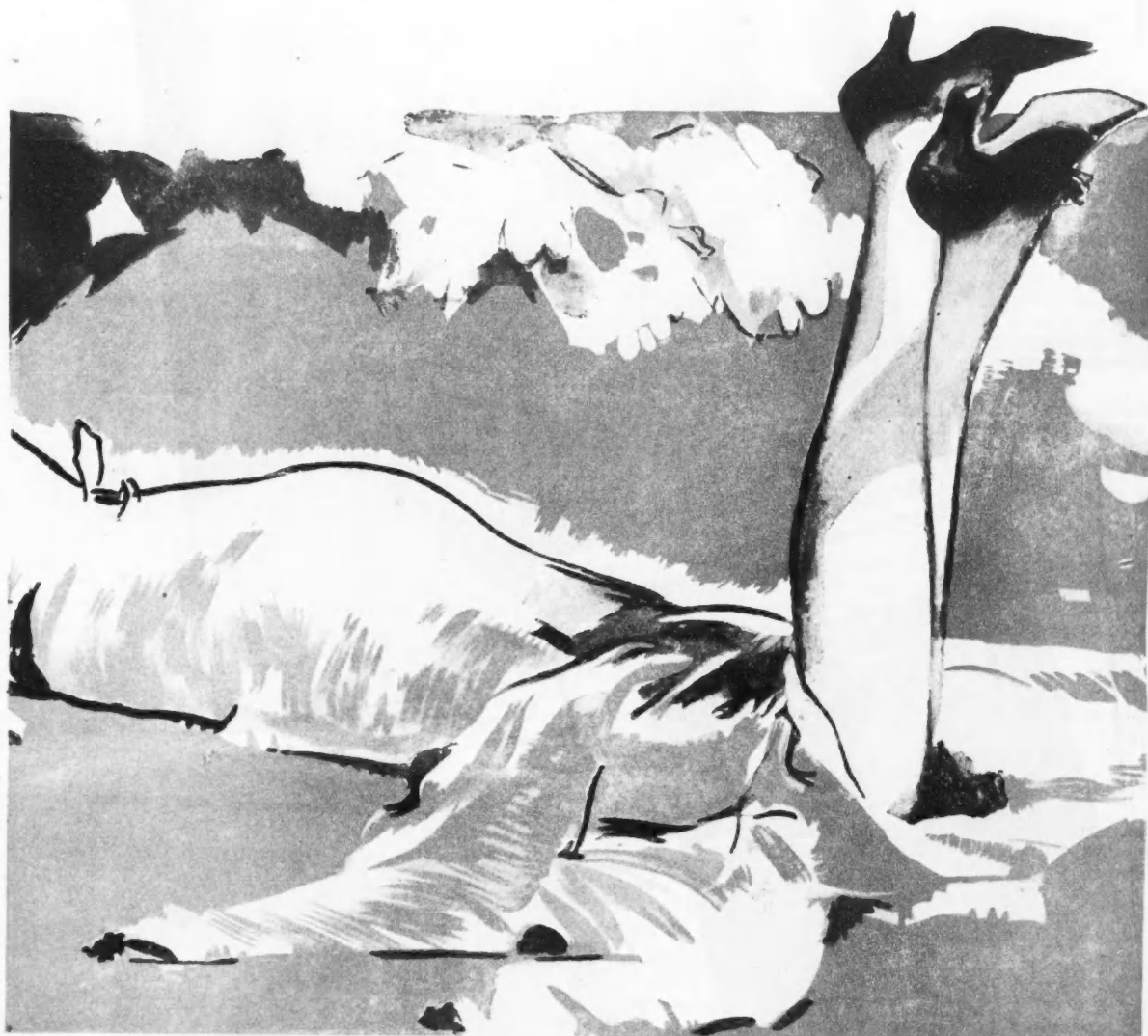
Rich suds . . . dirt out without hard rubbing

Bertha (the children call her "Birdie") worked for Mrs. Pine's mother when Mrs. Pine herself was no older than Patty is now. Here you see Birdie with a Pine-family wash in progress. "And it's no trifling item," says Mrs. Pine. "With David at the creeping and toddling age, Birdie often washes three times a week. But Chipso puts the work through fast because it makes such good, rich suds. They **SOAK** the dirt out. That is another way that Chipso saves our clothes. It makes hard, wash-board rubbing—which frays materials and scrapes off buttons—totally unnecessary."

MADE IN CANADA



Chipso *makes clothes wear longer*



"Isn't this better," said Pete, "than all the artificial excitement of the city?"

you know," he said, "I think they really love each other."
"Of course." Ilsa looked infinitely wise, infinitely beautiful, "But that poor young man—"

"And the girl, Ilsa. Did you notice? She's a nice young thing. I feel sorry for her. Expose her to a little of all this . . . this country calm, and"—Pete snapped his fingers—"like that she'd be—"

"Like me?" Ilsa purred. "Over night?"

Pete fell back a step, denying. "Never," he held. "No one could be like you, Ilsa. But," he paused, frowned, "she would be improved . . . quite nice."

"Darling." Ilsa's dark eyes gently mocked him, narrowed on a thought. "It was Armstrong," she murmured, "Phil Armstrong sent them to tempt us, to lure us back." She turned with a sudden superb sweep. "Shall we stop being selfish, Peter?"

"Selfish?"

Ilsa chuckled. "Shall we share all this country calm with these very nice Ballards for a few days?" And, in the deep tones of amused conspiracy: "Shall we reform them, save them from themselves . . . send them back to Phil Armstrong with the tables turned?"

For a breath Pete stared at Ilsa, at her loveliness, the strange shadows leaves were casting on her fair hair. Then, in awe he clicked his tongue. "Do you know," he said solemnly, "you're a wonderful woman, Ilsa. A very wonderful woman."

SO IT WAS that the Ballards were asked to stay, that they eagerly agreed to stay, to be exposed, though they did not know it, to the gentle ministrings of nature, the blessing of example as set before them by Ilsa Poe and Peter Randall.

And, that first day, they were taut and city-pitched, so that their becalmed hosts found them exhausting, even sustained as they were by the rôles of Samaritan and reformer.

After dinner, in the cool of the evening, Pete took young Nan Ballard to stroll among Ilsa's fragrant roses, as a first course in sane living.

His benign rôle hard upon him, Pete said to Nan, "Isn't this better than all the artificial excitement of the city? Of the theatre?" He smiled upon her. She was, actually, a pretty little thing.

But she was no easy convert. "It's nice," she admitted, "but don't you ever feel far away from everything here? Marooned?" Her small hands gestured wildly. "Don't you feel you're missing things?"

"The only thing that people can miss," Pete sententiously assured her, "is peace."

She stopped, transfixed. "That's exactly the line I wanted Ken to put into our second act. Oh, you would be marvellous in that lead." Wistfully she looked up at Pete. "If you'd only play it . . ."

With a pleasant modesty he bowed to her compliment, smiled, brushed the possibility aside.

"You see," Nan insisted, "the plot's this. 'The Imperfect Wife'—her name is Eve—is very lovely, very charming but quite unpredictable. Her husband—that would be you—tries everything with her. Even reason." Nan's voice was sliding up on a scale of excitement. "Ken is all wrong about the lines he's put in there. Don't you see—"

"Of course." Pete spoke a soothing lullaby. "Of course." And down the path was Ilsa, faintly luminous in the half

light. And with her was Ken Ballard, his outline in the dimness bristling as though he had heard their every word.

He had. "I think," he said, his voice very even, "that perhaps if Mr. Randall were to see the whole script—"

"He'd still agree." Nan stood her ground before him. "He said practically the same thing to me himself. 'The only thing people can miss is peace—'" "I'll get that script," Ken Ballard scowled. "Right now."

Nan was still his equal. "I'll get it with you . . . show you . . ."

Together they wheeled about, tramped off toward the house, Ken striding angrily, Nan furiously trotting to keep pace.

And Ilsa and Pete were left among the roses, the restored silence.

Pete breathed deep. Ilsa did not move. She spoke and her voice was cool on the evening air.

"I thought," she murmured, "that you and the country calm were to work miracles." Her hand waved. "Like that."

"It takes time," Pete frowned.

"Time." Ilsa dropped to her ironic note. "Did you notice my young man? My very subdued young man—until your young woman came ranting? But perhaps," Ilsa purred, "perhaps you found her flattery more pleasant than the peace you say is all that people can miss . . ."

Pete stiffened. His lips parted as though for words, closed again.

About them the roses were fragrant, sweet, and purple shadows crept to their hilltop from below, and hanging high, bright overhead, was the evening star.

Pete stirred. He shook his head. "Ilsa," he said hollowly.

"Yes?"

"Ilsa, we must be careful, you and I."

"So?"

"Look, Ilsa. Here is just a touch, just a very small touch of the old life, and already we're on edge."

A pause, and Ilsa's hand upon his arm, her laughter low, delicious in his ear. "They'll be coming back soon now," Ilsa whispered. "We might steal down to the lake." She chuckled. "They'll never find us down there, darling."

Swiftly, guiltily, Ilsa and Pete stole down to the lake.

IT WAS easier the following day. Calmer. Eve, the Ballards relaxed a little, and Nan, reading fragments of script into Pete's vague ear, went so far as to yawn.

"Must be the air up here," Nan complained.

Pete, tranquil and at ease in a chair beside her, nodded, smiled a slow, wise smile.

Over in the orchard, Ken Ballard was with Ilsa, lying in the grass at her feet, and Ilsa herself in white, enchanting under the shade of an apple tree.

Ken Ballard grinned up at her. He said, "I've seen you a hundred times in different plays, but you're even lovelier here out under the sun and sky. It's wonderful. As a rule actresses are only—"

"Only meant to be seen by candlelight." Ilsa chuckled. "What a nice young man you are!"

A pause, and Ken Ballard lifted himself on an energetic elbow. "Honestly, you'd be marvellous, you know, as Eve in our 'Imperfect Wife.'" The Ballards and their play, it seemed, would not be easily parted.

Indulgent Ilsa shook her fair head, laughed a little.

Ken Ballard cocked his red crest at her. "But maybe you'd just read it, criticize it for us?" he pleaded, "There wouldn't be any harm in that."

"Harm?" Ilsa purred, "Of course not."

And she turned to see Cassie—a revived Cassie now that there was "some spirit 'round dis house agin"—coming toward them. Cassie beaming, bearing a tray, and on the tray a tinkling pitcher sprigged with mint, and long and frosted glasses.

[Continued on page 46]

A story of two public idols who tried to be normal human beings

And Cassie glanced up, dolefully shook her head. "Ah caint truffully say he does, Miz Poe, no mo' than you do." Her dark hands polished the tomato they held.

"You're sure of that, Cassie?" Pete was insistent. "You're certain Miss Poe seems as happy here as I am?"

Shrewdly Cassie shook her head. "You both suah protest a lot about likin' it up here." She sighed a gusty sigh. "Mebbe you-all mean it. But me, ah don't rightly know if ah kin stan' it heah away from de profession much longer," she said.

Ilsa was all gentleness. "You find it lonely here, Cassie?"

"Ah suah does." Cassie's voice rang upon the sunlit air. "Hardly nobody evah comin'. Nothin' nevah happenin'. You an' Mistah Randall nevah disagreein' no mo'. It aint natural or healthy, dis peace an quiet."

AND THEN, as though to give poor Cassie the lie, came the gentle hum of a motor just below the crest of the hill. And, above the hum, two voices, male and female, raised in strife, in acrimony and vitriol.

Small and grey, the car topped the hill. It braked before the house. The red-crested young man who was driving, shut off the ignition. But neither he nor the wind-blown young woman at his side made any attempt to move. Instead, they sat, faced each other as though in some squared circle, clashing, gabbling, apparently infuriated.

The young woman stormed. "That first scene is hopeless now. How you've managed to pass as a human all these years without knowing how human beings should behave . . ."

And the young man hit a rare sarcastic low. "I suppose," he shouted, "that in your second act you're not swinging from limb to limb . . .? What a pity anyone ever told you that you could write dialogue."

"Oh, how I loathe you . . . loathe you . . . loathe . . ."

The wind-blown young woman made clawing gestures. Grimly, the red-headed young man anchored her wrists.

And, midway between cabbage patch and roses, Cassie's teeth gleamed in a beatific grin. "Dat's sumpin lak," she declared, "Dey's got spirit in dem, dat lady an' gemmun."

Ilsa glanced an enquiry at Pete. Pete shook his head. He did not, he said, know these people.

"Perhaps we had better go over to them," Ilsa murmured.

The two in the car saw her approaching them. They recognized her. As abruptly as a spigot turned off, their brawl ceased. Smiling simultaneously, they sprang out upon the grass.

"We're Nan and Kenneth Ballard," the red-crested young man beamed, "man and wife."

And the young woman, Nan Ballard grinned. "We've brought you a play."

"A play?" Ilsa arched her dark brows.

A play, Kenneth Ballard cheerfully assured her, that she and Mr. Randall would like. "We've just finished it. It's hot from the typist."

"And perfect for both of you," his young wife added.

Together, they presented a united breathless, high-pitched front. Between them they had shattered the calm repose of the countryside.

Pete registered a deep distaste. "You know, of course, that we're not interested in plays any more," he growled; "that we've retired from the theatre."

The Ballards looked wise. They chuckled over his quaintness.

Nan Ballard slipped her arm affectionately through her spouse's. "Between plays we always retire, too, don't we, darling?" she grinned.



In response Ken Ballard beamed fondly down upon her. "Not even," Pete violently scowled, "if Will Shakespeare himself were to come to us . . ."

Ilsa's gentling hand was on his arm. "But really," she purred, "we need no plays."

"Oh, yes, you do." Ken Ballard rocked on his heels, frankly admiring her. "Your august producer and our mutual friend, Philip Armstrong, said you do."

"Ho?" Ilsa's eyes were very deep, very amused. "Phil Armstrong said that?"

Quizzically she turned to Pete. Pete was furiously disgusted.

Nan Ballard ran to glibness. "Our play," she said, "is called 'An Imperfect Wife,' and we've written it for you both."

"I've aimed the male lead at you, Mr. Randall," Ken Ballard explained. "It's swell. The female lead, as my wife's done it for Miss Poe, may have to be tinkered with a bit, of course . . ."

Scarlet flamed in Nan Ballard's cheeks. She snapped her arm from under his, her wifely fondness vanished. "Really?" she flared.

"We must be frank, honey." Between his teeth, Ken Ballard gave her warning. "You must be reasonable."

"Must I?"

They squared off. They glowered. Only vocally they held their peace. They were out of key, out of step, out of tune with the murmurous calm about.

Helpless, Ilsa and Pete exchanged a glance, raised eyebrows.

Pete took to a note of firm finality. "We're sorry," he announced, "but even frankness won't help. Miss Poe and I

simply are not interested in any plays in a personal way."

The Ballards stared at him, at Ilsa standing beautifully at his side. And staring, it seemed that at last they believed. A great sadness, a greater weariness settled over them.

Nan Ballard wailed. "Phil Armstrong was so sure that we started out at the crack of dawn this morning."

"To think of you two wasted," Ken Ballard groaned, "wasted up here in a backwoods." But he took his own disappointment well. He grinned. "Sorry we've bothered you."

Nan Ballard smiled a wan smile, brushed her hair back from her moist forehead. "We'll be going now."

At one again in their dejection, the Ballards turned back to their small, grey car.

Dusky Cassie, hovering on the sidelines, gloating over this gleam of Broadway tempo as she liked it, took alarm, turned abruptly Machiavellian. "It's mos' lunch time, Miz Poe," she said in spurious innocence, "Shall ah fix up some-thin' nice an' cool foh foah?"

The Ballards teetered uncertainly.

Ilsa smiled a gracious smile. "Of course," she murmured, "if Philip Armstrong's friends will stay . . ."

Philip Armstrong's friends would stay.

Pete could only lapse into a sudden passionate calm. When the Ballards had retired in haste and gratitude to cleanse themselves of the dust of August roads, he pointed a solemn finger after them, said to Ilsa: "You see? There we go, but for the grace of our own good sense. We used to be like that ourselves."

Ilsa smiled her exquisite smile. "But so much more subtle, darling."

On a sudden sure conviction, Pete wagged his head. "Do

I have been provided with a car. A hairdresser and make-up expert have been assigned for my exclusive use. Each day my favorite flowers are brought in from the garden and arranged in my "cottage." I am given *carte blanche* to order all I need from the restaurant to entertain press friends, who call to interview me while I am being made up and dressed. Film-making and exploitation of stars in this country is a great industry, not a hobby. And despite all the comfort and happiness afforded players and technical workers, budgets are watched with a keen eye by the financial departments.

No praise is too high for the men at the helms of these Hollywood barques. And for his foresight and keen business tactics, together with a friendliness and kindness of heart toward each and every employee, I would name Winfield Sheehan as the film executive *par excellence*.

February 21, 1934.

"The World Moves On"—which is best described as a romantic epic, proving that with the passing of the years only love survives—is now well under way.

I shall always be grateful that I was afforded the opportunity of being directed by John Ford, Hollywood's most significant veteran director. He flatters every player by assuming immediately that they already know their jobs. His profound wit, ready sense of humor and sympathetic understanding of all difficulties make work before camera and microphone a real pleasure, and my nervousness was soon forgotten. His crew, which invariably consists of the same members, all adore him. His word is law. But the Ford iron hand is always hidden in the velvet glove. Here is a director who gets what he wants in half the time others would take, because of his patience and tact.

Franchot Tone, my leading man in "The World Moves On" is a sincere, uncommunicative, serious-minded young actor, whose long stage experience on Broadway has proved invaluable to his screen technique. He knows the art of acting and dramatic values from A to Z, and few minutes are wasted on rehearsals.

February 26, 1934. (My birthday.)

Gifts of flowers from everybody at the studios. Most particularly was I touched on arriving at the bungalow this

Editor's Note: Madeleine Carroll, the beautiful young English star of "I Was a Spy and "Young Woodley," is the first British movie star to be loaned to Hollywood on an exchange basis. She went to the Fox studios to star in their mammoth new production "The World Moves On" and was in Hollywood for two months, prior to returning in May to England to star in "Mary Queen of Scots." Extracts from her diary selected exclusively for Chatelaine readers, give a vivid picture of her life in the movie colony.

morning to find on my dressing table little bunches of garden blossoms brought from home by electricians and carpenters, my hairdresser and my make-up man. In a big silver box, a three-tiered iced birthday cake "With compliments of the chef at the Café de Paris."

Reporting on the set for work, I found Franchot opening telegrams from New York. Birthday telegrams! But for a few hours, we should have been born twins! We decided then and there to celebrate with a birthday tea party to our fellow players and the crew. A grand time enjoyed by all!

February 28, 1934.

I have been in Hollywood long enough now to know that elaborate gowns, "fussy" hats, high-heeled shoes and lavish displays of jewellery are taboo. So today I have sent back to London with Captain Philip Astley, my husband, all the "dressy" clothes I recently purchased in Paris, keeping only sports clothes, a few severely tailored dinner dresses and warm wraps for the cool evenings. Hollywood shops are full of the most alluring sports clothes I have ever seen. I intend buying several outfits to take back home with me.

March 1, 1934.

My social activities have to be confined to quiet, early dinner parties and trips to the polo matches or to the beaches over week-ends. But I am managing to have a very enjoyable time.

The Fox studios have become a sort of "Little England" during the last two years. One meets old

friends from past screen and stage days each day in the Café de Paris at Movietone City.

Consequently I have been invited to a number of all-English social affairs.

Little Heather Angel (who has met with great success out here) gave a dinner party for me in her lovely hill-top home this evening. I met "Pat" Patterson, radiantly lovely, and very happy, with her new bridegroom, Charles Boyer; Rosemary Ames, who confided that she misses London but realizes Hollywood can do more to further her screen career; Herbert Mundin and his pretty wife, Kay, who confess they want to settle down in California for good; Mona Barrie, an Australian girl who has recently sprung into the lime-light under contract to Fox Film; and Hugh Williams whose first American picture, "All Men Are Enemies," has impressed the critics very favorably.

After dinner we discussed mutual friends about whom I was able to give the others news, and they, in turn, recounted their experiences in California.

March 4, 1934.

To the polo game at the Riviera Club at Santa Monica with the Leslie Howards and Kay Francis. I think she is the best-dressed woman on and off the screen. An exciting game in which Spencer Tracy, Will Rogers, Bob Montgomery, Leslie Howard and Walt Disney all participated.

March 5, 1934.

Today, John Ford has shot one of the most spectacular of the big scenes for "The World Moves On." The ill-fated *Lusitania* lives again on the Fox lot. Correct to scale in every detail and manned by a full crew, the giant Cunarder has taken a company of seventy carpenters, painters, decorators and electricians the best part of six weeks to erect. Its absolute authenticity has cost something round ten thousand pounds. With sirens blowing, smoke belching from the funnels, and the crew taking instructions from their captain, it was almost impossible to stand on that boat deck and not believe one was in mid-Atlantic, or that I was not "Mary Warburton," of "The World Moves On," en route to New Orleans, where the early scenes of the story are laid.

March 25, 1934.

Sunday again! I have spent the day at the gorgeous beach home of Marion Davies at Santa Monica, swimming and sun bathing on the long stretch of sand which divides the gardens from the Pacific surf. Here I met Norma Shearer, whom I emphatically cite as Hollywood's most admirable wife and mother, her clever husband, Irving Thalberg; Constance Talmadge and Colleen Moore.

Supper in the evening at Ronnie Colman's delightful bachelor home, where I re-met the Clive Brooks and the Richard Barthelmesses, Clive and Mildred announcing their intention of spending some of the later summer months in Europe, part being spent in England. [Cont. on page 40]

SATURDAY, APRIL 7,



During her sojourn in Hollywood Miss Carroll met many of the stars, including Spencer Tracy, Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor. In the far right photograph she is shown with Franchot Tone, her leading man, and John Ford, her director.

MONDAY, APRIL 5



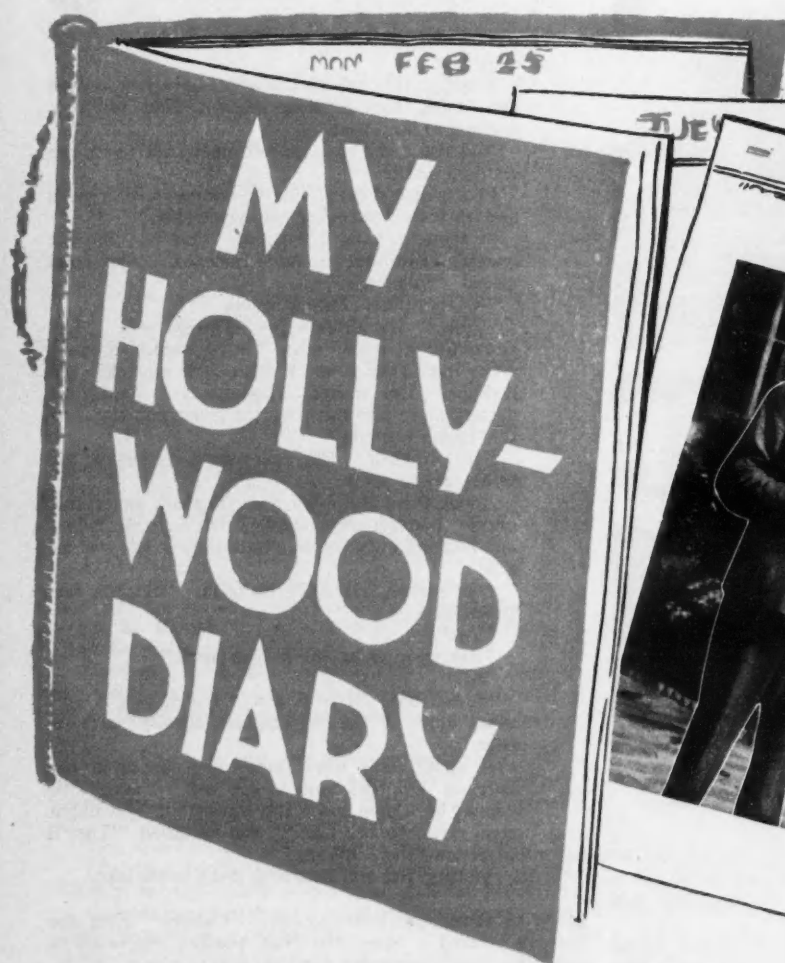
TUESDAY, APRIL 10



TUESDAY, APRIL 11



by
MADELEINE
CARROLL



An informal meeting with
Will Rogers outside a cage.



With Franchot Tone, "a sincere,
serious-minded young actor."

MY FIRST day in a Hollywood studio—an awe-inspiring experience! Movietone City covers one hundred and ten acres of streets, exterior sets, gigantic sound stages, workshops, gardens and executive headquarters. Bus routes connect up this city from end to end. By dialling numbers on the telephone one can procure anything from a battery of artillery to a cage of white mice; be accommodated with an early 18th century hairdress and gowns and a "reduced" figure to match; or serve a dinner party for a hundred guests with everything from soup to nuts—all within the hour.

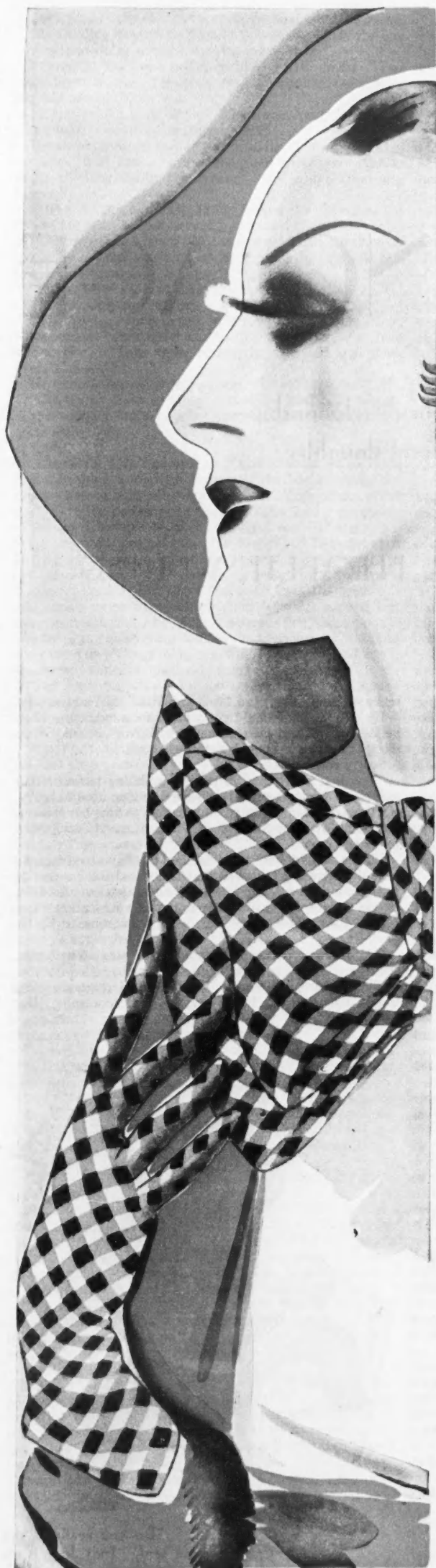
As example, Mr. Sheehan presented me with a lovely "cottage" bungalow on the lot, comprised of a salon, an office, a bedroom dressing-room lined with cupboards for dresses, hats and shoes, and a kitchen with air-cooled cupboards for food and wine. All exquisitely decorated in faultless taste and furnished with every luxury. Knowing I

should have dozens of changes of costume throughout "The World Moves On," I ventured to ask if I might have a bathroom added and be loaned a frigidaire for the kitchen. I expressed my wish for these additions at ten o'clock in the evening. When I arrived next morning at 7 a. m., there was a palatial white marble bathroom complete with chromium fittings and accessories.

An army of workmen had swarmed round like ants all night long. The refrigerator stood in the corner of the kitchen. By the press of a button I can get ice in neat cubes for my face massages, jellied soup for 11 o'clock lunch, or a hot meal from the electric stove when work makes it impossible to go away from the studios. Gardeners had planted new trees, new flowers and a new lawn in the tiny garden. One hundred per cent efficiency! That applies to all departments in this studio within a city.

During my first two days here, I have had 150 lighting,

photographic, hairdressing and make-up tests. I have attended half a dozen story conferences. I have met John Ford, my director; Franchot Tone, my leading man; and my supporting cast, Reginald Denny, Louise Dresser, Siegfried Rumann, Dudley Digges, Marcelle Corady, Raol Roulien and Lumsden Hare. I have been introduced to the big technical crew who are to work with me for the next two months. Dozens of new portraits. Dozens of wardrobe fittings. I have worked hard. But others, with superb co-operation, have worked harder while I have slept the sleep of the exhausted.



Christopher who pays. He's grown up without any sense of responsibility, without any conception of duty, or sacrifice, or obligation. This is my doing. He's never known a home, Anne."

Anne could only smooth trembling fingers over the hole she had made in the wrapping paper, as if she could thus smooth away also the pain that now twisted the corners of Mari Wyrick's soft, generous mouth, and the sorrow in her eyes that must once have been as blue and full of laughter as Christopher's.

"I suppose that's why I've taken such childish pleasure in building this house for you. I was giving Christopher a home at last." Mari spread her hands in a gesture of helplessness. "Apparently, though, Christopher really doesn't want a home."

No, Christopher could not want a home, not as Anne did. Else how could he jeopardize it for a whim? To Anne this house was already a dear, familiar place, as if, these past happy months, she had not merely shared in its planning but lived in it. Her very own, every window frame, every space of smooth wall and floor, to hang with her drapes and cover with her pictures and rugs. The dozen silly china ash trays Christopher had bought in characteristic moments of impulse and diffidently presented were hers, and the shining aluminum ware that was to go in the kitchen, and the tiny alcove where Christopher was to read her the morning paper over orange juice and bacon. And this living room, filled with taunting spring sunshine, with its view of the flagging porch where the striped canvas chairs were to stand and of the shrubbery beyond, already knobbed with swelling buds.

"I should have realized before," Mari was saying, "if only I had dared let myself. When we first came back, in fact. You know why we came. My husband's estate had always, as far as I knew, run itself. But the best of estates seem to need attention these days. I had to come back to look after it. I had, at the time, some notion of turning the business end of it over to Christopher. But Christopher neither understood much about such things nor wanted to, as long as his allowance came in regularly. No, you're quite right, Anne. Christopher's not for you. . . ." Her voice trailed away to leave the room in yellow stillness.

Anne was not a girl to cry easily. She was tall and pale and dark-eyed, and her emotions ran deeply and evenly. "Like a young birch in the moonlight," Christopher had once said. But there were tears in her voice now. "I'm so sorry, Mari."

"Yes, I know you are, my dear. I'm sorry, too. And Christopher—well, I suppose my son also has regrets, in his fashion. He loves you, you know. How much he hasn't yet the manhood to realize."

Mari went back to her packing box. "There, now we understand each other. And you're not to waste any more time being sorry either for yourself or for me. Especially not for me. You're far more important. There'll be another man, one who will appreciate you, I hope. And another home. . . . No, no, that wasn't the right thing to say, yet. But you'll see. You'll find—"

Swiftly Anne turned toward her. She could not bear to think of herself. "But what about you, Mari? What will you do?"

"Me? Well, now that I have this house I might as well use it. I've got to stay here anyway until things are more settled. So I'll probably go on with it and settle down here by myself."

"And Christopher?"

Mari spoke a little harshly. "Christopher will probably do as the spirit moves him. The results I cannot at present predict. Europe again, perhaps. Oh, I don't know. Anne, promise me one thing. I'm going to be lonely out here, even with summer coming on and the house to fix. Come out to see me, often."

IT WOULD have been so much easier to forget were it not for those visits. With tact and resourcefulness Anne's family and her numerous friends furnished amusement and forgetfulness. And there was Bertram Leeds. Bertram early signified his willingness to resume where Christopher had interrupted it, a courtship that had been as flattering as it was assiduous. Bertram, Anne told herself, was everything that Christopher was not, mature, utterly dependable; and the very fact that he was so generous in overlooking her brief lapse into a less worthy attachment seemed all in his favor. If he lacked Christopher's charm, his impetuous, exhilarating talent for finding all life sweet and gay, Anne had

learned to be wary of a charm that attracted other women as strongly as it did herself. It was unexciting perhaps, but infinitely satisfactory, to be eternally going places, tucked like a hot-house flower in the spacious rear of the Leeds family limousine, where Bertram had adjusted the windows with enormous care lest draughts assail Anne's cherished person or wanton breezes the nice symmetry of her hair. Anne found in Bertram innumerable virtues she had either overlooked before or been incapable of appreciating. Yes, were it not for Mari Wyrick's frequent and insistent invitations to tea, Anne could have managed.

She had too much real love and respect for Mari to refuse the invitations. Consequently, all during late spring and the following summer, she motored frequently up to Westchester county. Mari had moved into the house at the end of May, almost as soon as the plaster dried on the walls and no longer filled the rooms with its rank, damp odor. Since then she had been setting it in order, arranging it as she and Anne and Christopher had planned. In her close adherence to those plans she seemed to take great pride, a pride that required Anne's knowledge and approval. Anne must come to tea the day the Venetian blinds were in place at the living room windows and the lustrous cream drapes, banded in brown and piped in blue crisscrossed before them, and again when the cerise taffeta chairs were finally in place in the bedroom that was to have been Anne's.

If these visits caused Anne endless anguish, tore down each time the meagre defenses she had been able to build up against poignant memories and the conviction of irreparable loss, Mari apparently did not know. All unaware seemingly that she was dealing pain, Mari led Anne through the familiar rooms, pointing out vistas Anne had shared in planning, discussing the location of a vivid bowl Anne and Christopher had bought together, laughing into each other's eyes in some distant, impossible past. Yet Anne could not refuse to come, and toward Mari she could feel no resentment. Mari was patently lonely out here, and older somehow than she had seemed before.

Always, over the tea things, Anne enquired carefully for Christopher. "And what is Christopher doing these days, Mari?" Set the cup carefully on your saucer lest your trembling hand betray you. Remember, this yellow room, this peace of bare buff walls, soft apricot carpeting, restful brown upholstery, touched with blue in pillow, lamp base and a bowl of delphinium, a blue that as yet awaits the portrait over the fireplace to give it meaning, remember, this is not all it seems. It could never have brought you happiness.

"Oh, Christopher's off, amusing himself. He doesn't write much." Whether Mari was being vague out of regard for her own or Anne's feelings, Anne could never understand. It was best, though, not to know definitely. Best not to be able to conjure up a picture of Christopher, dancing with a blonde under a Mediterranean night spangled with stars, driving with a blonde down the Champs Elysées, dusty green with midsummer.

Finally, almost in defense against the emotions these visits caused her, she found herself telling Mari about Bertram. She was surprised at the picture she managed to paint of Bertram. An older man, yes. Been devoted for some time. Really a most attractive person and so good to her!

"Leeds, you say," mused Mari, looking out the window at the sunshine. "I know of the family. They own a home on Somervale Avenue, don't they?"

"Yes, they built it several generations ago." Best not to say too much of the hideous pile of brown stone where Bertram lived with his mother and his three unmarried sisters. Not, at least, while she sat in this house.

Mari's face was inscrutable. "I'm glad you're enjoying yourself, dear Anne."

Anne stirred restlessly in her chair. But a little more and she must weep. "I must be going," she told Mari.

Mari never urged her to stay. "Four-thirty? Well, I suppose you must. You'll be meeting the out-of-town traffic as it is. But you'll come again. . . .?"

In the fall Anne went less frequently. The house was almost perfected now, except for the portrait, which, Mari explained, she was having reframed in a wide plain [Continued on page 26]



PORTRAIT

by MARI

by Louise M. Comstock

ANNE was glad the house was not yet finished. It might prove easier, she hoped, to do without things like houses and love, not having known them in completion.

She stood in the living room where the early spring sunshine, bursting exuberantly in at the French windows, lay pale yellow on the freshly plastered walls, and on the floor newly laid and still covered with tiny shavings like children's curls. With one finger she poked a ruthless hole in the heavy paper that wrapped a square chair. Christopher had insisted on having the furniture delivered as it was bought, even before the rooms were finished. Couldn't wait to see how it would look. Dear silly!

"You see how it is?" Anne asked. "You understand why I can't marry him?"

"Yes, my dear, I see." Christopher's mother rose from the packing box on which she had been sitting and walked to the fireplace. The fireplace was of white marble, carved with fat bunches of grapes and fatter cupids. The three of them had searched antique shops for days before they found it. Above it was to hang a picture of Christopher, painted when he was a boy by Arnot in England—a laughing portrait all blue eyes and blue velveteen suit. The blue was to be carefully matched and repeated, here in a pillow, in a lamp base there.

"I see perfectly," said Mari Wyrick. "Christopher's penchant for blondes is indeed a great misfortune."

Miserably Anne picked at the wrapping paper. "Oh, I know he doesn't mean anything

by it—anything serious, that is. It doesn't ever last. But it happens so often."

Mari sighed, placed one hand on the cold marble shelf and stared at the empty hearth. She had once been a famous beauty, Mari Wyrick. She was still a beautiful woman. Erect, yet gracious, she had not compromised with middle-age but wore it with pride as the crown of a joyous and richly lived youth. "Nevertheless, you're right, Anne," Mari told her. "You're too fine and substantial for Christopher. It was only my own selfishness, I suppose, that led me to think the two of you might make a go of it. I thought, having you, Christopher might be made fine and substantial too. It was, of course, too much for even a mother to expect."

She turned wearily away from the fireplace to face Anne. "Do you mind if I speak very frankly? This thing's hard on you, of course. But you're young, Anne, and very lovely. You will be—enabled to forget. It will be hard on Christopher, too, but Christopher won't have the judgment to appreciate the extent of his own loss. It's going to be hardest, I think, on me. You see, it's shown me up for what I am, a self-centred woman and a failure as a mother. Christopher is my fault, not his own. I didn't realize, all those years we lived so gaily in Europe, what I was doing to my only son. When his father died, it seemed as though I'd been cut loose from every responsibility. I had a great deal of money at my command and many amusing friends, and it was pleasant to live as we did, a month here, three months there, just brushing the surface of things. And it's

Over the fireplace hung the picture, and beneath it, with his back towards her, Christopher was standing wearily

Illustrated by Lela May Wilson

where's Joan?" she demanded abruptly and looked around. Dr. Bradley cleared his throat. "Gone to a party the boy who played Ricky tonight is giving for the cast."

"Hm." Her tone had a certain portent in it. "You mean Scott Burgess, I suppose. So Joan's getting old enough for that sort of thing. Well."

He didn't like that "well." There was too much significance to it. "What do you mean 'well'?"

His sister gave him an odd sort of smile. "Do you realize," she said, "that Joan's reached the place where you've got to begin thinking about her future? She isn't a child any longer."

With a sudden numbness Philip Bradley looked across the top of his sister's sleek, smartly turbaned head, into space. It was true. He'd known it the moment Joan had walked on the stage in that white velvet evening gown. But he had been afraid to admit it to himself.

"She's grown up amazingly the last few months, Phil."

"I know," he said emptily.

"That's why I want to talk with you." Opening her purse, Nora Prentice drew out a sheaf of pamphlets and held them out to him. "Take these home with you and look them over. Carefully."

He turned them over in his hand. "What are they?"

"Circulars. Circulars from ten of the best girls' schools in this country and a couple from English schools that rate quite highly."

"Yes?"

"Now Phil. Don't become aloof and difficult. Be sensible. The only thing to do with Joan, now that she's reached the age she has, is send her away to school. To a school where she'll have the proper amount of discipline and supervision; where she'll be able to make the right sort of friends and live a balanced, normal life. The two of you have led such an irregular life since Anne died. It's not your fault and I'm not blaming you." She patted his arm. "You've been a wonderful father. But don't you see? Joan, the age she is now, needs more than helter-skelter, sketchy supervision; more than you and Mrs. Tracy, between you, can give her. The thing is, you're really too busy to keep up with the child and Mrs. Tracy's beginning to get too old. Besides, after all, one doesn't expect a great deal from a housekeeper."

"But Joan doesn't need much supervision," Dr. Bradley interposed. "She's different from most girls her age—more level-headed, more dependable."

His sister laughed abruptly.

"Oh, Phil! You're just so wrapped up in her you can't see but that she's perfect."

"And as for discipline—I discipline her."

"You discipline her! Heavens, you let her do just exactly as she likes."

"So long as she doesn't like to do anything that'll hurt her, I do," he amended. "Why not?"

Mrs. Prentice flicked her gloves against her wrist. "That's too free and easy an attitude for a parent to take."

"It all depends on the point of view. I want her to grow up naturally. I don't want her too restricted. I want her to be independent; able to make decisions for herself. I want her to be as much like Anne as possible—real and fine."

A car had slid up to the curb. It honked.

"There're Morse and Barbara now." Nora Prentice laid her hand on her brother's arm. "By the way, Morse and I are planning on sending Barbara away to school. So, you see, if you decide to send Joan I can get her ready along with Barbara and they can go together."

He didn't say anything. They walked across to the car. "Congratulations on your kid, Phil," his brother-in-law greeted him. "She was the hit of the evening."

"Oh, I didn't think she was so hot." Barbara's voice emerged moodily from the back seat of the car. "She got one of her speeches all messed up. Anyhow, she only got the lead because she has a drag with the Dramatics Committee."

"Barbara," Nora Prentice admonished.

"Well, it's true. And I bet she got to go to Scotty Burgess's party, didn't she! The lucky!"

Dr. Bradley patted his niece's shoulder. Poor, jealous little kid. And it wasn't her fault. It was Nora's, for bringing her up the way she had. Exposing her to all sorts of crazy, ultra-modern hypotheses of education; experimenting, disciplining all the individuality out of her. No wonder she was a self-conscious, nervous, unhappy youngster.

"You'll be sure," his sister said when he had bade the three of them goodnight and was turning away, "to look those pamphlets over, won't you. And to think about what I said. The new semester begins in less than two months."

HE THOUGHT pretty carefully about what she had said all the way down Wilshire and over to Lucca's where he cancelled the order he'd made with too much confidence that morning. And he thought about the pamphlets. He would have stuck them in his pocket and forgotten about them probably, if it had not been for the moment of helplessness and inadequacy that had come over him when his sister had said: "She isn't a child any longer."

As he left Lucca's he looked at his watch. It was only eleven o'clock. Too early by an hour or so to expect Joan home. Even after he had done away with as much time as possible by driving down to the Athletic Club and getting some papers he had left there in his locker the day before, the night was still young—at least young enough for revellers of Joan's age, he thought wryly. But he started home. He drove slowly, prolonging the moment of reaching there and finding the house deserted and dark except for Mrs. Tracy and a stray lamp or two she would have left burning.

But the house wasn't deserted! It wasn't dark! It was ablaze with lights and there were cars parked all along the driveway and out in front. He drew up short in surprise, his spirits involuntarily lifting. Through the French windows that opened on to the lawn floated the sound of young voices and the gay dissonance of radio jazz. Laughing happily beneath his breath, he looked for a place to park his car. He couldn't get it into the garage because of the cars parked along the driveway. So he manoeuvred it between a coupé and a roadster and left it out in front.

Before he had managed to fit his key into the lock of the front door, it was flung open from within and a pair of arms were clasped about his neck.

"Daddy, where the heck've you been?"

"Here and there," he said gaily. He felt gay. Extraordinarily gay all at once. "You see, I wasn't expecting a surprise party, so I was sort of bumming around. How did all this happen?"

Joan drew a deep breath. "Well, on the way to Scotty's house I got thinking it'd be a pretty squiggly thing to have a party without you. I mean it wouldn't be much fun. You see?" She eyed her father solemnly. "And so I thought all of a sudden why couldn't we have the party here? We didn't have to have it at Scotty's. Scotty just thought it'd be a good idea because there's nobody at his house except the housekeeper and a couple of maids, and we could make all the noise we wanted without giving anybody fits. But heck

sakes! We can do that here." And so I asked Scotty and it was okay with him." Pausing excitedly, she began to unbutton her father's overcoat. "Hurry up, 'cause you've missed a lot of fun already," she urged him, drawing his arm through hers and propelling him toward the living room.

Almost before he was quite aware of what was happening, Dr. Bradley had been absorbed into the party. Between Joan and Scotty and Ken he was introduced all around until, at length, in the swing of things, he found himself piloting a snub-nosed child about the room and being treated with expansive friendliness by everyone. He liked these friends of Joan's. They were nice kids, all of them.

And somehow, in the midst of the gaiety and excitement of the party, he forgot about his sister and the pamphlets from the girls' schools. He forgot the way Joan had looked in the sophisticated evening gown. She was just a child now, getting an enormous zest from this party as she would have from anything else—swimming, riding horseback, learning how to play golf. The only thing that disturbed him at all was the way she acted toward Scott Burgess. Everyone else she treated with a comradely, easy charm, but for him she had a special graciousness and regard, watching after him as if it were very important that he should be having a good time. Even this,

though, Dr. Bradley didn't think about for long because, within a short time of his arrival, the party suddenly migrated to the kitchen and he was busy scrambling eggs with one of Mrs. Tracy's copious white aprons tied about his waist. Joan made chocolate and Scotty toasted bread, so that the evening was finally climaxed by a one o'clock breakfast.

"Didn't we have a slick time?" Joan demanded, as Scotty, the last guest to depart, left them standing at the front door.

"So it's Scotty that drives the roadster," Dr. Bradley remarked thoughtfully as they watched him drive off.

Joan nodded.

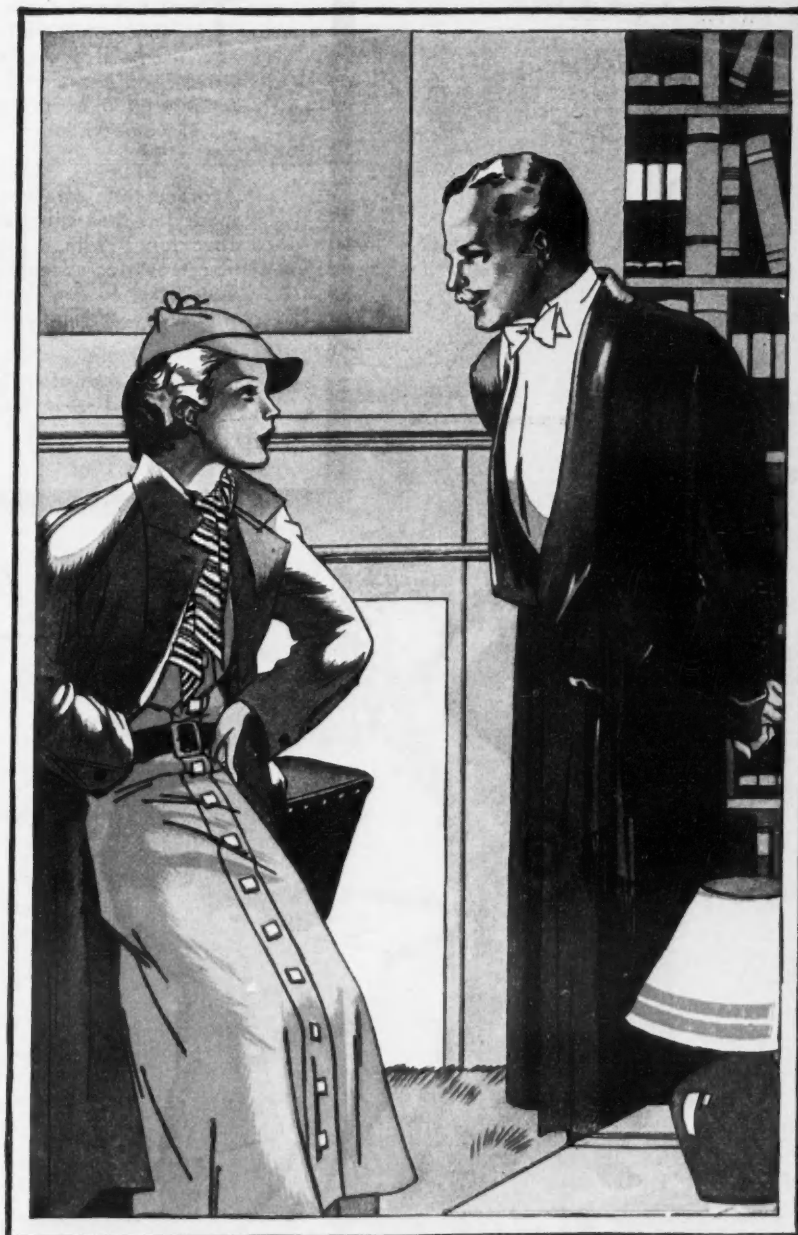
"His dad gave it to him for his birthday. It's a swell car. Say, daddy," her tone changed abruptly, "don't you like Scotty? Don't you think he's nice?"

Dr. Bradley didn't say anything for a moment. Then he put an arm across his daughter's slim shoulders.

"I like him very much," he said. "How about you?"

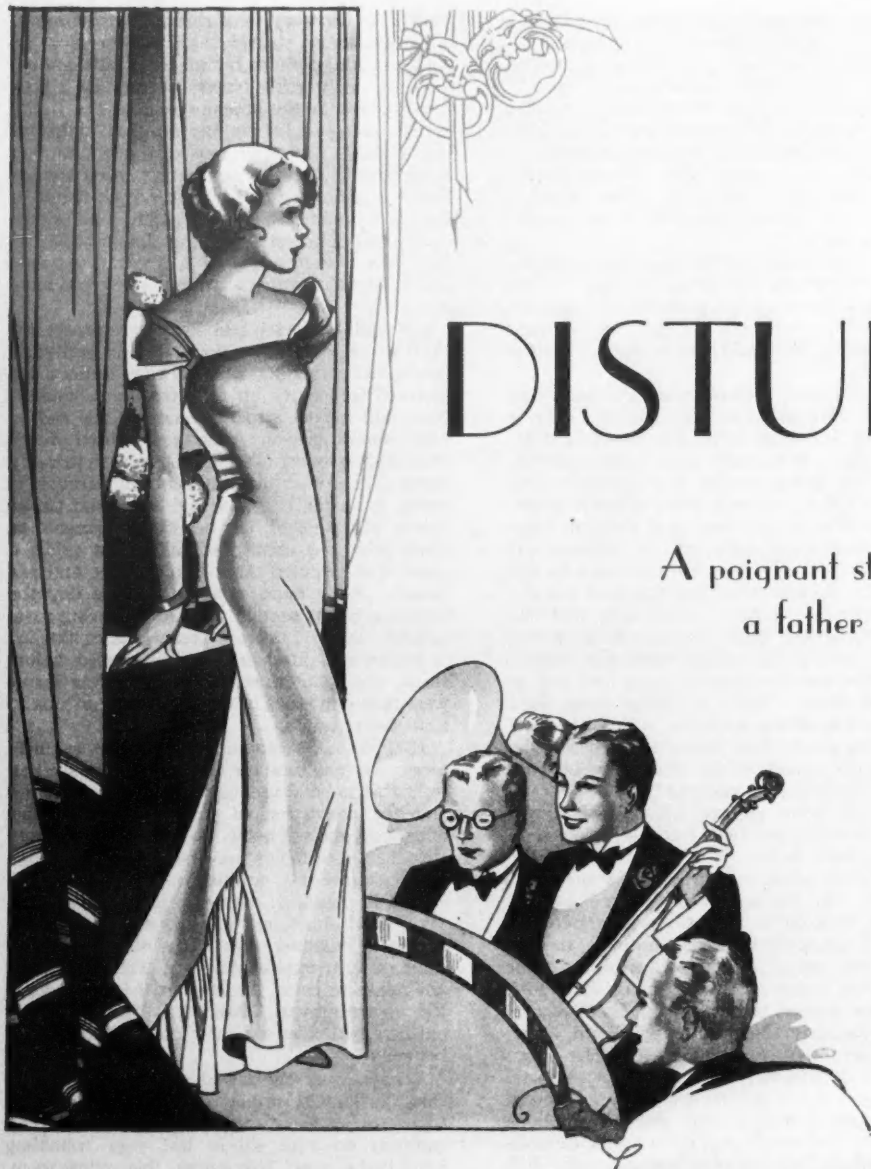
"I like him, too," she said, studying with apparent interest the toes of her shoes.

THE DAYS that followed the event of the play were not seemingly any different than the days that had preceded it. On the surface everything was as it should be. But somehow there was an undercurrent of uncertainty. Philip Bradley got to thinking over rather often his conversation with his sister. What if some of the things she said were true? What if Joan did need more supervision and discipline than she was getting? What if he did give her her head too much? Moreover, he became alive now to things that before he would have thought nothing particularly of. For instance, there was the night Joan telephoned him at the office that she wouldn't be home for dinner. A couple of weeks ago she could have done the same thing and he wouldn't have been at all uneasy. But, as it was, he wondered where she was going for dinner and why, and what time she'd be home. Before he could ask her, though, she had rung off with a blithe "I'll be seeing you." It turned [Continued on page 41]



He saw that the incredulity in her eyes had given way to a strange expression.

ILLUSTRATED BY KAY BELL



It wasn't the dress that disturbed him, but the way she wore it.

DISTURBING AGE

A poignant story of that difficult relationship—
a father and his adolescent daughter

by ELIZABETH WHITING

WITH HIS pride giving way to a sudden dismay, Dr. Bradley leaned forward in his seat in the darkened high school auditorium. That was Joan, his youngster, Joan—that slim, yellow-headed young sophisticate trailing on to the stage in a white velvet evening gown. A completely adult white velvet evening gown.

It wasn't the dress that disturbed him, though. It was the way she wore it—debonairly, without a trace of coquetry, as though she were old enough to wear that sort of dress.

He was restless, uneasy through the rest of the performance; relieved when the curtain was finally lowered on the third act. But until the auditorium was almost emptied and the orchestra had begun to put away their instruments he didn't get up to go. He sat staring off into space. And gradually he forced himself to feel less uneasy. He'd meet Joan, get her off to himself, forget the way she'd looked in the evening gown. Things would be the way they ought to be. They'd go to Lucca's and have a regular celebration. A double one in honor of the play and the fact that tomorrow would be her fifteenth birthday. He'd ordered a table there and made arrangements for a special birthday cake with fifteen candles on it. The whole thing to be a surprise. She loved surprises.

A number of people were collected about the stage door. There was no sign of Joan, though. Chances were she hadn't finished dressing yet, her father reflected. He considered going backstage and waiting for her there, but the noise and confusion stopped him. He waited by the door. She should be out in a moment.

But several moments had elapsed before she appeared. And then it was not alone, but flanked possessively on either side by a boy. Dr. Bradley's eyebrows drew together in a sudden, quizzical frown. Her slim bright face, with daubs of make-up still streaking it in places, was upturned eagerly to that of the boy on her right—a good-looking youngster with dark eyes and a quiet sort of face. Thrusting his hands into the pockets of his overcoat and smiling somewhat dryly, Dr. Bradley approached the trio.

"Daddy!" Joan greeted him joyously. She tucked an arm through his, then turned with a quick smile for her two

escorts. "Scotty and Ken, you don't know my dad, do you? Daddy, this is Scotty. Recognize him? He was Ricky in the play tonight."

The dark-eyed youth returned Dr. Bradley's smile with a shy grin.

"And this is Ken. He was stage manager."

Ken, a husky looking fellow, shook Dr. Bradley's hand with cordial aplomb.

Having disposed thus of introductions, Joan tugged excitedly at her father's arm.

"Listen," she said. "Scotty's giving a party at his house for everybody in the play. Isn't that swell? I can go, can't I?"

"A party?" Dr. Bradley queried. "When?"

"Tonight. Right now. To celebrate, y'see."

"Yessir. On account of the play." Scotty smiled. "We're going to dance and that sort of thing."

"And have refreshments," Joan elaborated, squeezing her father's arm. "It's okay for me to go, isn't it?"

The youthful stage manager surveyed Dr. Bradley decisively, as though he were used to quelling parental objections in whatever order they might be raised. "There's going to be a chaperone. Mr. and Mrs. Breckner 're going with us. Mrs. Breckner is Joan's English teacher."

"And she's a wow and we'll have such fun, and we won't be up very late." Joan drew a deep breath, ending in a persuasive, beguiling smile. "Can't I go?"

With a peculiar hollow sensation at the pit of his stomach, Dr. Bradley looked at the two boys. They were nice kids. He could tell that. But he didn't want Joan going off with them. She was too young. He wanted her to himself. Yet he knew that the celebration he'd planned would be a very flat thing compared with all the glamor of a party.

"How late would this high-sounding affair last?" he asked with forced casualness and a smile.

"Aw, not very late, would it?" Joan turned the enchantment of her dark eyes upon Scotty.

"Not late at all," he said eagerly. "Can Joan go then?"

Dr. Bradley nodded slowly. As if all at once, though, Joan were somehow aware of her father's thoughts, she slipped her hand into his. "If you'd

really rather I wouldn't go, I won't, daddy." She said quietly.

He held her slim hand tightly in his for a moment. Then he laughed. "And miss a fine party? No," he said, "run along. Take good care of her, though, boys."

Scotty and Ken grinned.

"You bet," they said in unison, grabbing her on either side by an arm and, as if there were a sudden need to hurry, starting off. Joan hesitated long enough to fling her father a swift smile over one shoulder. Then she turned blithely back to her two escorts.

With a wry, deserted feeling, Dr. Bradley stood looking after the departing trio until they had rounded the corner of the building. A moment later, pulling his hat over his eyes, he was about to cross the street to the parking station where he and Joan had left their car, when he was hailed by his sister's brisk, clipped voice.

"Phil, I've been looking for you." Catching up with him, she slipped her arm through his. "Want to talk with you. Walk with me to the corner. Morse and Barbara are going to pick me up there. They've gone to get the car . . . But



"Do you realize," she said, "that Joan is no longer a child?"



FOR JULY—By KAY MURPHY

I wish I could peek into your bag and see what kind of face comforts you are taking along with you. Lots and lots of creams, hand lotions, manicure outfit, hair tonic — to keep that "well-groomed" look —and a little "coaxorium" in the way of a fascinating perfume.

I love those dashing, colorful hat boxes and travel bags they're poppin' up before us. If it can be done, grab yourself a gay one. It's in keeping with the holiday mood and it does things with the red caps.

We have to hand it to the men, they do work hard to make life easier for the Little Women. Saw two things today that will get my four cheers any time.

A grand silk crêpe in gorgeous colors that is absolutely waterproof. Will not spot or stain, sheds water, ink, soap or what-have-you-spilt as if it were two ducks' backs. No naughty, naughty underarm stains, and as to cups of coffee poured into one's lap — why, pouf, my dear sir, it's nothing!

And for summer picnics, imagine a swell-I-I suitcase to carry along the goodies in. Then, Presto! it may be turned into a sturdy tea table. Four legs curl up inside when it's closed, and its white and red checked lining turns up as a cute tablecloth.

Those large pastel straw and felt hats are doing things for themselves. Saw a lovely one in pink felt, with a very doggy pink silk bandana to match. M-m-m!

[Continued on page 69]

Complete descriptions of these costumes on page 69





FASHION SHORTS

THOSE magic x's on the calendar mean vacation time is comin' fast — and good fortune speed it, says I! It's going to be a Cotton Summer y'know, and as many cool, crisp little cottons as you can pick up, or borrow from your family and friends, will all come in handy.

A grand little affair to travel in would be one of those dark sheers that don't take spots too seriously. Then top it with a gay linen or piqué coat, and you're set for adventure from the minute you buy your ticket to Anywhere. Saw one in brown sheer, with such a thrilling yellow piqué jacket.

Tuck in as many hat, glove and bag ensembles as you can find room for. They do things to clothes

that go holiday-stale after the first week. I go for those checked linen accessories in a big way. And do slip in one of those sailor collars in case you come across the Navy!

* * *

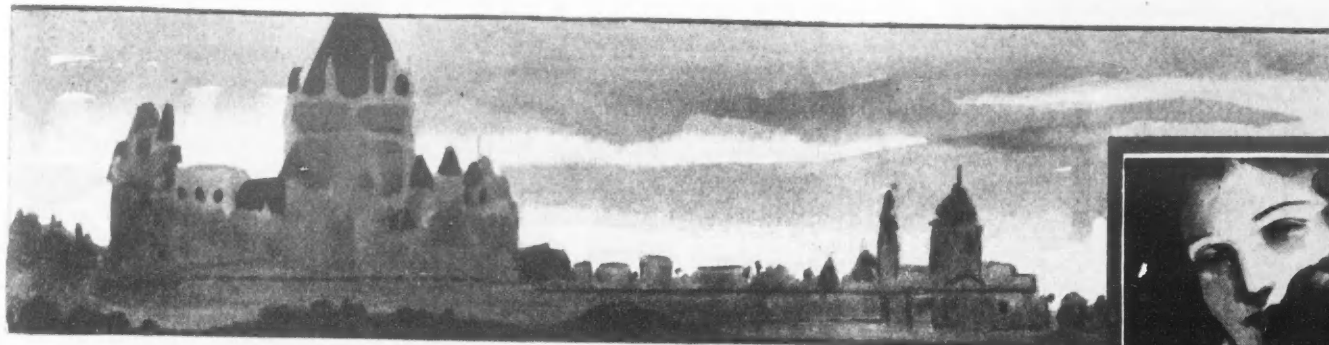
If you're flitting down where bathing is to be part of the fun, you have every reason to expect great things of your swim suit. Saw a love of a one in cream crochet over yellow wool. It's a new weave that does things to you on the shore and doesn't hamper the stroke in the water, either.

* * *

You'll have to take along at least one cartwheel hat. It's so romantic — with moonbeams. Make it a pastel color or white, then you can work it overtime with 'most any frock.

Complete descriptions of these costumes on page 68





"It's not the way for you, Ria."



She turned to see the greater wonder, not made with hands, that flung its breathless sweep to the parapet on which she leaned. Sheer below the river curved broadly. Slow lumber bateaux from down in the Gulf, small freighters, large freighters and an endless assortment of nondescript craft wove their ways to and fro. Her eyes were so intent that her ears at first failed to warn her that her sole possession of these heights was threatened. From the opposite direction a figure was slowly approaching. She tried to forget the intruder by concentrating on the movement of shipping below. Suddenly a widening V of spray moved up river from her left toward a long, shuttle-shaped object emerging from a hidden curve of the river which was situated to her right.

"Why, it's the pilot boat!" she exclaimed in spontaneous delight.

"Fascinating, isn't it?"

Turning to cast an irritated glance at the speaker, she saw that his remark was as involuntarily uttered as her own. The great liner moving majestically with slackened speed, the tiny power boat edging under its hull, were more important to him than she was. He adjusted his hat on his head, tilting it slightly forward to narrow his range of vision.

"Man is a brave fool, isn't he?" He went on, crooking an elbow on the railing and supporting a determined-looking chin in his hand.

To remain in stiff silence would be absurd and childish. After all, she was nearer thirty than twenty, and if one could judge by appearances so was he. Ria sent her glance downward with his.

"When you think of the ocean," she said, "she does look small."

"You know," said her companion, turning to look at her, "people should make a point of coming to a place like this ever so often. Gives your thoughts elbow room."

"It's my first visit here," Ria confessed, "but already I feel as if—well, as if someone had left a message here for me." It sounded silly, the moment she had said it, and she tried to lighten it. "Poste restante—if not called for in five days return to sender."

He nodded seriously.

"As if," he said, "those chaps on the first little ships that came up were saying: 'Well, we did a big job. What are you going to do now?' Sometimes," his voice flattened with a hint of discontent, "I think they did too much. What's left? Everything's been conquered—the land, the sea, the sky—"

"Everything except ourselves, perhaps," said Ria, smiling. He jerked himself upright and looked at her somewhat curiously.

"You're very young-looking to have ideas like that."

Ria looked at her watch as a gesture of refuge. Why had she been standing here saying things to a perfect stranger that she would never have dreamed of saying to some of the people she knew best?

"I'm afraid it's late," she said quickly.

He took off his hat, and lingering sunlight touched the brown hair with glints of bronze.

"Sorry if I've made a nuisance of myself. I really forgot I was talking to a woman."

As she turned the angle into shadow Ria saw from the corner of her eye, that he was standing in the same spot, hat in hand, staring after her. She retraced her steps thoughtfully. At eighteen to have a man say he had forgotten she was a woman would have been little short of an insult. But at twenty-eight it was quite the reverse.

THE LONG summer twilight had already stolen over Cap Diamante when she regained the level of the Terrace. On the farther shore and on the tip of magic Orleans, the sun spread its last gliding over the fresh green of field and tree. On the Terrace people from Lower Town were gathering for their evening airing, shrilling voluble French to one another.

"Lost—or just dreaming?" came a voice at Ria's elbow to startle her.

"Oh—Nell! I'm sorry to be so late, but—"

"Don't apologize. Who is he?"

"Did you see us?"

"Then it was a he!"

"Don't be silly," said Ria, laughing in spite of herself at Nell's incurable romanticism.

"Meantime," said Nell, "I've been doing some practical exploration." Down a crooked street she had found a quaint little restaurant where one could be sure of *la cuisine française*.

"Now," she said, when they were settled opposite one another in a stall-like compartment, "let's hear all about it."

"There's nothing much to tell," said Ria. "I climbed up to the citadel and he came along, and then we began to talk about the scenery."

"Is that all?" Nell was clearly disappointed.

"What else could there possibly be?" asked Ria, knowing quite well that there had been undertones to the encounter which could not be put into words for someone else's entertainment, not even for Nell's.

"Oh, I don't know," grumbled Nell. "One half of the world throws away what the other half would give anything to have a chance at. There, don't I sound the sour old maid!" She took a drink of water and thumped the glass down fiercely.

"You'll never be sour—or old," said Ria looking affectionately at the plain round face opposite her. "And it isn't a question of throwing away opportunities. You know jolly well that you and I think alike; that it isn't enough for us to marry for a home, or children, or companionship. Important, of course; they must be. But," she hesitated, "the trouble with us is that we're looking for something more—something electrical, something unexplainable—that puts all of these things above mere living."

"And things just don't happen that way," said Nell. "But we've got away from the main subject. Where is your man staying, and who is he?"

"How should I know?"

"How shouldn't you know?" demanded Nell.

"If you mean that I didn't find out anything about him, you're right," smiled Ria.

That was part of the charm of the incident, its detachment from anything that came before or that would follow. That no personalities had been angled for, placed it far beyond the ordinary superficial acquaintanceships that spring up feverishly wherever travellers are found. Complete in itself, she would always remember it as one of the few perfect moments life has to offer, sufficient in itself.

She remembered it more clearly with every hour that passed, seeing again the tall easy figure hanging over the parapet, unconscious of her as a being of flesh and blood and bones, but accepting her as a kindred spirit. Between them, for that short time, the barriers of ordinary human contacts were as shadowy as the hills that could be seen from her bedroom window. In the airy blackness of the summer night no outline showed where their great forms swelled against the sky. Yet one knew where they stood by the cessation of stars.

Ria had only the vaguest impression of Nell's early departure for a morning's sketching. When she herself awoke fully at eight o'clock it was to an instant sense of pleasure. She would have breakfast in that glassed-in place fronting on the Terrace. It should be sunny at this time of day. It was sunny. The appetizing smell of coffee, the sight of hurrying waiters, of people leisurely enjoying this most delightful of all meals, were not less pleasant than the assurance that she could bear the revelation of the bright sunshine through which she had to walk to reach the table of her choice. It was at a wide screened window. Someone with artlessness or artistry had placed rich, red, heavy-

headed clover in the clear glass holders on the tables.

When the waiter who had bent deferentially over her with the *carte du jour* departed with her order, she found herself staring at the person most in her thoughts. For all her attempts at self-deception, the very joy with which she had awakened this morning was proof that she knew she would see him again.

Suddenly there he was, beside her.

"Good morning. Do you mind if I join you for a moment?"

"Please do. Isn't it a glorious day?"

He sat down opposite her. They talked, exploring in a few minutes a great area of possibility. The evening personality of that hour on the heights was not yet swallowed up by the jaws of cold commerce. Finally he glanced at his watch, rose, and took a card from an inner pocket.

"Sorry, it's only a business card. I haven't another with me." A furrow deepened between his eyes. "Look here," he said, "please don't think me officious or out of bounds, but one of my business acquaintances has lent me his car and chauffeur for the afternoon. There's an old house a few miles out he said I'd be interested in. Would you—perhaps you'd like to see it, too?"

"Thank you," she said. "It sounds delightful."

"Good. Shall we start at two? I'll meet you in the lobby."

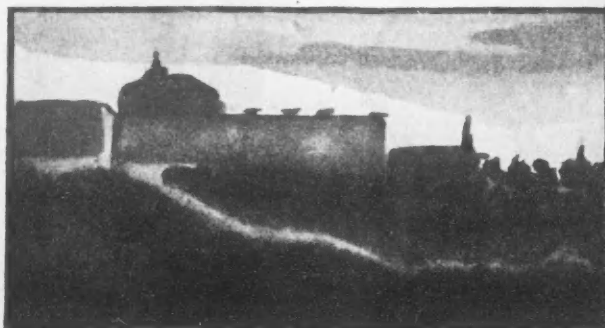
When he had gone Ria looked at the card in her hand. John Griffin. It suited him—John for the man of affairs, and Griffin for his other self. Two o'clock. It seemed a long way off. By luncheon Nell was still absent, so Ria ate alone. She tucked a note into the mirror where Nell could not fail to see it on entering and descended to her rendezvous. "This is awfully good of you," he said, as he handed her into the car. "So few people I know really care about these things."

The car descended the tortuous way, winding through streets so straitened that there seemed scarcely an inch to spare. The stern greyness of the massed stone houses was relieved here and there by window-boxes of gay flowers high on narrow fronts. Crisscrossed lines in unexpected spaces and at varying heights held aloft garments of assorted colors and sizes, like banners displayed for a fête day. Gradually the houses thinned about them, until only a few remained on the right side of the road. To the left, with little intervening space, flowed the river, alive with surface sparkles, and serene with the movement of its current.

They were silent for the most part, with that companionable silence that needed few words.

When the chauffeur finally said: "Here we are, sir," and drew up at the roadside, Ria felt there must be a mistake, the distance had seemed so short. But there was the old house, standing alone against the tangle of flowers and vines and young trees that screened the towering escarpment behind. Around it long silky grasses stirred in the breathing of the warm air. Its windows were [Continued on page 43]

Illustrated
by
W. V.
Chambers



"Oh, do you think it is any easier for me than it is for you?" she cried.

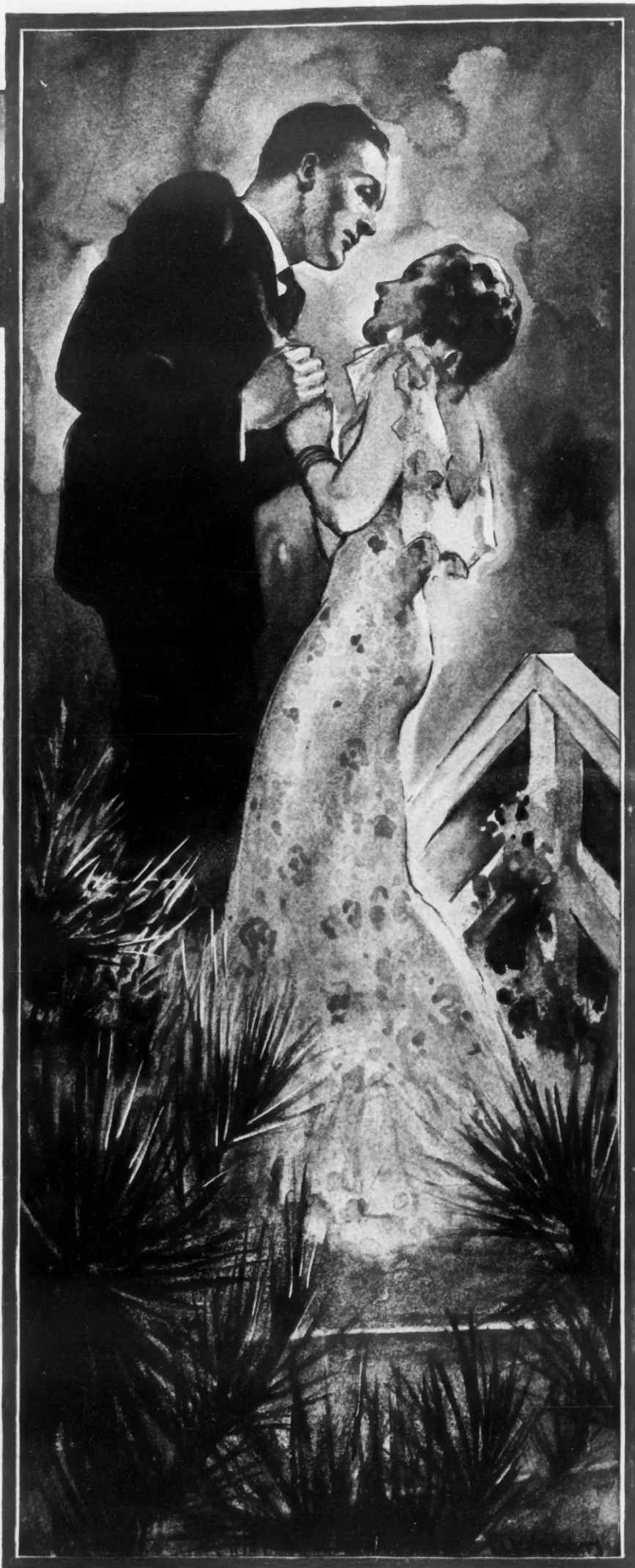
Each in His Own Time . .

by MARGARET E. BARNARD

AT THIS HOUR, the loveliest of the whole day when the tyranny of four walls exacted its last due, the Terrace was practically deserted. Down below, under that warren of roofs, thought Ria, ordinary citizens were eating their evening meal. Somewhere in the great central tower of the Chateau, Nell Weaver was grubbing about in her sketching kit, strewing their room with an assortment of pencils, twisted tubes and blocks of paper.

Ria watched a ferry beetling over to Levis, saw it safely across, and began to walk toward the looming citadel, deep in its own shadow. As her feet struck the muffled note peculiar to staunch planking, like an echo there moved with her the impression that here in this ancient city something waited for her. Steps invited her, each rise unfolding a horizon so irresistible that the next could not be ignored.

At the summit a quick turn brought her from shadow into sunlight. The wooden path clung to the brow of the cliff here, flaunting its perishability in the very face of the weathered grey bastions with their roots deep in the rock. No one could tell how many storms, how many frail human shadows had stood between them and the sun, as she did now, only to pass and leave no trace.



The surprising love story of a couple who were too devoted to each other

George beamed. "You look very nice, dear. I like that dress."

"Affection for an old and well-tried friend?"

"Bill says the fishing's been great. They caught a ten pounder down at the Point last week."

It's like something out of Alice, Toni decided. Or like dialogue clipped from two separate plays and pasted together.

When they mounted the stairs to the Davises' room the rest of the crowd were already there. Tom Davis said, "You're looking very nice, Toni." Hank James and Arthur Jerrold did equally well by her and their wives were pleasant.

She did not at first notice the new man. Then Helen Davis said: "Miss Marsden, I want you to know Steve Harrison, and this is Mr. Marshall," all in a breath and, as Toni put her hand into the strong brown one, Helen added, as usual, "Toni writes."

Toni, ticketed, raised her eyes. She had wanted a shock. Well, she had it. The man actually thought that was funny. It was written in the wrinkles that went up round the corners of his dark eyes. Amusement twitched in the set of his long thin mouth. Toni smiled brilliantly, her eyes met his and held—and they were friends. It was as swift as that. They both said: "How do you do?" and Toni found herself wanting to laugh out with pleasure. An idiot, she was, but that trick of labelling everyone had always amused her for no reason at all, and it was exciting to find someone, for once, laughing with her.

He sat down on the bed beside her. "Now that you're disposed of, there's me. I dig."

Toni giggled. "So enterprising of you. I won't ask what for. That's exactly like saying your leg was bitten off and then stopping; it demands questions and I hate demands."

She was flushing like a school girl and she twenty-six! There was something disconcerting about him. Good Tom Davis suddenly asked, as he always did, "And how's the writing going?"

She had an impulse to say: "It isn't going at all. I haven't written a decent line in months and if my young man doesn't marry me and set my mind at rest I'll be on the town, come Michaelmas." Of course she didn't. She said: "About as well as usual, thank you."

"I've got a grand story you ought to write," Steve Harrison volunteered when Tom went away. "I'd do it myself if I only had the time."

"Do tell me," Toni looked at him, settling her face into well-accustomed lines of avid interest. When he saw her expression he broke into laughter. "You poor child, you thought I meant it. Come now, didn't you?"

Toni said: "How did you know they always say that? I should have known you wouldn't." A bubbling feeling of amusement and happiness was going on inside her. It was lovely to have found a friend.

THEY SAW very little of each other, actually, but it was comforting to know that he was about. He seemed so much more her own kind than the rest. And that was silly, she thought, several mornings later, watching him as he stood surrounded by laughing youngsters in bathing suits, waiting for the cars to drive them to the beach. He must have felt her eyes upon him because he turned and came to her.

"Get into your things and come along," he urged, standing over her, looking vital and young and brown.

"Run along with the other children." She laughed as she said it but sobered when she saw that he was not amused. "Just how old are you, Toni?"

"We'll! Twenty-six."

"Exactly. It's George who's forty. Don't forget that." Toni reddened. "You're impertinent." His own face darkened and he turned sharply, hesitated and turned back.

"I beg your pardon. I had no right to say that. Only, Toni, don't you have any fun? Don't you even go over to the ocean?"

Toni's anger died. "Of course I do, every afternoon." She gestured to include the other women who sat rocking near by. "We all go cautiously down to hang on to the ropes and jump over the waves." She laughed at his disgusted face. "It's nice, really. I wouldn't fit in with your crowd."

"You don't fit in here either. What do you talk about all day?"

"Oh, servants, houses, husbands. You wouldn't be interested. Run along, please, Steve. They're waiting."

She watched him affectionately as he went away. She'd called him Steve quite naturally that first evening and after that she'd been Toni to him and it seemed to her sometimes as though she'd known him always. She thought about that while the women's talk went on around her. She'd heard he swam magnificently. She wondered, idly, if he'd grown up near the sea. "You that's known him always!" she scoffed at herself. "Why, you don't know anything about him, really."

But that wasn't true. She knew that he liked Conrad and John Donne and Frank Sullivan and Dorothy Parker; that

he was even better than she at picking Gluyas Williams types out of the crowd on the verandah. She knew that he re-read *South Wind* every year and that he loved Sibelius' music. Best of all, they seemed to find the same pointless incidents funny. She recalled with joy the night that Helen Davis put up her lorgnette at dinner and said, with surprise and great hauteur: "Is *this* broccoli?" examining a vegetable that couldn't possibly have been anything but broccoli, and she'd met his eyes blazing across at her with her own suppressed, irrational mirth.

She'd hoped that Steve's enjoyment of her might make George jealous. When they all trooped out from dinner and Steve left the younger crowd to sit at her feet on the verandah steps with every appearance of satisfaction, she'd searched George's face for signs of worry. George had, it would seem, been proud, when he'd noticed at all.

"Nice chap, Harrison," he said several times. "He likes you, Toni. Sees you've brains, I expect," he added complacently. "He's an archaeologist. Imagine that!"

He simply took her for granted, George did, she told herself despairingly. "I should go away for a while. When he found out how he missed me, he'd be eager to marry me." That was what she *should* do, but she knew she never would. Suppose he didn't miss her? "I'm quite shameless," she admitted. "I've no pride at all." She didn't care about pride any more. She'd loved him too long. She couldn't, she simply could not, face life without him now.

IN THE DAYS that followed it began to look as though she might not have to face anything so drastic. If Steve's approval hadn't raised her stock with George by making him jealous, it had, it seemed, helped her in another and odder way. George assured her fondly that she was growing prettier every day. "You're positively glowing, Toni," he said, patting her affectionately. "By Jove, I almost think I won't go out in the boat today. You're too charming to leave."

"Surely you wouldn't do anything as serious as that," Toni protested demurely, but her heart was singing. She had never been so happy in her life. She watched George in a glow of possessiveness as he tramped heavily down the dock and climbed into the boat that, daily, carried the fishermen out to sea. She sat still, bemused with content, her eyes squinted against the sun, following the launch as it chugged off down the river. Humble little thing, she was, to go all girlish with rapture because a man she'd been engaged to five years happened to mention that she was pretty!

Steve had, he assured her, been sitting beside her for all of five minutes before she came to with a start and a vague smile for him.

He seemed preoccupied, nervous. "Look, Toni," he said, out of a silence. "You know I—I go out on expeditions. I dig up things—"

Toni laughed. "I know you're a rising young archaeologist, if that's what you're trying to say."

"Well—once we dug up an old snuff bottle in China. It wasn't valuable—not really old, you see, only it had a jade stopper. Cheap jade," he interrupted himself to assure her earnestly. "I don't suppose it was worth five dollars. I've noticed you don't wear any rings—only I thought—" He tossed something into her lap. "Here," he finished brusquely. "It's the color of your eyes, you know. I thought I'd like you to have it."

Toni picked up the heavy silver ring. "Why, Steve, it's beautiful. I love it." She slipped it on her finger and held it up, admiring it. "I've never had such a nice compliment before. No one ever told me I had jade-green eyes."

"Perhaps no one ever told you before that you are beautiful," Steve said quietly. "You are, you know. Remember that, Toni, won't you? It's time someone told you."

Before Toni could make her voice sound above the quick hard beating of her heart, he had got up and gone inside.

THIS WAS the happiest day of all, Toni assured herself again. And as if her present were not enough felicity, George, for once, came in early from his fishing. Tramping up the path from the dock that afternoon he found her and Steve again sitting where he had left her in the morning. Toni ran to meet him,

holding out her hand with the ring on it for his inspection. "Look, dear, isn't it lovely? It was the top of an old snuff bottle and Steve gave it to me."

George handed over his gunny sack of fish to Tom Davis and examined the ring indulgently.

"Why, that's extremely nice of Harrison," he said, pleased. "A big ring like that looks well on your long finger." He slipped his arm around her and they approached Steve. Toni felt wrapped round with layers of warmth and approval. She was a rich girl—woman, she corrected herself hastily. George was being affectionate and Steve made her compliments and life was, suddenly, quite perfect.

Steve looked up at them, his long mouth smiling, though his eyes, Toni noticed, were not wrinkling at the corners quite as much as usual.

"Darned nice of you, Harrison," George said heartily. "The ring, I mean. It's very distinctive."

"Steve says it's exactly the color of my eyes," Toni broke in happily.

Steve looked angry. Fool that she was, she'd embarrassed him. Men hated other men to know they said poetic things like that. George looked at her with some surprise.

"Why, so it is," he agreed. He sat down heavily on the long bench, pulling Toni down beside him. "Gosh, I'm tired. Had a great day, though. Say, we ought to drive down to Hansen's tonight; feller brought in a whopper . . ."

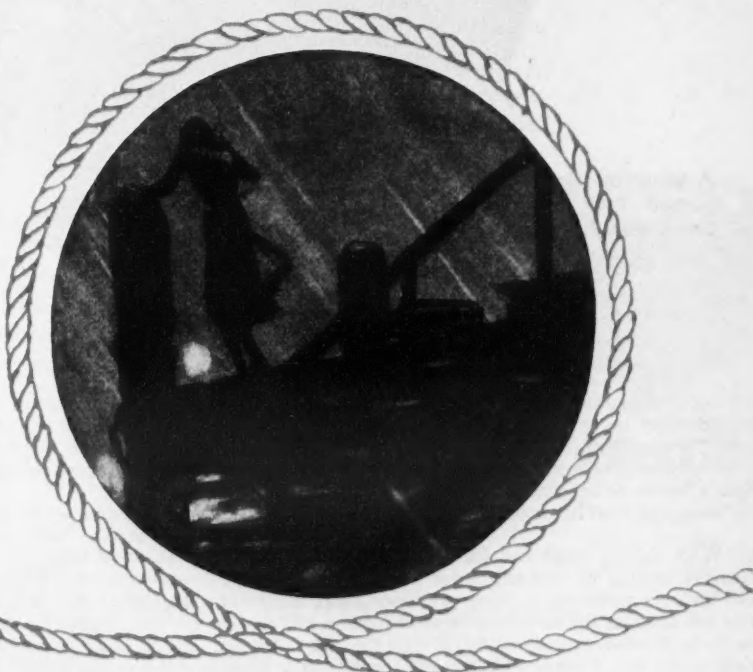
George grinned at her. There was a great deal more and Toni said, "How amazing!" and, "George, not really—" at proper intervals until he finished the story.

There was a rather dead silence then. Something was wrong with Steve, Toni thought worriedly. Her warm, inner content subsided a little but Helen Davis came along, her arms full of bay-berries and she forgot her uneasiness in her pleasure at George's next remark.

"Look, Toni," he said, "wouldn't some of those things look nice over the mantel in the living room? Why don't you and Steve gather some while I wash up for dinner. You always manage to make the apartment attractive with stuff like that."

Exactly as if they were married, Toni exulted, George seldom took much interest in her small apartment, although she knew he liked being there with her. Indeed, of late, he'd almost always suggest: "Let's just get things and cook them at your place and not go out at all." She loved doing that. It made them seem so settled. Right up until the time she had to take George's coat from the hall closet and tell him good night, she could usually sustain her illusion of domesticity.

She felt a pang as she remembered that it might not be possible to keep up the rent there much longer, no matter how she pinched and wore shabby clothes. Then her spirits rose. It wasn't going to be necessary much longer. George, suggesting berries for the mantel; George telling her she got prettier every day. Why, in no time at all George would say: "Look, Toni, why don't we run down and get married?" She felt it. Steve had made her feel lucky ever since she'd met him.



The next hour was a chaos of terror.

Nor' Easter

by NANCY BARNES

Illustrated by AL. PARKER



George was being affectionate, and Steve paying her compliments — and life was suddenly perfect and filled with happiness.

EVERYTHING at the Inn was exactly the same. Bill Bailey, the proprietor, made his usual jokes about George, calling him the old rain bird who always brought them a nor'easter; and Toni smiled in all the suitable places. She agreed pleasantly with Mrs. Jerrold and Helen Davis about how nice it was that all the usual July crowd was there. Later, hanging dresses in the shallow pine closet of her accustomed room she surprised her heretofore conservative self by wondering impatiently if none of them ever tired of that dreadful usualness.

They had been engaged, she and George, for five years. They had been coming to the Inn together for five years; irreproachably together, that was, since she always had a room in the main house while George slept at a proper distance in the Annex. In all those five years not one single unexpected thing had happened.

Shivering as she bathed in the usual cold-to-warm water, Toni told herself that it would serve them all right if she and George had descended upon them, married, and signed the register Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, to shock them out of their routine. That, she admitted, was a shock they seemed increasingly unlikely to get.

"It would surprise me more than it would them," she said aloud, wriggling into her best Paris step-ins. They were almost worn out, she noticed sadly and, somehow, the threadbare condition of those once splendid garments added to the feeling of unattractiveness she always had when she thought of her inadequacy about that marriage.

For three years, of course, there had been George's mother to think of; absurd as it seemed for a man of forty not to be able to marry because of his mother, she had finally come to accept, not too rebelliously, that this was so. The next year they had mourned her. Toni had, at George's broken suggestion, worn black for her dutifully. That year was now well over although, unfortunately, the black clothes had not, for financial reasons, been replaced.

Examining herself ruefully in the wavy mirror as she fastened her old black chiffon, Toni reflected that George's first fine frenzy to possess her, if one could think of frenzy in connection with George, had worn as thin as her once expensive clothes; his placid acceptance of delay looked like outlasting them. She was, of course, lucky to have him at all, since his very placidity proved, if she had ever needed proof, that she simply did not have that something, that

special quality, that made a girl overpoweringly desirable to men.

There was a knock and she gave her nose a last dab with the powder puff, snatched up a handkerchief and called "Coming," before she opened the door to survey the expected bell-boy who stood there. "You couldn't possibly be announcing a fire or a telephone call, I suppose," she remarked hopelessly.

The boy grinned uncertainly. "Mr. Marshall's waiting downstairs, ma'am," he said, puzzled. She thanked him and descended to George.

HE WAS nice looking, she told herself. She liked him in his grey coat and white flannels, liked his ruddy face beaming up at her. He looked well scrubbed and pleasant. He'd even managed a white flower for his lapel; ridiculous to expect a man with a white flower in his coat to throw gravel up at her window or to run upstairs to thump informally on her door like a youngster. Of course he'd send a bell-boy. "So right of you, darling," she murmured, joining him.

"The Davises invited us for tea," he announced.

"But how exciting! Weren't you surprised?"

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A wave of triumph
surged over Toni.
She'd won for sure!

"Come along, wool-gatherer." She put her hand on his shoulder and he jerked erect so nervously that he startled her. "Berries, idiot. We're going to cut some."

Even when Steve protested that he was too tired to go Toni's bubble of happiness refused to burst. She borrowed his knife and went humming off into the wood alone.

IT WAS as well she'd had her happy day, Toni thought dimly, staring over her knitting at the streaming windows. Bill Bailey's predicted nor'easter was upon them. Sheets of rain fell outside, the scrubby pine trees moaned and tossed in the high wind, and she huddled with the other women close to the fire. George and Tom and the Jerrold men had gone off early in the morning, refusing to be daunted by a little rain; Steve had been by turns cross and unapproachable all day, and she was sick to death of women and women's chatter.

As though her petulant thoughts had summoned him, Steve appeared out of the card room, shutting the raucous strains of radio jazz behind him when he slammed the door. Dressed in dark tweeds and unsmiling, he looked older than usual.

As he slumped his long body down beside her on the sofa Toni asked: "Still cross?" with questionable tact.

His eyes, under thick frowning brows, looked at her with positive dislike. He didn't bother to answer. The card-room door swung open and he winced at the noise that burst out.

"Why hang about in there if it's so distasteful?" Toni remarked tartly.

His mouth turned down in a grimace that was like a shrug. "You see, I don't knit. Come for a walk, Toni. This place is getting on my nerves."

"You must be crazy. It's pouring."

"That must have been glorious," said you, when I

told you about tramping through Surrey in a downpour," he quoted maliciously. "How I wish I'd been along!" you said. Or was that another Toni?"

"Perhaps I was being polite," Toni suggested, her throat feeling tight. It was desolate to have Steve disliking her. "I want to be here when George comes in. He likes me to."

"Good little Penelope. Do you rip it out at night?"

He picked up the edge of the sweater she was knitting and let it drop back into her lap with indifference. He stared into the fire, his face sombre; deep lines she'd hardly noticed before, etched themselves in brackets round his mouth. He moved restlessly under her gaze. "Think I'll check out today," he offered casually, lighting a cigarette.

The round hard core of tears settled down in Toni's throat as though in permanent residence and she felt her eyelids prickling. "You cry, fool, and I'll—I don't know what I'll do to you," she threatened herself sternly. "Of course he's bored with you. Why not? You've always known you weren't specially attractive to men. What if you did think this was different—that he was your friend? Men don't feel like that!"

Aloud, her indifferent politeness was splendid.

"So soon? We'll miss you. When do you go?"

"There's a train at four I can catch if I pack now. No use sitting round here in the rain. It's been—splendid, meeting you and George. We must get together in town some time."

He smiled and she smiled and it was as if a very bad artist had painted her smile upon her face. She sat, staring at the stairs long after he'd disappeared, and feeling cold and aching inside. She must have sat like that for a long time although it seemed only a little while until he was coming down again. She watched him pay his bill, saw him, warmly courteous, saying good-by to the other women. Her smile still set until she felt she must look like the bearskin rug grinning under her feet, she said good-by brightly to him herself, her hand feeling cold and hard in his.

Then he was walking away from her toward the doors, the boy with his bags behind him, and she put her hand over her mouth because the stiffness seemed to have gone out of it, and left it trembling.

The big doors slammed and she sat for a while and got all the beautiful effects of burning logs seen shimmering through the globes of tears that did not fall. He'd been like home to her, like family, like Nicky, her brother, and he could say: "Nice to have known you," and go, like that.

Well, women built paper doll houses and put men in them and they calmly burst through when they got bored, and that was all of that. She'd been greedy, perhaps. She'd thought she could have him and George, too. It wasn't, of course, that Steve was important. He was, after all, only a casual stranger who laughed at pointless jokes with her. She winked her eyes impatiently and, when they cleared, began to knit.

IT WAS a long afternoon. The rain beat against the windows with a rattle of bulletlike sound. At five it began to get dark and the women took to walking up and down the verandah overlooking the river. It was then that they realized the force of the wind. When they tried to turn the corner of the house it was upon them, beating them almost off their feet. Helen clung to Toni, staring out at the water with frightened eyes. "Toni—it's a terrible storm. I'm scared—Tom and George—" her mouth twisted in a grimace of fear and Toni put her arm around her and, the wind driving them, ran her back around to the sheltered side of the house.

"Nonsense," she said briskly when she could be heard. "They often go out on rainy days. They like it. The wind just sounds bad because of the trees. It can't really be much."

But Helen refused to be comforted. "We're sheltered here," she argued. "If it's like this here, it will be twice as bad on the ocean." She clutched Toni's arm suddenly. "Toni, something's happened," she said positively. "They wouldn't stay out in rain like this, not if they—if they could get back—" Toni heard warnings of hysteria in her voice. She turned and ran into the house and when Toni got inside after struggling with the heavy doors she saw her talking anxiously with Bill Bailey.

"Why, I wouldn't worry a bit, Mrs. Davis," he was reassuring her. "It's just a regular nor'easter, that's all." Toni thought his tone lacked conviction. She walked past him to the radio but before she could turn the knob he was bending over her, his hand on hers to stop her. "Wires down," he whispered, with a worried glance over his shoulder at Helen. "Telephone, too," he added. Toni jerked her head up with astonishment, saw that Helen was coming toward them and met his eyes with understanding in her own. "Let's go up and change," she said carelessly to Helen. "Then we will be down again when they get here."

"It will give her something to do," she thought, scrambling into her clothes in her icy room. The dank chill of the bedroom crept into her mind and she had, then, the desolate certainty that George was drowned. Fastening her heavy black wool dress with shaking fingers she felt only numb fatalistic despair. George was gone, out of her life, leaving her nothing. Gone with him were [Continued on page 52]

Two Creams needed for your *Two Skins*

a greaseless cream to prevent *Dryness* in your **Outer Skin**



... an oil cream to fight *Wrinkles* in your **Under Skin**



YOU HAVE TWO SKINS! Each entirely different.

Your wafer-thin Outer Skin is *dried out* by sun and wind... by heat and cold. It needs a cream that restores moisture.

Your Under Skin—many times thicker, and full of nerves, blood vessels, and tiny oil glands, is kept firm and full... *unwrinkled*... by oils. It needs an oil cream. Each cream entirely different.

That's why it is impossible to treat both skins satisfactorily with any one single cream.

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Wrinkles mean one warning thing... that your *under skin* is lacking in lubrication. Its tiny oil glands are failing to pour out sufficient natural oils... the under skin shrinks... lines form!

This starved under skin needs a deep, penetrating, oil-rich cream... Pond's Cold Cream. This famous cream goes deep—encourages the under skin to remain firm, young, wrinkle-free! And, because it is so deep penetrating, Pond's Cold Cream is a superb skin cleanser. Its precious oils loosen pore-deep dust, rouge, powder... float every last particle to surface.

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and neck, wiping it off with Pond's Tissues. Then more Cold Cream... patting several minutes. It cleanses perfectly... makes my skin feel firm, refreshed. Again, Pond's Tissues." (If you like a quicker melting cream, use Pond's new Liquefying Cream which is equally rich in oils, and a marvelous cleanser.)

2. "Then I pat on Pond's Vanishing Cream, leave it on all night.
3. "In the morning—and during the day—again a Pond's Cold Cream cleansing. I finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream to keep my skin soft... hold my make-up."

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The Old Folks At Home



by
MAUD PETTIT HILL

IN THE bookcase of almost every home you find something on the care and feeding of children, the problems of the adolescent, or perhaps of the pre-school child.

But rarely do you find anything on the scientific care and betterment of the aged. Nearly every magazine has its suggestions on the problems of childhood and youth but scarcely one of them deals with the improving of conditions for those advanced in years.

Yet there are few homes in the entire land that either have not been called on, or will not, at some time, be called on, to face the problem of caring for those who are no longer able to care fully for themselves. They may dwell within our walls, they may dwell without; but responsibility for their happiness and content rests upon our shoulders.

Modern science, moreover, has added considerably to the span of years. And modern industrial conditions have shortened, for very many, the years spent in the world of labor and industry. Thus we have prolonged at both ends, what an elderly country parson we once knew, was wont to call "the twilight of life." It behooves us to give a little more attention to the problems of this period of life that modern conditions have prolonged.

It is not just the problems of grandma and grandpa to which we refer. For grandma especially is a sprightly and spicy creature these days. She no longer knits by the fire. She dons her golf shoes or her bathing suit and fares forth with the young.

"Who is the girl in the green suit?" asked one woman of another on a Prince Edward Island beach last summer.

"That's Betty D— from Saint John."

"And who is the girl with her?"

"That's Betty's grandma," came the response.

No, it isn't these gay modern grandparents who present problems: they fill up their own time quite easily. But we still face a problem with those farther on in years; those for whom modern medical science has tacked on an additional four or five years. At any age when grandpa used to sit in the big chair in the chimney corner, he is now practising

for a bowling tournament. But—at any age when he used to need a corner in the cemetery he is only beginning to need the chair in the chimney corner, and there is, alas, no chimney corner in the modern home.

We are still confronted with the need of making age happy and content. Only our aged ones when they come to depend upon us are older now in years than they were a generation ago. That does not make the problem less acute; especially as, in these later years, their faculties are less keen.

But of what use was it to increase the span of life unless we can add to the joy of that increased span?

And how shall we do it? First, they need occupation as long as they have faculties to occupy. They do not need it continuously but they do need burdens fitted to their shoulders. Shoulders that have borne burdens for fourscore years are not content to jog along with none.

Look at the people in the eighties who seem to be getting the most out of life. Generally they are people who have been needed, who have been conscious of being a help to others.

ONE CASE we could cite is that of a mother of eighty-six who is still quite alert mentally. She lives with a daughter who has six children and does her own work. She has been, and is still, part and parcel of the activities of that household. Perhaps this is why you find more people living to an extreme age and still keeping active in rural districts. There is more outlet for their activities without their having to be overdone. The village octogenarian can put a new board in his own doorsteps. He can paint the porch, paris green the potatoes and put a new hinge on the chicken coop door.

But when the companion of his good years dies, and he goes to live with his daughter in the city, he finds himself in an eight-room house, oak trim, two electric grates and hot water heating. He can't even carry in the wood for the kitchen stove—ah, well, he is in a world in which he has no part. He is cut off from the people he has known. He becomes saddened and chilled for the cheer of the plain homey things of the past. He is usually unhappy and makes other people so. Unless one can see beforehand how the old father or mother is going to fill time in the new home, it is almost futile to undertake the transplantation. The aged person left with utterly nothing to do is about as content as the child with no toys. It is true they are not as restless as the child. It is also true that they contentedly spend a certain amount of time in pure meditation. They like often, like the old darkey, to "just set an' think." And truly one must have a lot to think about by the time one is eighty. If one has had a vivid imagination too, it helps out immensely.

We once knew an old lady who was almost blind and incapacitated by hardened arteries. Yet she would sit in her chair by the sunny window and exclaim when Sunday came: "Is it Sunday again? My, doesn't time fly? I don't seem to be alone," she said to someone who pitied her for having to sit up there alone so much. The fact was the old lady had always had a vivid imagination and a sense of the dramatic, and she probably had quite a gay time there by herself when her breakfast tray was removed and she could people her room with all sorts of adventurous lords and ladies.

But one day when the maid was taken ill and the work of the household fell on a rather delicate niece she surprised everybody by feeling her way downstairs, carrying the

dishes from her tray tied in a towel and announcing she was going to dry the supper dishes for Mary. She did it, too. And they noticed she looked several years younger afterward. She had been needed again. She had done something for Mary.

Many of our readers are familiar with that Christmas story by Kathleen Norris, *The Return of the Tide*, in which the old mother cannot be got to take any interest in life. They planned a Christmas party at her house in which they took every care, every detail, out of her hands. But still she could not be roused, till finally, a grandchild took the mumps at the party, a daughter-in-law was confined suddenly, a son-in-law was brought in nearly killed by a motor. Then the old mother rose and was herself. The children were all back needing her.

NOR DOES one have to resort to fiction for such illustrations. On an Ontario farm lived an old man who had for years been in an invalid condition. The son was suddenly seriously injured. The stock needed attention. The old man rose and went about the farm duties, and all the time the son was ill he was young again. It is a dreary world when no one needs us any longer.

But one has to be watchful that the occupations are not beyond the worker's strength. When the walls of arteries are becoming brittle it takes but a slight strain or a heavy lift or a bad jolt sometimes to burst a blood vessel. It may be of no consequence or else may be very serious. If possible it is well to have an occasional medical examination for the elderly person so that we may know just where they need safeguarding. We sometimes safeguard in wrong places and it only has the effect of an irritant.

This matter of occupation suited to the strength of the worker is by no means an easy one. It is less difficult, on the whole, to fill the time of an aged woman than of an aged man.

Just what does your mother do with her time?, we asked the daughter of a dear old lady in the upper seventies.

"She reads. She writes letters. She knits for bazaars. She folds the serviettes for nearly every banquet in our church. She plays solitaire and she has elderly people in often and serves them a cup [Continued on page 32]"



Howard Chandler Christy

WORLD FAMOUS ARTIST, MAKES THE



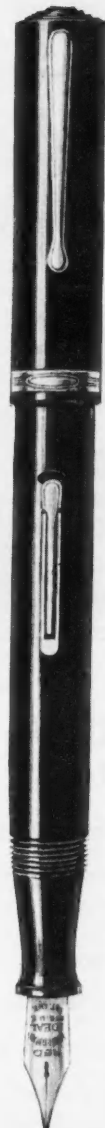
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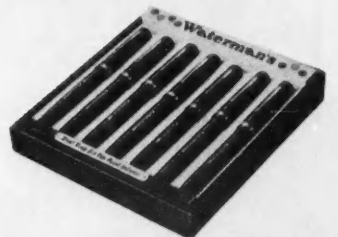
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SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

Portrait by Mari

(Continued from page 13)

band of gold, to go with the yellows and browns of the rest of the room. Moreover, Anne felt duty-bound to force her thoughts exclusively to Bertram these days. She had promised to marry him.

"Yes, I will marry you," she had told him quietly, sitting cold and still in the far corner of the Leeds limousine. She had made up her mind long since.

"Anne!" whispered Bertram, and leaned heavily over to kiss her on the forehead, while Anne watched apprehensively the stiff back of the Leeds chauffeur.

"When will it be? Thanksgiving?" asked Bertram, breathing deeply.

"Oh, no, dear Bertram. Not so soon."

"Christmas, then. I always think it's rather—ah, fitting for a newly married couple to start out their life together with the new year—"

"But better still in the spring, don't you think?" Anne did not think she was merely making excuse for delay. In a sort of penance to Bertram, she told herself, because Bertram was good and faithful and kind, she would marry him in the spring as she had planned to marry Christopher the spring before. Thus she would defy Christopher, and the slow agony the very thought of him still caused her.

"But Anne. . . . All right, dear. In the spring. That will give you more time to prepare."

To prepare. Almost before she knew it, the preparations were under way. It required elaborate, painstaking and exhausting preparation, she soon discovered, to marry into the family of Leeds. Mrs. Leeds and Jobyna, Selina and Marinda came to call, four spare and bright-eyed women dressed in black, whether in mourning for the late Mr. Leeds or in lugubrious anticipation of the addition to their family circle, it was not clear. They sat stiffly and uncomfortably on the edges of their chairs, scarcely touched their tea, asked a number of pointed questions and dwelt at length on the antiquity, quality and influence of the family name. They invited Anne for dinner, a formal meal served with a great passing of plates and viands in a gloomy old room muffled in wine-red curtains, and under an enormous crystal chandelier whose thousand icy eyes seemed to wink at Anne in sly mirth. There were further dinners, at which Anne was introduced, branch by branch, to the entire Leeds tribe in all its various ramifications.

BY NOVEMBER Anne had decided on some preparations of her own. She must have a serious talk with Bertram. She wore red velvet that night, a smoldering yet fiery red that lent blue lights to her black hair and fell away from shoulders startlingly white. The red velvet, she admitted to herself in some surprise, was in itself a preparation for what she knew only too well.

"Bertram, let's drive out of town way some of these days and look at houses."

Bertram feasted his eyes, small eyes of indiscriminate color and deeply set in pockets of flesh, on the whiteness of her shoulders. "Splendid, my dear, though it's liable to be pretty chilly, driving out that far. —At houses, you say? Why, Anne, what's the —?"

Recklessly she plunged. She threw back her head and smiled up at him. "We've got to live in something, haven't we, you dear goose?"

"Of course, sweet, but I thought you understood about that. We'll live at home, naturally."

Anne fought off the conviction that it was all over. "At home. Yes, Bertram. And it's going to be such a lovely one. Your home

and mine. It will be fun getting it ready, won't it, dear?"

Bertram put one arm about her waist and pinched her cheek. "You darling! So that's what you've been worrying your pretty head about? Well, you won't have to lift a finger. We'll live with mother and the girls, of course. I thought you'd take that for granted."

"But, Bertram, I meant a house of our own." The battle had been lost even before it was begun, but Anne could not quite accept her defeat. "Somewhere, I mean, where there'll be just the two of us. . . ."

Bertram had forgotten the red velvet before other, more important considerations. He straightened and regarded Anne with disapproval. "My dear, my mother's home has been good enough for three generations of Leeds. All the Leeds sons have brought their brides to live there. I can't see that you—"

He looked hurt but adamant. Anne yielded as gracefully as she could. She patted his shoulder and smiled at him. "All right, Mr. Leeds, the fourth generation shall do no less for the family honor. Let's talk no more about it, now. Only, oh, please, Bertram, keep in mind what I've said."

Bertram undoubtedly kept it in mind, for early in the spring he called in an interior decorator and gave him his way in one of the vast upstairs rooms in the brown stone mansion. It was to be a great gesture on his part and an expensive one. He could not forbear to tell Anne about it. If some faint hope had been preserved in Anne's heart, it was gone now. She could not even pretend pleasure.

"But I don't want just one room. And I don't want a room somebody else has planned for me. Oh, don't you understand?"

"You're overwrought, darling. I guess most girls get that way before they are married. You must take it easier, Anne. Don't worry about things. Just leave them to me. And wait until you see the room. You'll change your mind then."

It was late in April when Bertram took Anne to see the room, a blowy, showery day, redolent with promise of spring. Jobyna accompanied them up the massive winding staircase, with an air of patient adherence to the conventions. Bertram was excited. He threw open the door at the end of the dark hall so boisterously that it slammed back against the wall. Consequently, busy examining the fresh paper for damage, he did not see Anne's face when she first beheld her future domain. But Jobyna did. Saw the first slight eagerness Anne had willed there freeze into a still mask of despair. It was a handsome room, undoubtedly. The decorator had earned his money, converted a vast, many-windowed apartment into a Hollywood stage setting, where an ornate bed on an elevated platform raised an intricately draped canopy to the ceiling, and a confusion of dressing table, chairs, screens, chaise longue, tall mirrors, garlands, Dresden lamps, crystal powder boxes and silken pillows awaited but the entrance of some talkie queen.

"Nice little bower. . . ." said Bertram expectantly at her elbow.

Anne nodded her head. There was nothing else she could do. The process of being married to a Leeds was apparently an inescapable thing that gathered force and power as it progressed, preparation by preparation, until it charged along by its own momentum, dragging the bride, unresisting, along with it. The invitations to the wedding were already out. It was to be an enormous and spectacular church wedding. All the Leeds clan, to the remotest branch and twig, had been invited.

Anne turned away from Bertram's eager look of anticipation to find Jobyna's bright eyes watching her. "It's—lovely," she said faintly. Her tears, she explained, were from sheer surprise and gratitude.

Several days later Anne again visited Mari Wyrick. She had not seen the house since late fall, and had pleaded engagements connected with her approaching marriage when Mari had telephoned three times during the past as many weeks. But this

Continued on page 28

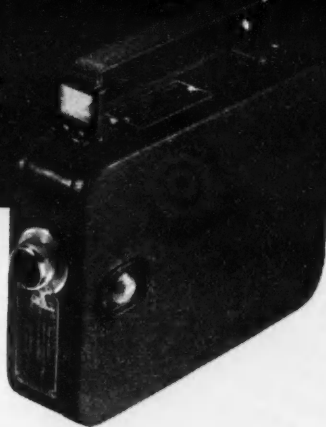
"Gee—it seems like every party has to end."

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Portrait by Mari

(Continued from page 26)

time Mari was insistent and Anne had not the courage to refuse her.

"You've got to come. You've neglected me terribly these last few months. Oh, of course, I know. I suppose you are busy. But I've something to show you. I was going to keep it for a surprise until you got here. But since you won't come otherwise . . ."

It's the picture, Anne. The one of Christopher. You remember. I've got it finished at last and in place. And I'm that proud of it I've got to show it to someone. Please, Anne. . . .

So Anne went, almost with a feeling of relief. Drove slowly out into the country on an afternoon all pale sunshine and vague earthy smells and faint greenery. There were gardens freshly spaded, lawns newly seeded. Funny how much faith people have in the springtime, looking to it to heal the bruises of the heart as well as of the winter-torn earth. Anne knew it now for but a vain promise. For her there was no healing, ever. She took a perverse comfort in the prospect of an afternoon in which she could indulge to the full her own misery.

She turned a last corner, and there was the house. A dear little house. It sat comfortably in its half acre of lawn, red brick, hung with white blinds. Out beyond the flagging porch at its side the shrubbery was knobbed with swelling buds once more, and there were crocuses blooming delicately on the lawn. At the sight of them, Anne started. It had been her idea, and Christopher's, to have crocuses. Mari had been too involved with plans for the kitchen cabinets at the time to be interested in such frivolous details. But here they were, lifting fragile chalices of lavender, pink and white above the first faint spears of grass. How much Mari must love Christopher to have planted flowers to his taste! Her heart ached for Mari. Yes, she was glad she had come.

The maid let her in at the white front door. "Mrs. Wyrick, she say you all go on in de livin' room," she directed. "She upstairs for jes' a minute."

The living room. Where Christopher's portrait would mock at her from over the fireplace. Anne took off her hat before the mirror in the hall and smoothed down her black hair and braced herself to look at Christopher. She was glad she was to be alone the first time she saw the picture. Perhaps Mari had anticipated that she would be, and purposely arranged it so.

She went slowly down the hall and turned at the living room door. There, over the fireplace, and beneath it, standing before a blazing fire with his back toward her, was Christopher.

At first it seemed incredible. But it was Christopher. Even had she not known the fair, handsome head, the wide, eloquent shoulders, the impetuous gesture with which he kicked at the grate to encourage higher and brighter flames, she could not mistake the sick agony in her breast. She must run away from this, she told herself. In a little over a week she would be Mrs. Bertram Leeds. She turned to leave the doorway.

But even as she did so, Christopher wheeled around before the fireplace to face her. "Hello, Anne," he said evenly.

His eyes were the same, the blue eyes of the portrait. But there was no laughter in them now. And he was thinner, certainly older. Eagerly, jealously, she noted these changes and could find no words to answer.

"Won't you—sit down?" he asked. "Mother and I were expecting you."

"Thank you," she heard herself saying, and sank into one of the brown chairs.

Christopher stood regarding her for a minute, then abruptly turned away.

"I—how are you, Christopher?"

He flung down the match he had lighted without touching it to his cigarette. "Oh, Anne, don't let's be like this. I've waited a whole year for this minute, and here we are, talking to each other like strangers."

She smiled ruefully. "But it is a surprise, seeing you."

"It had to be. Otherwise you wouldn't have come, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't have come, Christopher. You see, I'm going to be married next week."

"I know. Look, Anne! There's such a lot I must tell you. Mind if I come right to the point?"

"I wonder if I ought to listen."

He whirled toward her then, leaned over her, seized her hands as they lay in her lap and held them tight. "You've got to, Anne!" he said fiercely. "Oh, my darling, you've got to listen."

And then, suddenly, she was on her feet and his arms were about her, and she was crying a little against his cheek. It seemed neither strange nor reprehensible, once it had happened. She had tried so long, and so vainly, to stop loving him.

Christopher kissed her once on the lips, and pushed her gently back into the chair. "Now," he said almost in triumph, "now I can tell you, and have some hope that you will believe me. Anne, do you think it's possible for a man to change much in a year? Really change, I mean, so that he has an entirely different slant on life?"

"Have you, Christopher?"

"I have, dear. You see, living in this house—"

"But I thought you'd been away?"

"No, it was part of mother's plan, letting you think that. I didn't know until today that you'd been coming here to visit her, either. I thought it was merely the house that made me feel your presence. Little things lying around that reminded me of you. When two people share in planning a house, I guess, the house must for ever after remain a symbol. At least, that's what this one has been to me this past year. A symbol of my own folly and of my loss. Sounds sentimental, doesn't it? And I never was a sentimentalist before, not that I can remember. But there's something about a home—"

"I know, Christopher."

"Do you, Anne? Then listen. There's been a more practical side, too. That also was of mother's planning. I'd never known much about my father's estate. I'd never particularly cared, as long as there seemed to be plenty of it. So when mother told me last spring that the money was practically gone, scarcely enough left to pay for the house and its upkeep, I believed her. That's when the house became a symbol, I suppose. I'd already lost you. Now the house. Something happened to me. I couldn't let it go. Father's friends were generous. They consented to launch another Wyrick in the steel business. Near the bottom, it was, and it isn't so much more yet. But it's going to be more. I can do anything, if you'll believe in me again. You've got to, dear—"

He turned abruptly to the doorway. "Oh, hello, mother."

"We're glad she came, aren't we, Christopher?" There was something new in the eyes with which Mari regarded her son, a pride that had never been there before. She seated herself on the davenport and gazed contentedly about her, at the warm yellow room, at the blazing hearth, and up at the portrait hanging over it. "Have you noticed the picture, Anne? I think it's rather nice, now it's finished and in place. Don't you?"

Anne stroked the nap of the brown chair with slender white fingers. It was a possessive gesture, almost as if the chair were already her own again. Bertram's sisters and his cousins and his aunts would be disappointed that they had no wedding to go to, of course, but it was the wedding they would regret, not the bride. And there must be any number of girls who would love that bower in the brown stone mansion. She turned her face to Christopher's and smiled at him. "I do," she said.

And then she crossed the room and kissed Mari Wyrick.

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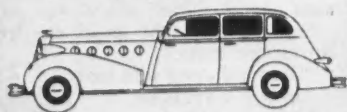
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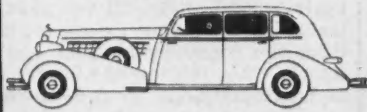
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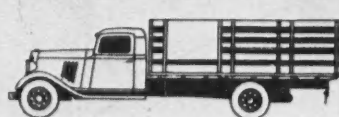
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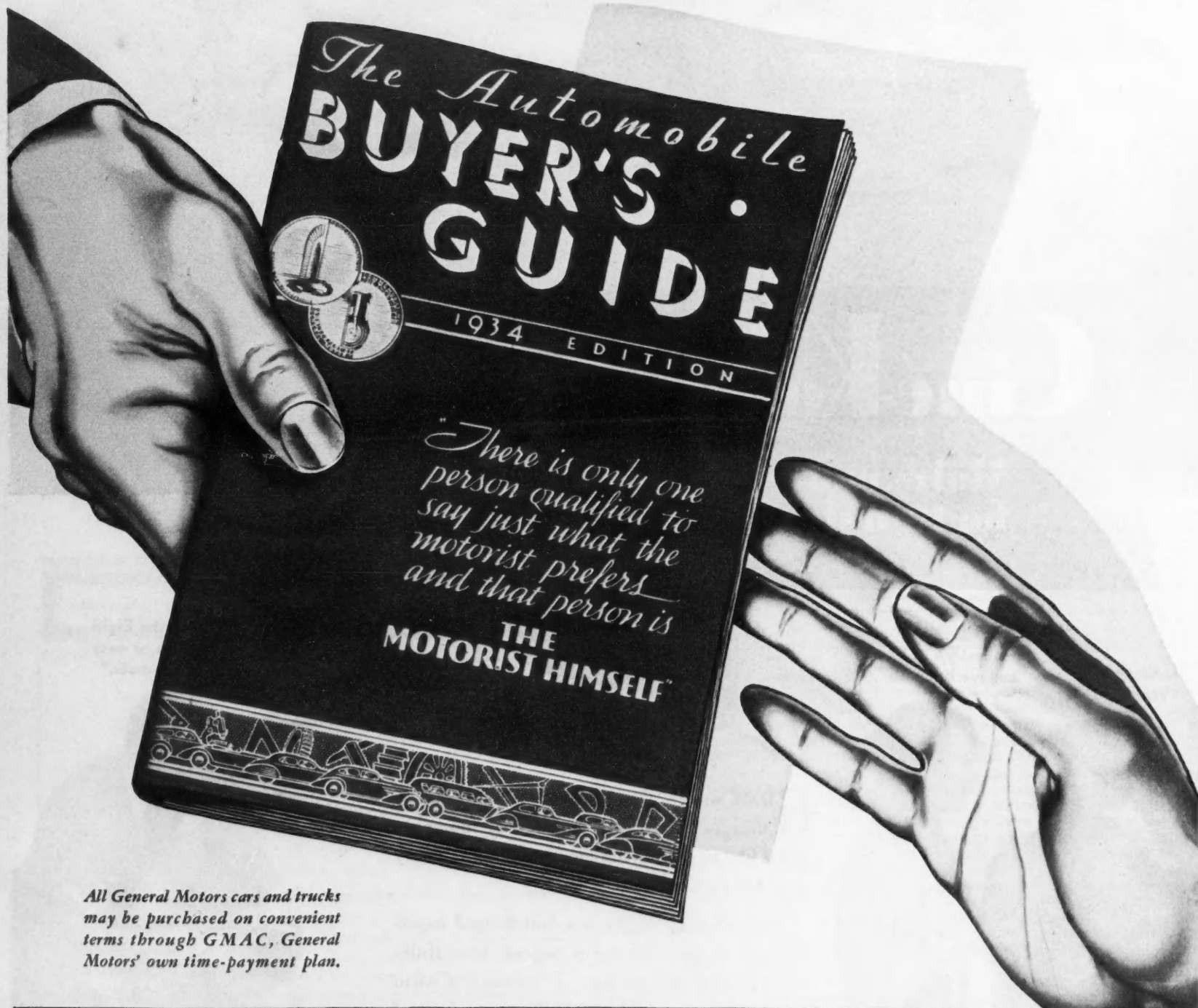


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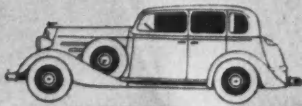
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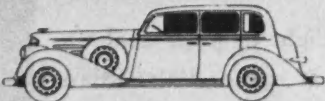
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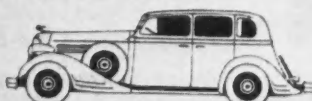
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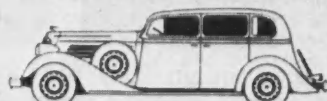
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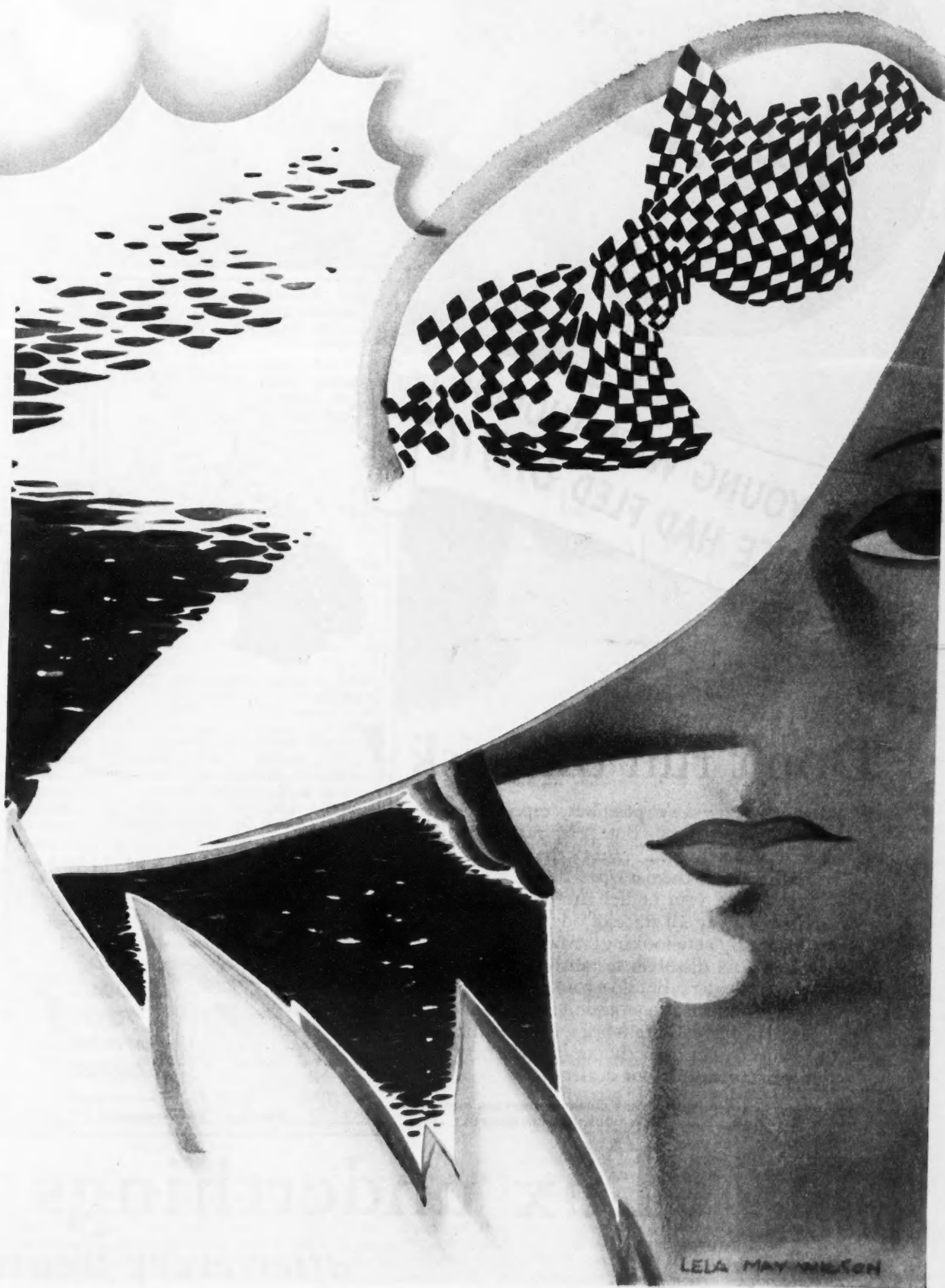
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Here's to sun-drenched beaches, smooth beige skins, and eyes bright with laughter; to neatly shorn heads and rakish curls; to the delicious chance to be exotic — scarlet and black flung boldly against a blue-washed sky; to dolphin suits in deep-sea colors; to shorts and sandals and gay, backless trivialities; to gigantic brims and absurd tinted goggles.

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The Old Folks at Home

(Continued from page 24)

of tea. She enjoys that. Then, of course, she lies down a good deal."

The kind of occupation that will prove interesting, of course, depends a good deal on the tastes and past history of the individual. If you have tried transferring an elderly father from a rural to an urban home and he is fond of reading your task is not so difficult. If you live near a library, by all means get him accustomed to spending some little time each day in the reading room with the magazines. Find out what there is for him in the way of University lectures that are open to the public if you happen to be in a university town.

Or, it may be he doesn't care for these things at all. Perhaps his soul just craves getting out into the kitchen and helping you with a few things. A lady who had her father-in-law from a small town visiting her, said he loved coming to the kitchen. His home had lately been broken up and he had gone to live with a married daughter.

"My daughter doesn't like me out in her kitchen," he explained. "She says it makes her nervous to have anybody standing around. Do you mind my coming out to the kitchen?"

"No, you just come out here whenever you feel like it," said the hale and hearty daughter-in-law who had a bunch of children and apparently not a nerve in her body.

The Department of Occupational Therapy of Toronto University has information along these lines that might be useful. Leatherwork and work on metals are some of the lines of work followed out in the School of Therapy.

And, of course, if you can keep your elderly charge in touch with their old friends or, if that is not possible, link them up with new friends, it means half the battle.

Everyone craves self-expression. The old are no exception. They like to talk. They like someone to listen while they talk.

"It makes me feel as if I had so much more to me when I have nice friends," said one old lady.

And she expressed the feeling of a good many younger people.

"I like to hear the hearty laugh and the gay voice," said a blind old lady and her face broke into a smile.

If you can get the young people in the house to give a few minutes each day to sharing some of their experiences with grandmother or grandfather, it will add a great deal to their happiness. And, incidentally, it adds something to the character of the young people.

Sometimes young people who live in a home where there are aged ones to consider find they have to give up certain freedom and pleasures; they find their exuberant spirits and modern ideas a little hampered at times. But if they give themselves to considering kindly the aged ones, their characters get a certain something that it is doubtful if they could acquire in any other way. A something that stands them in good stead in after years in the social and business world.

Nevertheless, it is sometimes better where finances will permit to leave the aged person in their own house if a competent person can be found to care for them. It is undoubtedly a more expensive way of maintaining them and it is bound to mean many lonely hours for them. It will mean, too, that often the hastily judging world will think the family hard-hearted and neglectful. Often this fear of what the world says prompts people to close up the old home. But despite it all, some old people prefer the quiet and freedom of their own fireside to the jolt of adapting themselves in their old age to another generation.

We know an aged widow of wealth who sits alone with a hired attendant waiting upon her, because she does not really enjoy the tumult of a home with seven grandchildren; nor of another, a palatial residence, where the daughter-in-law is keeping her hand on half a dozen clubs and public organizations. But the family keep in very frequent touch with her and make her feel in many ways the reality of their love. And this, too, is more important than keeping them occupied—making them feel that they are loved. Someone has said: "The old are hungrier for love than for bread." We believe it. In fact, we would be almost satisfied to destroy the rest of this article if we could make that sentence stand out—for all time.

"However do you manage to keep the tangles out of auntie's hair?" a lady asked of the woman who kept a convalescent home and was a wonder at getting on with her patients. "She never would let me take the tangles out for her without a dreadful rumpus."

"Oh, when she starts to protest, I remark what nice hair she has. I ask her what she used on it to make it so glossy."

The patient was very aged and would launch into her beauty secrets forgetful that she had told them the day before.

Often, too, the smile and the jest will smooth out a whole morning's difficulties. A cheery approach to a difficult job and you know the rest. After all, success in dealing with the aged is helped out by much the same guiding principle that the mother uses in the nursery and the businessman in the office. The same methods smooth the wrinkles out of the day in all these places. Good humor, kindness, patience.

"The laugh and the grin will let you in Where the knocker is never known."

And it is important for those who have the care of those advanced in years and invalidism to remember that they themselves must have mental change and enough relief for rest. One cannot do justice to one's patient without. Sometimes it is impossible. But one should at least make it possible if one can. We may stand a sort of super-human strain the last few months, to be sure. But it can't be borne through years.

In this regard one regrets the custom of some physicians of not letting the family know when they themselves are pretty confident that the end is not far off. How often have we heard the regret: "If we had only known that we could keep father or mother with us such a little while. Why couldn't the doctor have told us?"

One sets oneself and one's household and especially one's finances differently to face an illness of months from that of an illness of years.

And lastly, let us not dread age for our loved ones too much. Age is not a disease. Age is but the withering of the rose.

I met the other day at an afternoon tea an old lady of ninety-one and she wore a smart little black satin turban with a hoop of brilliants, a rose scarf and an up-to-date dress. I had no thought, on being introduced, that she was much past her eightieth birthday.

"Isn't it disgraceful to be going out and enjoying oneself at my time of life," she said, with a touch of youthful gaiety in her voice. She lived, I discovered, with a sister of eighty-eight and together they do their housework, except the heavier chores that are looked after by a woman coming in once a week.

A daughter relates that she once said to her mother:

"I'm going some day to buy a cottage with roses, by the sea, in some quiet village in Cornwall." (They came from Cornwall.)

"What do you want a quiet place for?" asked the old lady indignantly. "I don't want a quiet place."

She had no doubt tested the truth of Browning's lines:

"Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life for which the first was made;

Youth shows but half; trust God, see all nor be afraid."

JULY JOTTINGS



There's a soothing, cooling rinse for hot or sunburned skin.



by
ANNABELLE
LEE

THE FASHIONABLE complexion this summer looks like coffee dashed generously with cream. Without any waste of words it conveys delicately to those who may be interested that we're feminine before we're athletic and that we'd rather be attractive companions than good sports. The new skin tone isn't as difficult to acquire as you might think. Use a sunburn oil for the mellow, golden hours you spend on the beach, and a sun-resisting cream for golf, tennis or gardening. In that way you'll tan slowly and evenly all over. If you prefer your natural peach bloom to *café au lait*, don't stir out of the house without a coating of sun-resisting cream beneath your powder.

BLONDES—AS your skin darkens, remember that your make-up, so far as rouge and lipstick are concerned, should become lighter. A light orange-toned rouge and lipstick are usually effective. Dark powder, of course, and—what is equally important—a tinted rachel foundation cream. Try using liquid rouge on the tennis courts or the golf course. It's built for endurance. Of course, you know you can buy waterproof make-up? It really does stay on. Sometimes the sunshine which deepens a fair skin also steals the color from eyelashes and eyebrows. Eyes, too, may suffer by contrast. Then have recourse to cosmetiques—a light brown cream for your lashes and brows; a grey, green, blue-green or blue eyeshadow to restore the character to your eyes.

'WARE BACKS, ladies! Since we're showing as much of them as we can, it behooves us to make them nice to look at before we take them to the beach. Tub them and scrub them every day with a loofah or one of those nice, long-handled brushes. Either will work a brisk lather of soap into the skin and send the blood coursing strongly to the surface. It's a grand idea to get somebody to rub cold cream all over your back before soaking in your tub of hot water. Then wield your loofah. Finish with a spray of cold water or toilet water, either of which acts as an astringent to close the pores.

IT'S HARD trying to be a sun-browned dryad if you're wearing a roll of winter-weight just above the waistline. Practise these twin exercises to get rid of it, and to keep your back straight and supple: Stand three feet away from the wall, back turned toward it. Stretch your arms above your head, lean back so that your hands touch the wall, and climb down with your hands as far as you can, bending the

body backward from the waist. Then sit upright on the floor, with the legs stretched out in front of you. Keep the knees straight, bend forward and touch your toes as often as you can without strain.

THIS BRINGS me, by a private mental process, to the subject of legs and arms. If they're handicapped by what is inelegantly known as goose-flesh, attack them with a combination of pure, white, soap and almond meal. Cut up one bar of the soap into flakes and simmer on the stove with one pint of cold water. When melted, cool, and before the soap has begun to jell stir one cupful of almond meal into it. Rub this mixture vigorously over the affected parts every day before you bathe. In a week or two the skin should have cleared up. Then you can keep it that way by scrubbing the affected area with extra zeal whenever you bathe.

NOW'S THE time for a wave to show its mettle. Hot days, energetic evenings, frequent dampenings—are enough to make the most permanent wave wilt. But you can keep your hair its undulating best from shampoo to shampoo if you take the trouble to set it each night. Use a waving lotion of the non-sticky type when necessary, and pin it beneath a net or beneath a patent wave cap. For night charm swathe a length of tulle around your head over the net, and tie it Dinah-like just above your forehead. Tulle for coolness, you know. And don't be shy of brilliantine. The modern varieties have lost their barber-shop perfume and they're marvellous for settling those wispy ends that are dried by the sun and blown by the wind. If the hair is very sun-dried smooth a good pomade lightly over the surface before shampooing, and, of course, dose with a scalp-nourishing hair tonic.

ABOUT SALT water, you who are fortunate enough to be vacationing at the coast, try wearing a two-inch strip of chamois leather around the head underneath your bathing cap. The leather expands when it gets damp and thus prevents the water from penetrating farther. Another seaworthy stunt is to put a thin line of vaseline round your forehead where the edge of your close-fitting cap comes. If

your hair really does get wet, better rinse it through with fresh water, or it will look stringy and lank no matter how much you brush it. The same precaution should be taken with your skin. Salt from the sea will dry the skin and give you a nasty dose of sunburn, if it is allowed to remain on after the swim. So rinse it off with fresh water—a cool shower or a large water-soaked sponge is what you need. And protect the fine, sensitive skin around your eyes by smoothing on it a thin film of nourishing cream before you plunge into the sea.

HERE'S A new use for a perspiration preventive, which, of course, you will be using regularly to preserve the daintiness of your body throughout sultry hours. Dab a little on the palms of the hands before grasping hold of your golf clubs or tennis racket. Do the same thing at night as a final precaution before slipping into your dance frock. Oh, yes, and speaking of dances reminds me that I've seen some horrible mistakes walk through the swinging doors of a hotel at eight or eight-thirty of a fine summer's evening. If they'd only consider what daylight saving time does to an evening complexion. You and I know that a dashing evening make-up is only wearable beneath artificial lights. There's nothing for it but to tone down the rouge and lipstick at one's initial toilet, and to renew it more vividly from one's handbag as the night wears on. Incidentally, there's no gadget more suited to at-the-party make-up than an automatic lipstick, which you can wield with one hand. There's one which springs to attention, merely by pressure of a finger.

"What's
the use"

THIS YOUNG WIFE THOUGHT
ROMANCE HAD FLED UNTIL

Don't run this risk

After all—*everybody* perspires, especially on warm summer days. But perspiration odour *clings* to underthings . . . that's the danger! It's not safe to wear them a *second* day.

Try Luxing your undies after *every* wearing. Lux takes away all trace of odour . . . leaves undies fresh, new-looking! And it's so easy. The new Lux dissolves instantly . . . even in lukewarm water. But do avoid cake-soap rubbing or harsh soaps containing harmful alkali. These damage delicate fabrics, shorten the life of garments. For true economy get the new big Lux package from your dealer today.

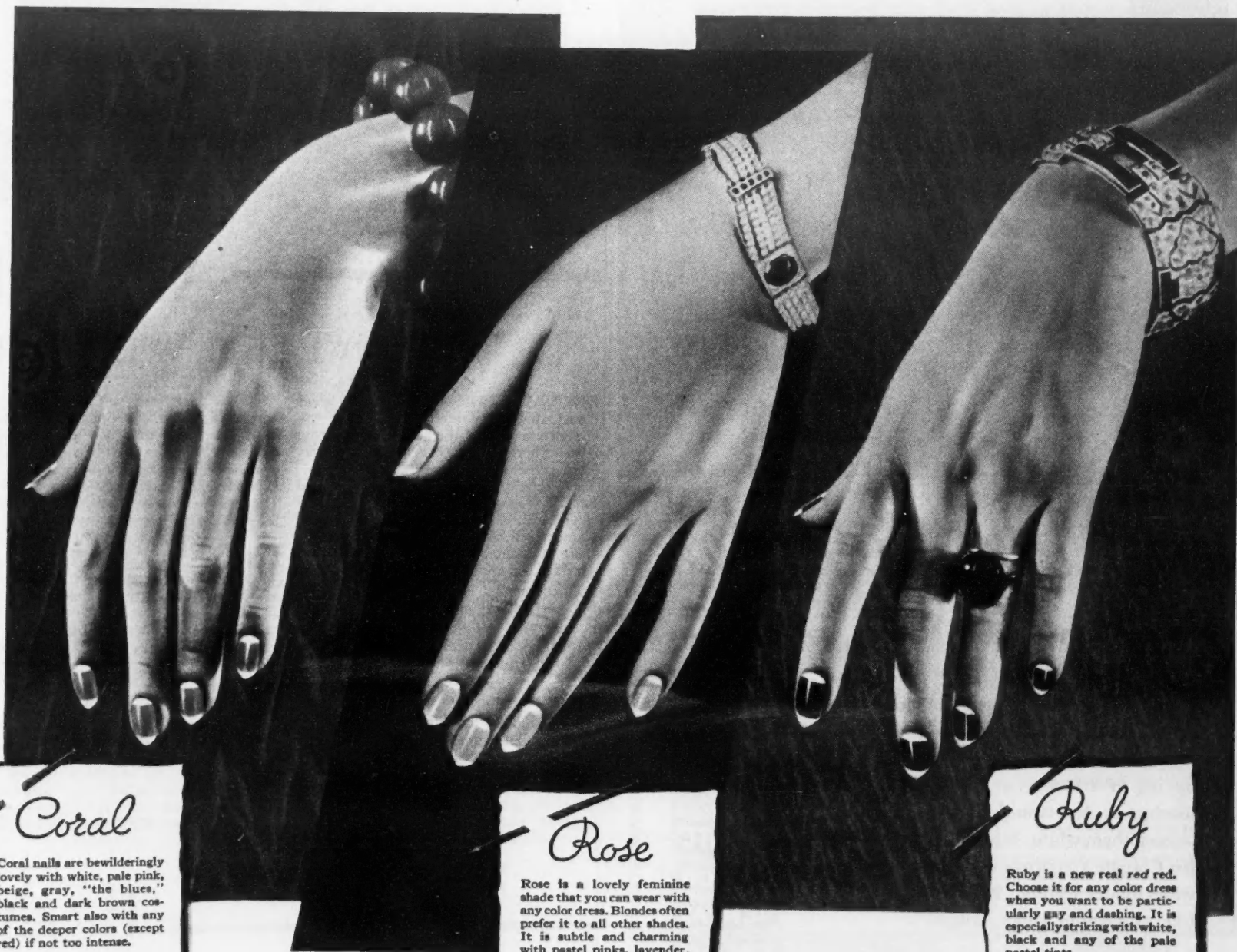
LUX KEEPS SUMMER DRESSES FRESH,
NEW-LOOKING, COLOURFUL!



Lux underthings
after every wearing!



Vary your nail tint with your gown



Coral

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black and dark brown costumes. Smart also with any of the deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Rose

Rose is a lovely feminine shade that you can wear with any color dress. Blondes often prefer it to all other shades. It is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender, blues. Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Ruby

Ruby is a new real red red. Choose it for any color dress when you want to be particularly gay and dashing. It is especially striking with white, black and any of the pale pastel tints.

IF YOU'RE ONE of those who get about a lot, you'll have noticed that the smartest trick these days is variety in finger nails.

At the Ritz . . . on transatlantic liners . . . at the opera . . . or the night club of the hour—everywhere the well-dressed world gathers, hands beckon with sparkling nail tints.

All shades!

Whichever one best accentuates your gown. For accent is the exciting secret of this new style.

There's nothing like bright Ruby

nails, for instance, for making a little white dress utterly sophisticated. And what gentle sorcery is behind Coral nails, worn with your pale blues, your cool beiges and your grays!

It's as simple as all that. You'll be amazed to see how the correct color nails will make *any* dress—to say nothing of its owner—stand out in a crowd.

Try it and see for yourself! Choose your colors from the six lovely Cutex shades . . . Natural, Rose, Coral, Cardinal, Garnet and Ruby. Cutex, you

know, is made by the World's Authority on the Manicure—and is famous on five counts. It has all the smartest colors . . . goes on smoothly . . . never cracks or peels . . . never fades . . . and stays on longer! Go choose your favorite Cutex shades to-

day. You'll find them at all the stores.

For the complete manicure, use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, new Oily Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, Montreal, New York, Paris

2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 4 other manicure essentials . . . for 12¢



CUTEX Liquid Polish

**Smart
Inexpensive**

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Post Office Box 2320, Montreal, Canada
I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked: ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby

Made in Canada

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DELNAPS ARE
SAFER



EXTRA LAYERS
WITHOUT EXTRA BULK

DeLong Delnaps' Pad contains 40 Layers of Cellulose. Absorbs More, Penetrates Slower, giving Safer Sanitary Protection Day and Night.

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DeLong Delnaps' Gauze Will Not Absorb. Stays Soft, Never Chafes. Much More Comfortable.

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COMBINING 5 ADVANTAGES

- Extra Layers
- Long-way Absorption
- Non-absorbent Gauze
- Softer • Invisible



"It is boredom that ages women."

"MARY PICKFORD—IN PERSON"

Chatelaine Goes to See Her

by NORA WHITTON

THE OTHER DAY I felt the most endearing smile I have ever known—felt it, I say, because it was the kind of smile which went beyond mere beholding—the kind which kindles in one a responsive glow of understanding and friendship. And this was surprising, because when you meet a famous actress for the first time you may be prepared for charm and loveliness. Such are, after all, an actress's stock-in-trade. But Mary Pickford's smile was as little like one's preconceived ideas of stage amiability as sunshine is to the brilliant electric signs which have flared her name from the theatres of the world these past twenty years.

It was backstage, between two of the five performances which the star gave every day during her recent vaudeville tour. Out front, the audience was struggling to settle down to a mechanized, black and white version of a story, after having seen "in person" the lovely lady who has so gloriously and repeatedly made screen history. Hundreds were streaming through the doors to congregate outside the stage entrance. Commotion clamored in the wings, too, where stray loiterers were being politely shooed away by what seemed to be an entire corps of secretaries, managers and messengers.

But within Mary Pickford's dressing room no hint of this penetrated. All was tranquillity in the small rose-lighted room. And the little figure that reclined on the sofa was relaxed and tranquil, too. No sign there of long hours of nervous strain and high-tension living. Mary Pickford looked as fresh and as miraculously youthful as if she had wintered at Palm Beach instead of on that stern and arduous stretch known theatrically as "the road."

She wore a negligée of silver-rose satin. The hair that has entangled many a heart was a tousled mass of gleaming, brown-gold curls—for she had just been showing me by sundry tugs and pulls how thick and strong it grew. On her feet were silver-rose slippers embroidered in blue with the name "Mary." There were flowers everywhere; the scent of roses was heavy in the air.

She did not look the possessor of vast wealth; nor did she look forty-two years old.

"How do you do it?" I wanted to ask. And it was then, seeing, I suppose, the enquiry in my eyes and sensing the tentative unspoken word on my lips that Mary Pickford smiled. And straightway, it was as if her personality was lighted with an inward radiance which shone clear through the shadowy mists of formality.

There is that quality about some smiles, you know—a quality too rarely seen because it is too rarely cultivated. It's something that goes far beyond the curve of scarlet lips and the flash of even, white teeth. It is something that sweeps up from deep down inside; something that is caught and mirrored in the eyes. You need not be born with the fairy gift of beauty in order to smile with your heart.

Remember that when next you greet an acquaintance or a stranger. Your smile will make friends for you where conversation is mere social flummery. It will pierce through the usual commonplaces of weather, health and baby's latest tooth. And it will leave you, too, glowing with a new-found glow of kindliness, because like Portia's mercy it works both ways. Try it and see!

I CAN remember the time when the latest Hollywood divorce would pale into insignificance beside the perennial argument concerning Mary Pickford's hair. Could those curls be natural? Some could swear that they had seen them washed "in a picture" and "they had remained crimped throughout." Others were equally certain that they had witnessed the famous hair soaked in a movie rainstorm—and it had streamed straight to the winds.

I told this to Miss Pickford—although there is little doubt when once you have seen her, that Mary's curls are real curls. She nodded reminiscently. Apparently, such arguments had inevitably resulted in hundreds of eager fan letters. She told me that she had never had to bother very much about her hair. Lucky Mary! "It is just one of those characteristics one is born with," she said. "I have it shampooed every ten days and I brush it vigorously, of course. The most trouble it gives me is the frequency with which it must be thinned.

Every four weeks the hairdresser must cut quantities from it. My mother was Irish, you know, and strong, virile hair seems to be an Irish characteristic. And I remember that my father's hair was so curly you could put your spread fingers—so—deeply in the waves. I guess it's natural enough."

Indeed, everything about Mary Pickford is natural. She is too busy a person to have time for anything but fundamental, day-by-day care of the face and figure. She doesn't even go in for the fashionable Hollywood hobby of systematic body massage treatments. "My work keeps me up to all hours," she explained, "and I could hardly expect a maid to wait up until one or one-thirty merely to give me a massage. But I golf and go for long walks when I am in California—really rough hike walks where one wriggles through the brush crawling flat to the ground. That's exercise enough."

So, you see, the woman who is known the world over as the sweetheart of the screen, is not so very differently situated when it comes down to finding time for luxurious toilets, from the woman who runs her house and family, or the girl who handles affairs of business from nine till five. In this, too, they are alike: they each work hard; and with all her money and her past triumphs Mary Pickford works as hard as any. I think she has discovered the satisfaction which derives from accomplishment. That is why, despite her long experience, she is continually studying new phases of her art, searching for knowledge on different subjects, different interests—keeping her mind flexible and alert—free from the boredom which she is certain is the arch-enemy of youth.

For it is boredom, she thinks that makes women old before their time—boredom which poisons their characters and persuades them to seek distractions which can give no lasting returns. And to combat its insidious influence there is the rich exchange of friendship, a calm serenity of spirit, the ability to relax both body and mind, the sanctuary of a life well lived. Of such is composed the elixir of youth. So Mary Pickford believes, and so, having seen her and talked with her, do I.



Shoes photographed by courtesy of Eaton's-College Street, Toronto, and Blackford Shoe Manufacturing Co., Limited.

SHOES

HOW TO WEAR THEM

FASHIONS MAY come and fashions go, but always there are right and wrong ways to wear things and ways to make them wear to the best advantage. So it is with shoes. For instance, did you know that—

Every new pair of shoes should be polished the first day they are worn?

Here's why. Most shoes stay on the dealers' shelves quite a while before they are sold. In that time, most of the preserving oils in the leather dry out, and unless these oils are renewed by a good polish, the leather will crack and look old after the shoes have been worn only a short time.

Tan-colored shoes should always be shined when brand new, even before they are worn? The reason is that light-colored leather spots easily. Water, mud, grass can all discolor brown shoes quickly. But a good shine prevents this by forming a protective film over the leather which keeps spots away.

Patent leather shoes wear much longer if they are frequently polished? The shoe polish keeps the leather soft and pliable. It

is less apt to crack or scuff when it is kept in condition by a good polish. Pure Castile soap and warm water are the best sort of cleaner for good quality white kid shoes. Rub the soap on a dampened cloth and apply in that way. Use a fabric cleaner for fabric shoes, whether they're linen, piqué or crêpe.

Scuffs and scrapes on shoes can often be covered up and hidden with shoe polish? Apply the polish heavily to the scuffed spot—let it dry for a few minutes—then polish briskly. Often the polish will hide the spot completely, restoring the finish of the leather.

Bad weather is the worst enemy of shoes? Mud and water wear out leather faster than anything else. The way to guard against this is to polish your shoes often and keep them well shined, especially during the bad days. This helps to waterproof them and prevents the mud from causing so much damage. And it's a good idea to treat your rubbers to a shine occasionally for the same reason—and also to keep them looking well.

Problems

Conducted by ANNABELLE LEE

For instance, I think that a dark red, or a brown in thin-lined check on a beige ground, would be particularly becoming to you. Dark red, of course, is an excellent color for you, and so is beige. The beige should be a warm beige in order to harmonize with your skin tones. Dark brown is your basic color, and it is a good idea to stick to this color for your accessories. I think that yellow and gold would both suit you, if you use rouge to heighten your color. Use a dark rachel powder, a raspberry shade of rouge and lipstick.

Cleansing Creams

WOULD YOU please recommend a good cleansing cream that will not enlarge the pores?

NO CLEANSING cream will enlarge the pores if it is used properly. It should always be followed either by washing and rinsing the face, or by an application of a skin tonic, in order to remove every vestige of the cream and to contract the pores.

Suitable Coloring

I HAVE greyish-green eyes, very fair complexion, medium brown hair and a long oval

face. Is there any way I can make my face look shorter? What colors would suit me best? Black is very nice on me, but makes me look old. I haven't much time to spend on myself as I have three small children with lots of housework.

YOU HAVE nice coloring and there is no reason why you should begin to "look old" for many years yet. With your coloring you should go in for the softer toned colors—pretty off-shades. Avoid bright, too bright, or too harsh colors. Black would suit you, I am sure, especially if it is relieved with white, beige or a bright accessory. That is the only way you should wear bright colors—to afford relief to an otherwise sombre costume. Greys and greens and blues are all your good colors. Greyed-blues, greens and mauves—I mean colors with a filmy or misty appearance—would look particularly lovely. A printed silk which combines those shades would make a delightful summer frock. A soft shade of pink, too, would suit you. Pink and black is another combination which would be very becoming.

You can make your face look shorter by

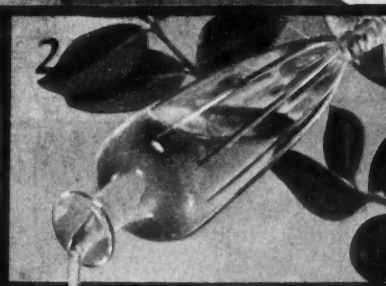
Continued on page 67

I'm not
"going to be a
Forgotten woman"

PALMOLIVE
IS SEEING
TO THAT!



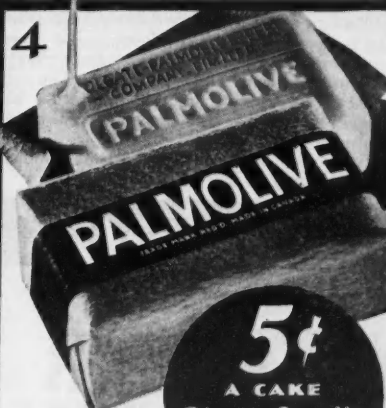
I've seen how the years creep up on women who neglect themselves. That's why I take the advice of all the beauty experts who say Palmolive is best for protecting my skin . . . I think it will help your complexion wonderfully, too!



I like to know exactly what my soap is made from, and Palmolive is one soap that tells me! It's made only from pure vegetable oils . . . a blend of palm and olive oils. I don't see how anyone could make a better soap, at any price!



My husband says he's always proud of me at parties . . . my back and arms always look so nice, just as smooth as my face. I'm sure it's just because that velvety lather gives my whole body a Palmolive facial every time I bathe!



5¢
A CAKE
Size & Quality
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Listen to lovely Gladys Swarthout, celebrated Metropolitan opera star, supported by John Barclay and a cast of over 100 including Nat. Shilkret's orchestra. A full hour of glorious melody. N.B.C. Network—Coast to Coast—Every Tuesday—10 to 11 p.m. E.D.T.





I like Colgate's

It keeps my teeth white, breath sweet!

"THE first time I used Colgate's I liked it for its flavour . . . so tasty and refreshing. But I wasn't buying it for flavour. I wanted a toothpaste that would *clean* my teeth—keep them white. It took just a week for Colgate's to prove itself. My teeth were shades lighter. Now I say—I like everything about Colgate's."

Colgate's cleans your teeth in 2 ways.

FIRST: Colgate's penetrates into every tiny crevice. Cleans your teeth thoroughly.

SECOND: It polishes your teeth—with the same safe ingredient most dentists use.

We'll guarantee *you'll* like Colgate's too. And you'll like your teeth much better when you see how white Colgate's keeps them. And Colgate's peppermint flavour keeps your breath sweet, mouth refreshed.

"COLGATE'S" ON DENTAL CREAM
MEANS THE SAME AS "STERLING"
ON SILVER



ABOUT WHAT TO WEAR AND

NEVER WERE shoes more blithely abandoned than they are this summer. So elegant are some of the newest designs that it seems nothing short of criminal to classify them prosaically as "pumps, straps or ties." There should be a new vocabulary created for 1934 shoe styles—a vocabulary that could express the exact proportion of glamor each shoe possesses. Failing that, there is nothing left but to use the poor words at our command. Did you know that:

Of the pumps, the plain shoe, simply cut but perforated for coolness, is smartest? The summer strap more often than not means a sandal. And a tie can be anything from sporty brown and white buckskin to white or pastel fabric.

First and foremost in the mode is white kid, to carry out the theme of white accessories which is, of course, the one idea this season. Hard upon its heels come linen and piqué. The latter is particularly effective, and the beauty of both fabrics is that they may be tinted to match or to contrast with one's frocks.

Sandals flock from everywhere. Czechoslovakia and England contribute the overlaced sole types to which we have been accustomed—in leather. Fabric ones are more shoe-like in appearance, but all are as perforated as their construction will allow. The less top to your shoe the better—both for coolness and for style's sake.

Beach fashions insist on the toeless sandal. They've been wearing them at Palm Beach all winter to the accompaniment of tinted toenails. Very exotic! But before you get all excited over these toeless sandals, remember that they necessitate a pedicure—which is to feet what a manicure is to hands—before you can wear them with good grace.

These toeless sandals aren't confined to the beach. They stroll around the town, and they're worn most bewitchingly in the evening—*sans* stockings throughout. Sometimes the heels are Louis. More often they're distinctly low—not more than one inch high. Paris likes them in all-silver or all-gold.

Beauty A Personal Service

Broad Shoulders

I AM five foot seven inches tall, weigh 145 pounds; with large bones which stick out in spots. Is there a certain type of collar I should wear, as my neck is rather long and my shoulders broad?

YOU WILL find that raglan sleeves would suit you very well, and also lengthwise pleats, folds or tucks which extend from the shoulder to the waist. These are particularly flattering to broad shoulders. Rolling collars, round necklines, fluffy collars or fichus and high, close Chinese collars—all these will suit you and so will the high-swathed scarf effects and draped necklines. The high muffled styles being worn now are made especially for you. It is far better, according to the present mode, to have a long neck than one that is a little too short.

What to Wear

I WOULD be glad of a general idea as to suitable styles and colors in dress, shades in powder and rouge. Would it be possible for me to wear one of the new three-piece suits or

would they have a broadening effect? I am five foot four inches without shoes, have dark brown curly hair, brown eyes and eyebrows. My skin is rather dark. I weigh 175 pounds, am twenty-six years old, and wear size forty in dress.

IT IS easier to tell what to avoid than to say what to wear, and so first, a list of "Don'ts." Broad collars should not be worn, nor elaborate necklines. These tend to attract attention to the width across the shoulders. Try for long lines, up and down lines, rather than horizontal. Watch that the eye is never carried across the figure. Hip length jackets and seven-eighths-length coats would be very becoming to you. I propose either of these as a summer suggestion.

I really don't think that the three-piece suit which is popular this year, would suit you. It is inclined to make the figure look bulky. You know, of course, that you should avoid large patterns in your materials. But from the patterned cottons which are so popular this summer, there is no reason why you shouldn't choose a small check, particularly if the color contrast is indefinite.

Disturbing Age

(Continued from page 15)

out that she had stayed after school for a Dramatic Club meeting and supper. It was Scotty who drove her home at the end of the evening.

"Aren't you seeing pretty much of Scotty these days?" her father asked her the next morning as there was a long, low honk and the Auburn roadster swung into view along the driveway.

Joan, taking the last of her milk in a swift gulp, raised wide eyes to her father's glance. "How do you mean, daddy?"

He frowned faintly. "Well," he said, "I used to like to drive you to school once in a while. Now I don't get the chance."

Pushing her chair back from the table, she came around to his side and thrust her bright curly head against his shoulder. "Tomorrow morning you can take me to school. How's that?"

But tomorrow morning, when it came, he was called early to the hospital on a case, so that Joan wasn't even up when he left the house.

The next week, however, he drove her to school each morning and things pursued the even tenor of their ways. Until Friday night. He had had to attend a dinner at the University Club, but it was over early. Knowing that it would be, and having remembered Joan saying eagerly one night that the play at the Belasco was supposed to be a "slick play," he'd stopped at the box office and secured two tickets for that evening. And then he'd gone home to surprise her with them. But she wasn't there.

"Joan said to tell you that she had a date tonight," Mrs. Tracy greeted him.

His face fell.

"What time do you think she'll be home?"

"She didn't say, doctor. It wasn't more than fifteen minutes ago that she left, though."

Unaccountably disappointed, Dr. Bradley took the tickets from his pocket. "Maybe you'd like to use these. Take along your sister's little girl. Oh, incidentally, was it the Burgess boy that called for Joan?"

Mrs. Tracy smiled. "I think it was."

The smile rankled. Mrs. Tracy could be amused that Joan had reached the age for boys and dates. Joan wasn't her child.

By eight-thirty the evening had begun to lengthen out interminably. Dr. Bradley tried to read. But because it was all wrong, somehow, for Joan not to be opposite him at the library table studying, with her slim brown knees tucked under her and a frown of concentration wrinkling her young forehead, he couldn't settle down. Suddenly, through the silence of the house, the doorbell rang. Flipping the book he had been trying to read down on the table, he hurried to the door. Maybe it was Joan.

But it wasn't. It was his sister.

"Hullo!" she said. "How are you? I've come to finish our conversation of the other night."

With the wish that she hadn't had to come this particular evening when he should be feeling rather deflated and edgy anyhow, he led her into the living room. She dropped into a chair, pulling off her gloves and slipping her coat from her shoulders.

"Well, Dr. Bradley," she gave him a peculiar smile, "you make a splendid picture tonight of a nice, easy-going parent."

Dr. Bradley leaned forward in his chair. He didn't like the significant tinge of mockery to her voice. "How do you mean?"

"Here you are, ensconced peacefully for an evening at home, while Joan—"

His hands tightened involuntarily along the arms of the chair. "What about Joan?"

"While Joan's out dividing her evening

between Scott Burgess and a night court—boxed up in a hot, insanitary room with drunks and tramps and, no doubt, street-walkers—getting a full-sized dose of the sordid side of life."

A night court? He was more genuinely puzzled for the moment than disquieted.

"It seems from what Barbara told me, that one of the high school teachers organized the expedition, but surely"—she broke off, aware all at once of the puzzled expression on his face—"you knew about it."

He shook his head.

"Phil!"

"I knew she had gone some place with Scott Burgess, but I—"

Nora Prentice's eyebrows rose. "As if that weren't bad enough in itself. Scott Burgess!"

"But what's the matter with Scott?" Dr. Bradley protested in surprise.

His sister eyed him narrowly. "What's the matter with him?"

"Of course he's underfoot too much of the time, rushing Joan, but that's the only objection I see to him. He's a nice kid."

"A nice kid!" Hmm. Just exactly how much do you happen to know about him? About his morals?"

His morals? He felt suddenly helpless; disqualified as a father. After all, just what did he know about Scott Burgess? Aside from the unessential facts that he was young, good-looking and drove an expensive roadster?

"Do you know what sort of family he comes from?" Mrs. Prentice's tone gave the words an unpleasant import.

Her brother shook his head slowly. "No, except that his father's an inventor of some kind. His mother isn't living, I believe."

"As a matter of fact, she is. Though she might as well not be—as far as the boy's concerned. At present she's off in Europe somewhere with her third or fourth husband—I forget which. As for the father. Well, he spends most of his time away from home and, from various things I've heard, he doesn't spend it very respectably. A year or so ago he was involved in a rather too flagrant divorce suit."

Philip Bradley, more disturbed than he cared to admit even to himself, stood up. "But, Nora, you can't exactly blame a boy for the parents he happens to have."

"I'm not blaming him. But do you want Joan going about with someone who has that sort of background?"

Did he?

"A boy who lives alone with a houseful of servants with his father coming home occasionally between affairs?"

Plunging his hands into the pockets of his coat, Dr. Bradley walked over to the window.

"Don't you think that tonight proves my point?" his sister's voice pursued him. "That Joan needs some restricting? That you're too free and easy with her? That—well, the thing is, Philip, she's getting beyond you."

He stared unseeing out the window. "Be sensible. Realize it. And make up your mind that the only thing to do is send her away to school."

"To be technical," he said tight-lipped, "just what would Joan get from boarding school that she's not getting now?"

"Supervision, discipline, restraint."

"But I don't believe in restraint. I believe in freedom. Giving youngsters the chance to be themselves—develop naturally."

"Too much freedom can be a dangerous thing. Especially for a girl of Joan's age."

"Another thing," he swept aside the interruption, "I don't want her isolated with children from the 'best families.' I don't want her to get an exaggerated idea of the importance of wealth and social standing. She's got to be democratic. Like people for what they are, not what they have. Look what boarding school did for that friend of Barbara's—Sheila Morrison. Turned her out a rotten little snob."

"She had a tendency to be that when she was still practically a babe in arms. Besides, she went to the wrong sort of school."

"How much difference is there between the wrong sort and the right?"

Nora Prentice leaned back in her chair, a



The new Package

gets as much applause as the remarkable new pads called

1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX

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- 2 Holds its shape—no more discomfort from twisting.

IT'S only natural that women should welcome a sanitary pad many times softer and downier... a pad with sides cushioned in a film of tender cotton to end the misery of chafing; a pad that actually holds its shape and doesn't twist around, causing uncertainty and fear of insecurity. Yes, it is natural that Wondersoft Kotex should be a success.

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BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

My Hollywood Diary

(Continued from page 11)

March 30, 1934.

A long talk with James Whale whose acquaintance I renewed at a dance at the Coconut Grove, and whose direction of such pictures as "The Invisible Man" and "By Candlelight" has brought him to the front rank.

Discovered that "Jimmy" is a great advocate for more British-made pictures with players whose accents are understandable to "mid-Western" Americans, and more American-made talkies without pronounced nasal twangs. Some sort of Anglo-American movie language featuring an "international" method of speech as easily understood in Oshkosh as in Wigan. With which sentiment I thoroughly agree, having watched blank looks of despair settling on the faces of audiences here when players in British pictures burst forth with "too, too naice" Oxford accents.

April 7, 1934.

A marvellous farewell party given in my honor by Mr. Winfield Sheehan, tonight in his home, to which everybody of note in the film colony was invited. Dinner, buffet supper, and a ball from 7 p. m. until 7 a. m. on Sunday morning. The grandest and most ambitious social event in Hollywood

for five years, according to the letters of thanks we received next day.

April 20, 1934.

My work in "The World Moves On" is finished. Forty-nine days shooting all day and most nights. A schedule which beats that of every other important picture made by Fox Film for years past. Almost two months of gruelling work, with no effort wasted and no expense stinted, to ensure this film proves the great picture of the year, which I'm certain it is going to be.

April 25, 1934.

With a great sadness I have been collecting all my possessions from the bungalow today, and giving informal parties to the press and the staff who have worked so nobly and unselfishly for me. They will never know how much I am going to miss them all, or how grateful I am for all they've done to make my stay here a happy and successful one.

My secretary and maid are packing my trunks. My reservations have been made on the *Empress of Britain* from New York on May 15.

My first, but I'm certain not my last, Hollywood experience has come to an end.

With a busy husband waiting for me in London and Gaumont British waiting for me to star in "Mary Queen of Scots," it is imperative I leave immediately.

But when the "Chief" steams out of Los Angeles next week, I can assure you that at least one English girl is going to have tears in her eyes.

It shall only be "Au 'voir, Hollywood." You have been so good to me, all of you, it could never be "Farewell."



To be Aware

by Edna Jaques

To be a part of life—to be aware

Of all the hidden beauty glowing there,
Grey sidewalks throbbing in the noon-day heat
Red lights reflected on a rainy street.
A florist's window shining through the rain
Carnations red as blood against the pane.

To sense beneath the city's murmurings,
The deep significance of common things,
To see behind the clamor of a crowd
A grey old woman sewing at her shroud.
To glimpse above the hilltops high and clean
The quiet brooding feel of the Unseen.

To think that all about these ways we know
The changeless tides of life for ever flow,
The quenchless fires burning on the hearth,
Warming the lonely people of the earth.
The salty far-off fragrance of the sea,
Old ancient churches steeped in mystery.

To be aware of all this Life today,
The undefeated women brave and gay,
Men with old wounds that hurt them in the night,
Dim rooms that whisper in the candlelight.
(I ask of life no finer, grander bliss
Than just to be alive... and part of this).

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insures the natural aura of daintiness that, says science, is supremely important in attracting and holding affection. Dew is handy—instant-drying—instant-acting—and it comes in a really lovely

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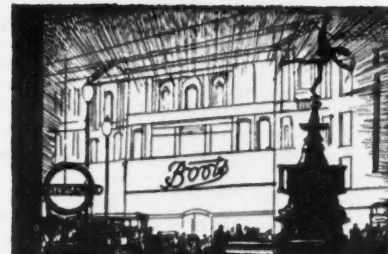
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Joan lifted her eyes slowly from her plate to her father's face. Her lower lip began to tremble. And then, before he was quite aware of what was happening, she had pushed back her chair from the table and flung herself into his arms, her head buried against his chest. Dismayed by the short, breathless sobs that shook her, he could do nothing but hold her in his arms and pat her shoulder.

"Joanie," he said softly, finally, when he couldn't bear her crying like that any longer.

She raised her head with one arm hiding her eyes.

"Is it a fact, daddy?" Her breath caught. "Are you going to make me go away to school?" Barbara says—Barbara says that I'm such a big pr-problem to you that you've got to. She—she says I'm just a lot of worry and trouble to you. She says you're sick of trying to raise me."

He lifted her chin until her dark grieved eyes were on a level with his. "Do you believe that, Joan?"

She nodded slowly. "You wouldn't make me go away to school 'nless you were. But I love you so, daddy." Her voice broke. "And—and I don't want to be a problem."

"You're not a problem, sweetheart." He drew her closer to him. "You couldn't be a problem if you tried. That's not why I wanted you to go away to school. There was another reason. I was afraid maybe it was a good one. But it wasn't—not good enough."

It seemed a long time since he had held her like this—her dear bright head against his shoulder. And, holding her, he knew that he couldn't send her away. That it would be altogether the wrong thing to do.

"I've been awfully good all week." Joan sat up suddenly, her slim legs dangling from her father's knees. "I haven't associated with Scotty at all. I've come straight home from school on the street-car every single afternoon and done my homework. I can be really awfully good when I try, daddy."

Dr. Bradley looked down at her earnest, tear-streaked face.

"But maybe you'd like it away at school, Joanie. It might be fun."

"Heck sakes, no! I'd rather a hundred million times stay with you." Drawing a short little breath, she rubbed her cheek against his. "We'd ought to always stick together 'cause we're all each other's got, y'see?"

So long as she felt like that . . .

"Daddy." Her voice had changed suddenly. It had an uncertain, puzzled note.

"Why don't you like Scotty? He's really an awfully keen person when you know him."

Dr. Bradley hesitated for a reply, avoiding the enquiry in her solemn young eyes.

"I did rather like him," he began slowly, "but—"

"Listen! Did somebody tell you all that junk about his mother 'n' dad?"

At a loss before her abrupt vehemence, Dr. Bradley didn't say anything. He felt much as he had felt the night a week ago when he had told her so summarily that she mustn't see any more of Scott.

"Aw, daddy," her voice softened to an earnest whisper, "Scotty's never had a fair deal. His mother doesn't care a single bit about him, and his dad—golly, his dad's just the bunk. Scotty's never had anybody! That's the honest reason why I liked him first off—'cause he was lonesome and I was sorry for him. And he is nice. He isn't silly like some fellows. And he's smart. He's awfully smart. He used to help me with my geometry. That's why I got an 'A' in it. And we were just sort of pals. You know, like you and me, only not so important."

She caught her breath on a deep sigh, relaxing in her father's arms.

There was a long silence. Out of it, finally, Dr. Bradley cleared his throat.

"Joanie," he said, his voice very casual, very matter of fact, "let's have Scotty over for dinner some night. How would tomorrow night do?"

With a little indistinguishable murmur Joan's arms tightened about her father.

"Aw, daddy," she breathed, "you're the swellest guy!"

"Not nearly as important, really," said Ria, "as the old house. Inscriptions pin one down so to cold facts, don't they?"

John Griffin turned his keen eyes upon her.

"Echo come alive again," he said. "You always say just what I've been thinking. How do you understand like that? My wife wouldn't see anything here at all."

His wife! If he had struck her rudely on the face, the act could not have been more staggering than those two words. His wife! Ria moved slowly on weakening knees to the shaft of stone. Without seeing what she did, she put her hand as if for support on its sun-warmed surface. Whatever happened, he must not see that she was shaken.

"What—what a lot she must miss!" she managed to say in a voice that did not sound like hers.

But John Griffin seemed unconscious of her turmoil. He came to stand beside her, placing his hand, too, on the stony surface.

"Yes," he said regretfully, "she misses a lot—and so do I."

"He has forgotten again that he is speaking to a woman," she thought. "Or has he ever remembered?"

She drew him on to speak of his wife, his home, as one keeps poking at a sore tooth. Any reproach she might have held for him dissolved as the picture became complete. That impression of loneliness was right. And hadn't her own experience held proof of the lack of friendly bulwarks for certain temperaments? In spite of her gallant attempts to orient herself once more, Ria faced the end of the drive with a sinking of the heart. It must indeed be the end. She must forget everything but the pleasure of meeting, for one brief hour, one whose mind fit hers so perfectly that it was pain to think of what might have been.

As the car slid in under the archway of the Chateau courtyard, Nell was just descending the broad stone steps from the lobby. Ria's heart sank, knowing Nell's volatile senti-

Each in His Own Time

(Continued from page 19)

shuttered, its door locked but it was not desolate. With dignity it held inviolate the essences of two centuries of life and movement. One felt that even the whiteness of winter would not be able to rob it of vitality.

"What a mercy that people can't stamp through it at ten cents a head and buy ugly postcards in the main room!" said Ria, as she and John Griffin walked around it.

"I'm not so sure of that," he replied. "After all there are some people who can understand a thing better if they have to pay for it."

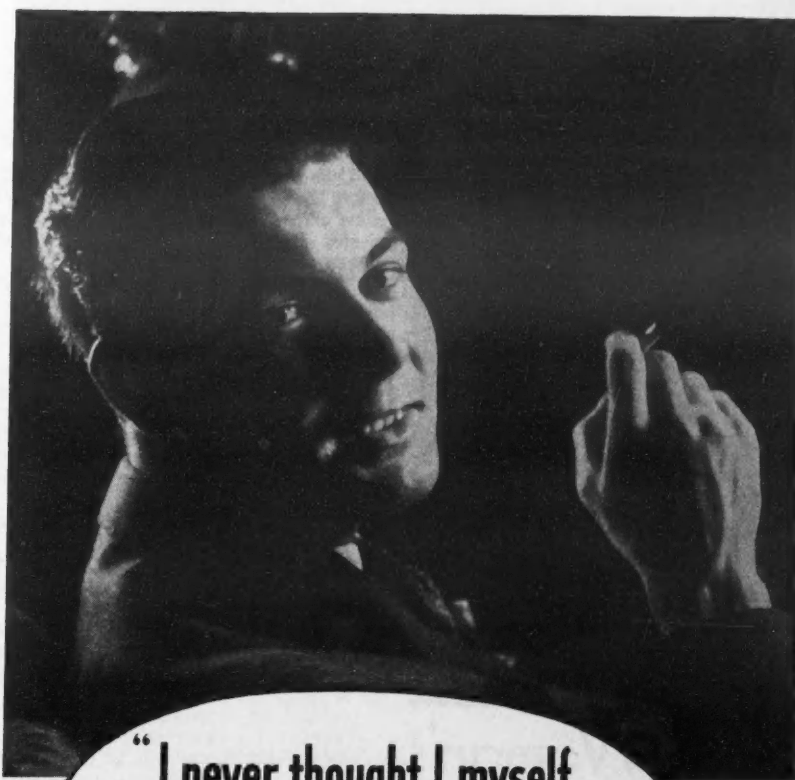
"I know. And some places aren't spoiled by setting a price on themselves. But this is perfect as it is. Nobody ought to be allowed to come here who can't see for themselves the faces looking out of those windows, watching for the ice to break in spring and the first sails of summer."

"Queer, isn't it," said John Griffin, looking up at the moss-grown eaves, "that it will still be here, just like this, when we turn our backs on it?"

He had taken his hat off, and the sun glinting on his hair seemed also to shine through him, to reveal a sensitive being wrapped in a loneliness whose reason was not now apparent.

"There's a monument of some sort across the road," said Ria, not so much because she really wanted to see it, but to call his attention back to her.

They crossed the road and entered the small fenced enclosure.



"I never thought I myself would become a pyorrhea sufferer . . . I kept my teeth so clean"

THERE seems to be a rather general belief that scrupulous cleaning of the teeth can and will save them from pyorrhea. The truth is that pyorrhea is a gum disease. It is no respecter of clean teeth. And it is responsible for half the adult teeth which are lost. The cleanest teeth and the most sound-looking teeth are lost on account of pyorrhea.

Four out of five past 40 have it

The trouble with this gum disease is that you cannot, yourself, detect it in the early stages. You can rely on your dentist to recognize the condition, and it is advisable to see him at least twice a year. Dentists today are always alert for signs of pyorrhea. They know that it works secretly, sometimes for years. Four out of five people past the age of forty have pyorrhea. No wonder your dentist wants to see you regularly and examine your gums as well as your teeth!

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Don't you be a pyorrhea sufferer. Give your dentist a chance to help you. And help him between visits. Get *Forhan's Toothpaste* today. Use it night and morning. Encourage the children to use *Forhan's*, too. It is a fine toothpaste, and worth the money even for the cleaning and polishing job it does so well. Then, in addition, *Forhan's* does the extra job of caring for your gums. Comes in a big tube. Lasts a long time. *Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P.Q.*

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If you could only read the hundreds of grateful letters in our files from people who have suffered, there'd be no doubt in your mind as to what remedy you'd use to clear up a case of Athlete's Foot.

You may not be the person we're talking to, and then again you might be—"it is probable that more than half the adult population suffers from it at some time," Public Health Service bulletins have reported.

If the flesh between your toes is painfully sore, if the skin is cracked open and raw—there's little doubt about your condition. This is evidence of the dangerous stage.

But dispel all doubt

A lot of people reach this dangerous stage because they fail to recognize the first distressing symptoms of the infection. Severe suffering and a doctor's bill are often the penalty.

To dispel all doubt, examine the skin between your toes. Is it red, wrinkled, angry-looking? Or is there an unpleasant stickiness about the flesh, with moist blisters and patches of white, unwholesome skin?

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If your feet perspire, play safe and examine your toes for the danger signals. At the slightest sign of infection, begin the immediate application of cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

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*A fraction of a cent an application—Because of its superior ability to kill the fungi, a sufficient quantity of Absorbine Jr. for each application costs only a fraction of a cent. Here is the simple, inexpensive treatment to follow: 1. Douse your toes morning and night with cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. 2. To guard against re-infection, sterilize socks by boiling 15 minutes when washed. Note how quickly and smoothly your condition clears up.

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quizzical look in her eyes. Then after a pause: "I believe," she said, "you've acquired all your prejudice against girls' schools from the Morrison child and 'Maedchen in Uniform'."

"I haven't a prejudice against them. I just don't think they're the place for Joan."

She caught him up swiftly. "Do you know why you think that? Because you can't face the idea of being separated from her. You're thinking of yourself—not of what's best for her."

He stood motionless, staring into space, his hands clenched in his pockets. Was that true?

When he turned finally from the window, the decision was made.

"What school," he said slowly, "do you think would be the best to send her to?"

His sister rose eagerly. "The Crispin School in Nova Scotia. Where we're going to send Barbara. It's splendid. Ranks among girls' schools as Groton does among boys'. When Joan finishes there she'll be ready for any of the best women's colleges."

"Nova Scotia," he repeated stupidly.

"Don't look so stricken, Phil."

"But Nova Scotia's so far away!"

"Exactly." Nora Prentice began drawing on her gloves briskly. "I'll write tonight to make the arrangements. Then in about a week we can start getting her ready to go."

Dr. Bradley returned to the living room when his sister had left, and sank heavily into a chair. On the table beside him there was a picture of Joan, taken just a year ago when she had still been a child with shingled hair and bands on her teeth. He stared at it emptily. Why did she have to grow up?

It was close on to midnight that, waiting tensely, he heard the front door open and, after a swift exchange of good-nights, close again. He was standing with his back to the fireplace when Joan, with her hands in the pockets of her polo coat and a soft brown hat pulled debonairly down over one eye, came into the room.

"We had the slickest time, daddy," she said excitedly, her eyes shining. "Night courts're awfully interesting."

Her father looked at her as if from a great distance. He didn't say anything.

"They sort of get you down, though, because some of the men look so mis'erable. Sort of all wrecked, you know."

"I'd rather you'd not go to any more night courts," Dr. Bradley said slowly, turning away as soon as he had spoken to avoid the sudden diminishing eagerness in his daughter's dark eyes. It was the first time he had ever come so close to making a command.

"But daddy," she began, "for social problems you have to visit night courts because—"

"Another thing," he interrupted her quickly, as if what he was going to say he must say all at once while he was nerved to it, "I don't want you to see any more of Scott Burgess."

Joan's eyes widened. She stared incredulously at her father.

"But daddy!"

"I mean it, Joan."

He wanted to give her an explanation but he couldn't. Somehow, even for her sake, it didn't seem fair to rule against a boy because his parents weren't the right sort.

Her glance was still lifted to his, but looking at her finally he saw that the incredulity in her eyes had given way to a strange expression. And he knew that, for the first time, he had failed, in her estimation to measure up.

DINNER, a few nights later, was almost over. There had been a sense of strain about it just as there had been a sense of strain throughout all the week. Dr. Bradley looked at Joan, a tightening in his throat. He hadn't told her yet that she was going away to school. He ought to tell her tonight. But somehow tonight she looked so very young and forlorn. He wondered suddenly if she could have been crying before dinner. Her face was pale and there was a suspicion of redness about her eyes. But she hardly ever cried.

"Joanie," he said, breaking the silence that had lasted almost all the way through dinner, "what's the matter?"



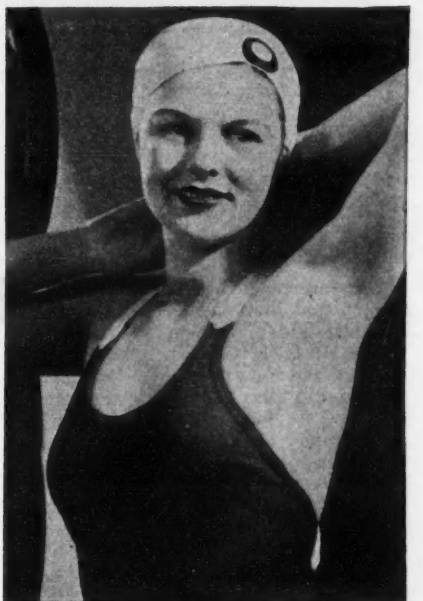
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that way. She knew whose voice she would hear on the other end of the line. She faced Nell.

"He wants to see me. I'm going down."

Nell watched her doubtfully as she flew about, refreshing face and hands with cool water, smoothing her hair, changing into a soft frock with pale flowers woven against its whiteness.

"Do you think you're wise?" Nell asked.

"Sometimes it's wise not to be too wise," Ria said, not altogether convincingly.

A brittle calm possessed her as the elevator took her down. After all they had been friendly. They had a right to say good-by decently and in order. He was almost at the elevator doors watching for her. Without a word he took her arm and they went out to the Terrace, now almost deserted.

"Too tired to climb all those steps again?" he asked finally.

"Oh, no!" Ria felt as if she could have gone on for ever like this.

They mounted slowly, resting on every landing, saying little, until they reached the spot where they had first met.

"Why, it was only the night before last!" Ria said in surprise.

"And this time tomorrow—" said Griff. He turned to face her. "Ria, you can't say good-by to me tonight. You must come to Orleans with me tomorrow."

"Oh, I can't, I can't," said Ria. "Please don't tease me, Griff."

He pleaded with her. He swept away her protest that they would be leaving by noon. Let Nell go on, if she would, to their next stopping-place wherever it was. They could go to the island in the morning, have their day, and Ria could follow on the evening train. It was such a little thing for her to do. Soon he must go back to the grind, with not a stick or stone to jerk his thoughts from the rut.

"Think what it means to me. My God, Ria, you don't know what it has meant to me—these last two days!"

To know that much, to hear him say it, must suffice her for the rest of her life. If she could go now—

"I'm very—happy, Griff, to have helped you enjoy things. I've enjoyed them, too. Perhaps we'd better start back."

She made a move toward the steps but he caught her arm and drew her beside him. Her heart beat too rapidly for comfort and too loudly for safety. She was afraid he must hear it.

"Ria," he said suddenly, "look at me. 'In other words I loved you long ago.' Do you believe that?"

"No."

"You do."

"No, no. We must go now."

He caught her by her wrists, almost impatiently.

"Two people like us, Ria," he said, "can't lie to one another. You do love me."

"What of it?" She was fighting hard. The night was doing this to them, the night, and the place, and the whispering mystery of the aged walls behind them.

"What of it?" he repeated. "Why, then, if you do, nothing else matters."

She held him from her with both hands, looking into his face with eyes darkened by conflict, but her voice was steady.

"You're wrong there, John Griffin. Everything else matters. There is your wife—"

He stiffened, stood for a moment, then walked abruptly to lean on the wooden parapet, running his fingers nervously through his hair. Ria longed for courage to walk away then. No matter how long she stayed, there could be no other ending but this.

"Cheated," Griff said into the darkness. "Life held all the tricks and cheated us both." He wheeled toward her with a face as white as her own. "It isn't fair to be condemned all your life for what you couldn't know at twenty-one."

"Whatever we do someone must suffer, it seems," said Ria sadly.

"All right, then, let's face the fact," said Griff roughly. "Let's face it." He paced back and forth restlessly. "Therefore, the best way out is the way that causes least

suffering. One way, two people are miserable; the other, only one."

"No, Griff, if you . . . divorce . . ." the word stuck in Ria's throat. At sound of it he flinched, but she went on bravely: "If you . . . divorce her there would still be at least two people unhappy. I couldn't bear to think of . . . her . . . hating me for taking you away. And the time might come when you would be unhappy, too."

"Do you realize that you are arguing against yourself?" he demanded, staring at her with harassed eyes. "I tell you, Ria, we might as well give in. This thing is too big for us."

She said desperately: "Do you remember, only the night before last, what we were talking about up here—"

"I remember every word that has passed between us and always will."

"Then, when we have said . . . good-by, think of what I said about . . . conquering ourselves."

"Puritanism gone to seed," he cried. "We must conquer adverse circumstances."

He caught her hands again. The firm grip, the warm pulsations meeting the beat of her own heart through her palms, broke the edges of her fortitude.

"Oh, do you think it is any easier for me than it is for you?" she cried. "Do you think I am trying to persuade only you?"

"I knew it!" he said exultantly.

"Don't—don't, Griff!"

He towered above her, bending his face closer and closer to hers.

"Kiss me, Ria."

"No." She shut her eyes that he might not see how nearly lost she was.

"If you do," he said softly, "you will know how much I love you, and you will never give me up."

"No," she said again, more faintly. She attempted to pull herself free, knowing how true it was. But she was tired and his arms were strong, and suddenly she did not want to resist him any more . . . Nothing mattered but themselves. His lips were already on hers.

"Ria—darling," His voice was a husky whisper. She leaned against him, spent and defeated.

"You have done a terrible thing to me, Griff," she said. "You have turned me against myself."

"I said it was too big for us—too big for just words to turn aside. Then you will come to Orleans tomorrow?"

"Yes. Shall we go back now? I'm tired."

Slowly they descended the steps to the Terrace. Clustered lights marked the passage of a ferry to the farther shore. A cool breath of night wind from the mountains lifted Ria's dark hair and fanned her hot cheek. From the river road far below came the harsh sound of a motor horn.

"Until morning," he said, as he left her at the elevator door.

Nell was distressed beyond measure at this further development.

"You're old enough to know what you are doing," she said. "And it's done every day. But—it's not the way for you, Ria. Don't ask me why. I don't know."

THEY SAID good-by sorrowfully when Ria left in the morning to walk down to the ferry. Having decided to leave that day, Nell was going through with it. By eleven o'clock she would be on her way, and by that time Ria would have been with Griff for an hour. They were to take the ten o'clock ferry. For the third day in succession no hint of storm marred the perfection of summer. On such a morning it was easy to feel the injustice of the fate that had tangled things so, easy to feel that they owed it to one another to find a way out. And they would. Ria was sure of that. She walked buoyantly, eager for the first glimpse of him. Right down on the wharf, he had said. He had a short interview to dispose of first, and would go directly to the boat. It was not far now; across this tiny cobbled square, a zigzag left through a narrow, crooked street and she would be on the quay. Motor cars honked a precarious way downward; horse-drawn carts rumbled unhurriedly past her; and everywhere, on the pavements, on

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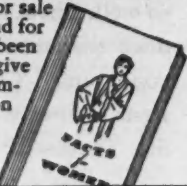
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mentality, but at least a brief introduction was unavoidable.

"Thank you so much for the afternoon," Ria hurried on to say.

"I hope that's not as final as it sounds," he said, smiling down at her. "We must do it again—all three."

"Let's do it tomorrow," suggested Nell, before Ria could do anything to stop her. "I came across a place today just made for picnics—that is, if you don't mind my kind of transportation."

"Mr. Griffin is here on business, Nell," said Ria hastily.

"But not much of a slave to it," he protested.

Helpless for the moment Ria let the two make arrangements. Alone with Nell, she broke in on her enthusiasm with a flat: "I'm not going on that picnic tomorrow." Nell leaned limply against the door she had just closed and stared with open mouth. Ria went on: "He's—he's married."

It sounded silly and melodramatic, but Nell subsided into the nearest chair.

"I wouldn't have believed it!" she said. "Just another tired businessman away from home."

"He's not that kind at all," flashed Ria. "He wanted his wife to come, but she wouldn't. She's not interested in the things he is."

Nell nodded sarcastically.

"Their wives never understand them."

Ria opened her mouth to defend him again, but withheld the protest. Laugh as she might at Nell's romanticism, it was Ria Hamilton who had been letting her emotions run away with her.

"We'll make some kind of excuse—say we've decided to push on tomorrow, or something," said Nell.

"No," said Ria, feeling through toward something as yet dimly shaped. "Thin excuses would make the whole thing look much more important than it is. Let's go through with it, Nell."

"That's right," agreed Nell, cheerfully. "After all, what's the matter with three adult and civilized people having an outing together?"

"And let's plan to leave day after tomorrow," Ria continued, beginning to see more clearly the course that lay ahead.

Nell flashed a glance at her, in which there gleamed the insight that came to her occasionally where Ria was concerned. Seeing it, Ria was moved to say lightly: "We could pray for rain."

She knew that the picnic was going to be an ordeal but set out on it, determined on her own attitude. It should match his—nothing more, nothing less. Tomorrow she and Nell would continue their exploration down the river.

NELL HAD chosen well. It was a sloping meadow fringed with thorn trees. On one side, a silver trickle of a brook meandered down to splay over a small crescent of sand where it joined the river. There were buttercups and daisies in a field near by, and in the grass under the cluster of young poplars where they settled themselves, white clover exhaled its own matchless fragrance. The meadow itself was the final level of a sweep of land, mounting first in variegated patches of green to where the woodland began, then rising quickly to the blueness of the hilltops. Deep shadows passed meltingly over their contours as the high white clouds of summer marched from behind their summits.

"Now," said Nell, thumping cushions and spreading rugs, "we must forget that we are anything but children out for a good time. And we must forget that we have any names but our first ones. What do we call you?" she asked John Griffin, tilting back on her heels and brushing a lock of hair from her eyes.

He had already stretched himself with lazy satisfaction on a sunny slope just out of the shadows of the poplars.

"I don't believe I have any," he said. "Everyone calls me Griff."

"Does she call him Griff, too?" Ria wondered. Regret for what might have been swept over her again. As the afternoon

wore on Ria felt it unbearable, as one cannot endure the beauty of music when the heart is pierced. To smother it she overplayed her part. She laughed more than was natural. Her bromidic comments fell strangely from the lips of one who had seen visions at the old house only yesterday afternoon. The effect was the reverse of what she had intended it should be. She could feel Griff's eyes upon her, at first disappointed, then puzzled, then stirred. Even Nell studied her doubtfully from time to time, then went decisively to the car and returned with a book.

"We'll improve our minds a bit," she announced, "and then it will be time for supper."

She leafed the pages. Griff rolled over in the soft grass, bent elbows pressing down the clover, his chin supported on his hands. Ria settled herself against the bole of one of the poplars, her eyes on the agitated dance of the stiff leaves, listening to the small rustling sounds they made, while Nell's voice rose and fell. The murmur of it, the perfume of sun-swept countryside, the calm ranks of hills began to have a soothing effect. There always were, always would be summer days like this, people like themselves, caught in the wheels of circumstance. It made one feel very small, yet comforted, too. If one had been flung with one's contemporaries against the background of time and space, the only beings ever to encounter the hazards of life, it would be terrifying. But to be part of a vast continuity, flowing majestically under the hand of a living power, gave a certain feeling of security. She opened her ears to the words Nell was reading.

"In other worlds I loved you long ago,
Love that hath no beginning hath no end."

The voice said them matter-of-factly but the lines thrilled through Ria. She caught her breath, then saw that from under the brim of his hat John Griffin was staring at her. Quickly she turned away, but too late, her newly won serenity destroyed. Nell shut the book abruptly and began to talk about food. When Ria rose to follow her and help, Griff detained her with a light flick of timothy on the wrist.

"Ria," he said, the name coming naturally from his lips, "there's a place on Orleans we must go to see tomorrow, both of us."

"I'm sorry," she told him. "We're leaving tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" His voice was queer and muffled. "But I thought you were staying indefinitely."

"Oh, we decided to amble on." She dared not look at him. "We'd better help Nell with that hamper. It's pretty heavy."

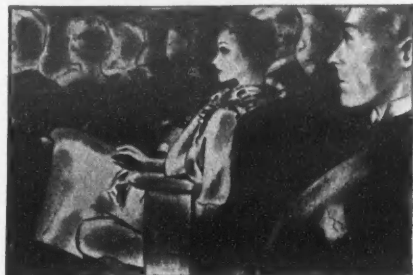
The remainder of time was redeemed from total failure only by Nell's heroic efforts. Though she had no pleasure in it, Ria could not bear that it should end. Every minute brought them nearer and nearer to the final parting. What she had expected in those last moments she didn't know. Certainly not that parting should be as casual, even in a hotel lobby, as it became. Griff thanked them both, shook hands and, wishing them good weather for their journey, left.

Inside their room Ria wandered about, too restless to begin packing, then went to stand by the window. A last warm hint of sunlight touched the tips of the far hills. The rising dusk crept among gables and roofs of the city, softening their angularity, calling other shadows to life within its own, shadows whose presence Ria had felt with her first sight of the city. It was they who had promised something—that message to be called for. Was this it, this pain? It was going to be worse than she thought. Only a few little minutes ago he had been as near to her as Nell. If she could always keep him as near as that. But those minutes must lengthen and widen between them, like the river that parted Aucassin and Nicolette.

The telephone suddenly jangled into the stillness of the room. Startled, Ria turned her back on the hills, but knew instantly that Nell would hand the receiver to her in just

Continued on page 45

To a lady in Green-



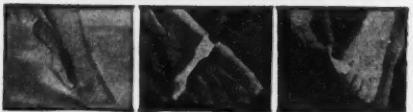
You were beautiful last night at the theatre. I sat across the aisle from you... an ardent but unknown admirer.



I liked the music of your laughter... the flash of your smile. I liked your glamorous hair, your beautiful eyes.



But when you walked down the aisle, I felt sorry for you... and I was disappointed. Please, Dear Lady, if you have a corn, use Blue-Jay.* It's so safe, so simple!



1. Just soak your foot for 10 minutes in hot water and wipe it dry.
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Pete was firm. "We think," he insisted, "that we could suggest a few changes to you possibly. But on the whole we like your script. Quite impersonally, of course."

Nan smiled vaguely at him. "Do you know, the play, everything seems so far away. It seems funny that we could have squabbled so much over it. Doesn't it, Ken?"

Ken Ballard agreed. They looked long and gently at each other.

And silently, Ilsa moved away toward the house. An instant, and Pete followed her. The Ballards stood, unaware apparently that they had been abandoned.

In the path before their door, Ilsa hesitated. She turned to Pete, and the rising breeze lifted the fair hair from her forehead, and her smile was faint, ironic.

"After all," she smiled, "who are we to begrudge them these few days of living?"

Pete echoed, "Certainly. Why should we?" But he was bewildered. "Still," he mumbled, "the play . . ." He flapped his hands. "Merely living . . . merely being sane shouldn't keep them from the play."

Ilsa slipped into the house trailed by her own rare laughter. "You're so nice, darling," she laughed, "and so inconsistent . . ."

AS THE HOURS passed, the wind rose higher. The bright green blinds of the small white house rattled, the old boards creaked as old boards will in a gale.

It was a restless night, and in her room Ilsa paced, her negligée swirling about her long and graceful strides. She paused to gaze out at the dim trees bent before the gusts; she paused before a mirror, to peer at her own reflection, the lights casting small pools of shadow across her loveliness. She shrugged, paced on.

The house was a well of small sounds. Creaking, snappings, rattlings. Outside the wind rushed on. And, between its rises, its falls, came a low, monotonous drone. From somewhere inside the house it seemed.

Ilsa checked in her pacing, listened. Swiftly she went to the door, flung it wide. The droning grew louder. Drawing her negligée close about her, she went silently down the stairs, glided unhesitatingly across the lower hall to the living room.

Within a rim of soft lamplight was Pete in dressing gown and slippers, the script of "An Imperfect Wife" in his one hand, his other hand gesticulating.

" . . . three rings, my dear, would not be too much for your performance . . ."

Passionately, Pete was addressing a chair. And Ilsa, unnoticed in the doorway, watched him fastidiously.

"A wife?" Pete read. "Ha! A silly, spoiled and charming child. But a wife? Oh, no, my dear."

Magnificently he spurned the chair, turned from it. And turning, saw Ilsa, still and wraithlike in the doorway.

Pete froze. Alarmed, he watched her smile grow gently mocking.

"Nice," Ilsa purred. "Quite nice."

Pete mumbled. "Merely trying it out for the Ballards, of course."

And Ilsa swept on into the room, took the script from his unresisting fingers. "Quite nice," she purred, "except for perhaps a bit too much gesture . . . the comedy pitched just a shade too low . . ." She glanced at the script. "Here," she pointed, "from the 'spoiled, charming child' line . . ." Superbly she took up the scene.

Pete gaped at her. He fell back a step, sputtering. "Are you," he gasped, "telling me how a scene should be played?"

On a sweet imperious note Ilsa murmured that he was to stand over there. "And now, when I say, 'Really, my husband . . .'"

Pete was registering outrage. With a sudden bitter turn of humor he said, "I suppose that you can interpret this rôle better than I?"

Ilsa's smile was ineffably gentle. "It is possible."

"I suppose, too," Pete enunciated coldly, distinctly, "that you know how it should be done even better than the Ballards who wrote it?"

Ilsa shrugged her lovely shoulders. "It is possible."

A moment, and they paused, gauging and counter gauging.

Another moment, and Pete girded his dressing gown about him, drew himself up in full dignity. "Very well," he snapped, "we shall see."

He wheeled, stalked from the room, slippers flapping, mounted the stairs with a dramatic majesty to match the storming winds outside.

He rapped upon the Ballard door. He rapped a second time before Ken Ballard's red crest appeared, tousled and sleep-ridden.

"Beginning with the 'three tings' line," Pete thundered at him, "the husband should be played as straight comedy, shouldn't he? Teaching his imperfect wife a lesson; not really mad?"

Ken Ballard swayed. "Uh?" Again Pete loosed his thunder. "The second act," he shouted, "that scene where—"

Ken Ballard flapped a lethargic hand. "The second act? That's a part my wife wrote. It's fine . . . fine—" He yawned a mighty yawn.

In hair-net and coolie coat, Nan Ballard appeared at her husband's shoulder. "But you did say once it should be changed, Ken. I've been thinking maybe you were right. Maybe the husband really should be mad there."

"Nothing to argue about. Nothing at all." Ken Ballard yawned again, tugged at an ear, a man visibly hankering after Morpheus. He beamed blearily at Pete. "It's yours to do as you like with, old man."

Slowly, graciously, Ilsa was mounting the stairs, and her look was secret, amused, inscrutable.

Pete glowered down upon her. "Armstrong would agree with me. He'd see it as straight comedy; the husband only teasing his wife. Absolutely."

"Ho?" Ilsa was splendidly incredulous. Growling, Pete waved his arms. "We'll see. We'll go to him and show him and let him judge."

Ilsa had mounted the last step. She was drawn to her full height, as close to grinning as a lovely woman may come.

"Very well," she agreed, quietly. Pete rumbled. "Tonight."

"Tonight." And Nan and Kenneth Ballard, a blinking audience, looked on, bewildered.

Ken Ballard shook his head clear. "You mean you're going down to New York just to ask Phil Armstrong?"

"Certainly," Ilsa smiled. "At this time of night?"

Magnificently Pete widened his eyes at young Nan Ballard. "Why not?" he demanded.

"Perhaps," Ilsa murmured, "perhaps you would even care to come with us?"

But the Ballards did not seem too eager to go with them.

"We'd rather—that is, we're not exactly anxious . . ." Ken Ballard was reduced to a mumble.

Nan Ballard wailed a little. "Down there we—it's all so different up here. You can't imagine how nice it is."

Calmly, Ilsa turned her fair head, watched Pete already flinging off his dressing gown, disappearing toward his room to dress. Gently she nodded.

"Then you must both stay on here, of course," she told the Ballards, "for as long as you wish."

THE WIND blew a wild obbligato for Pete striding out into the night, out to the garage to bring the car around to the door with a flourish and a roar.

Awaiting Ilsa, he sat, slumped over the wheel, biting at his fingers, muttering.

Until, at last, she appeared; a chic and wordly Ilsa in city clothes coming down the path.

Haggardly Pete eyed her. He did not immediately start the car. He hesitated. The very wind fell into a lull.

"Ilsa," he croaked.

And Ilsa paused on a questioning note as she entered the car.

Pete moistened his lips. "Ilsa, you know

Continued on page 70

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steps, hanging out of windows, almost under the wheels of the traffic itself, children with shrill little voices were busy about their own important affairs.

The old spell of places lived in for generations came again upon Ria in this square. Some of these tall stone houses soaking in the gaiety of sunlight had known better days. A balcony rail of wrought iron, a glimpse through an open window of a fine mantelpiece proclaimed that. She thought of the people who had lived courageously or monotonously, happily or unhappily, within this small compass. Hearts had been broken here, lovers parted by time, by distance, by wars, by death, yet nothing of it all had really ended. What they did in time mattered when time could no longer hold them. Otherwise this city itself would not be. Somewhere, in the building of it, individuals like herself, like Griff, had experienced the laughter and sorrow of living, had loved and passed on. In so far as they held to the greatness that was in them, they had added to the foundations of the present. In so far as they followed self, forgetting all else, by so much was that foundation lacking in strength.

"The corn of wheat," thought Ria achingly. Was there no escaping it? Each one had his choice, death in life, or life in death—one was for the moment, the other for ever. She stopped in the shadow of a

doorway, trembling. Consciously or unconsciously she had been fighting against the moment when her thoughts would lead her to that point. And here it was upon her. If only Griff would appear from that narrow street opposite, she would be spared the final struggle. Then, for fear he would come, seeking her, she began to trace her steps upward. Without him she could face it more surely.

Nell was right when she said: "That way is not for you." And Griff, whether he came to this square or waited for her in vain amid the exuberant activity of the quay—the real Griff of the ramparts, of the old house, who saw visions with her, whose thoughts she echoed—in time he would read again the message in these old stones. Remembering their first night, remembering their last night and what lay between, he must see that the only way to hold those hours completely was to let them go. When realization that she was not coming, would never come, dawned upon him, she and Nell would be on their way to a changed destination he could not know of. A hundred years from now, no one would know she had walked this way with slow footsteps that she felt were traced with blood. But among the realities that are not seen, someone on another day like this, it might be, would feel the impact of her courage and reach unconscious hands to her across the years.

Tomorrow We Live

(Continued from page 9)

"Would you read it for us this evening?" Ken Ballard was coaxing.

Eyes half closed, Ilsa smiled upon him. "So much hurry," she sighed. "But"—he was an attractive young man—"yes, this evening . . ."

SO PETE found her that evening among the cushions of her chaise longue, the "Imperfect Wife" upon her silken knees. And he paused, eyed the script, registered an eloquent surprise.

"Why not?" Ilsa murmured, lay back among her cushions. "Should we really cut ourselves off from all outside interests, darling?"

Soberly Pete frowned down at his hands. "I've been wondering about that, too," he admitted. "It may be cowardly. After all, if we're afraid, if we can't trust ourselves, our ideals . . ."

Ilsa's lovely hands riffled through the "Imperfect Wife." Pete leaned toward her, earnestly tapped the script.

"Do you know," he said, "it's not a bad play. In fact, that husband part is good. I could have done it well. Very well."

Ilsa lifted her fair head, smiled. "And, as the imperfect wife herself I could have—"

"Of course, that part in Act II when the husband says 'Three rings, my dear, would not be too much for your performance' . . . I don't think he would say that just there."

"And no one," Ilsa agreed, "would do as Eve does here in this scene . . ."

Heads together, they were bending over the script, eager, pointing, pouncing, as though they were children and these flaws so much jam. Until, abruptly, they paused, looked at each other. Their brightness faded.

Hastily Pete mumbled. "Of course, we have no interest in this for ourselves. But for their good, for the Ballards, we might suggest a little." He paced a serious circuit of the room. "There's no danger in that."

Ilsa's eyes were dark, smoky, unfathomable. "None at all," she murmured.

But Pete's glance did not meet hers. He strode to the window, stared out into the

night. Across his shoulder he said, "Ilsa, we're on thin ice." Quietly.

"Are we, darling?"

"You know we are." Pete went to her, sat down beside her, fiercely took her white hands in his. "Ilsa, we mustn't go back. We mustn't leave here. If we do we might lose all this . . . and each other. We nearly did that last time."

"There, there." Gently Ilsa tapped his cheek. "We won't."

"We must stand firm, Ilsa."

"We shall."

Uncertainly, Pete glanced at her. Uncertainly he grinned. "But we can help the Ballards with their play? It's amusing to tinker with a play."

"Of course it is," Ilsa smiled. "Of course we'll help the Ballards."

BUT IN THE morning the Ballards, strangely, were not on hand for help. At breakfast, when Pete thought to find them, he found only their empty places.

Cassie, popping her head in from the pantry, told him. "Dey's gone canoeing for de day, Mistah Randall. Dey tol' me to tell you." Her dusky face was long and anxious. "Dey was all gentle and listless like dis mornin'," she mourned. "It's dis place gets folks." She marched back to her pantry, disgruntled, mumbling.

Later Ilsa heard, arched her dark brows. "So?" she murmured. "Perhaps then we've done it. Perhaps we've snatched the brands from the burning." And, quizzically, "What price Phil Armstrong now?"

But neither she nor Pete yet realized how well they had wrought, how thoroughly their brands were snatched from the burning. Not until evening, and Nan and Kenneth Ballard returning over the crest of the hill, hand in hand, sunburned, strolling in a dream.

"This," Ken Ballard beamed, "is verily the life." And his voice now no longer rasped the echoes of the countryside.

Exquisitely Ilsa smiled upon him.

"You were right," Nan Ballard assured Pete. "This is living. It's real, this calm and quiet. Anything else . . ." She shrugged anything else away. She and Ken stood nodding, beaming, a pair of placid china mandarins.

And then Pete said, brightly: "We've been going over your 'Imperfect Wife' script, Ilsa and I."

"Have you? That's great. Great. Hope you liked it." Ken Ballard breathed deep of the sweet-scented breeze that was stirring. "Listen. Hear those crickets. And the wind? No other sounds for miles. What a paradise!"



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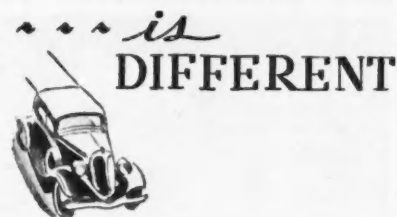
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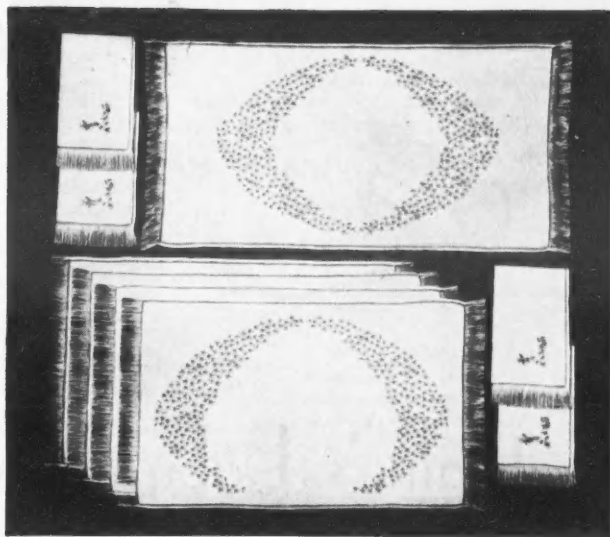
TROIS-RIVIÈRES—3rd century of its founding.



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SIMPLE HANDWORK for Summer Leisure

by MARIE LE CERF



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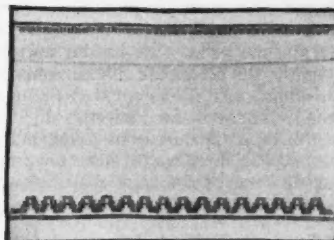
C292—Forget-me-not Luncheon Set—A very light and dainty little design for summer use, worked with quick, easy stitches. The forget-me-nots are worked in a really beautiful shade of blue and lazy daisies are in rose pink. A single hemstitch is used to finish the narrow hems and at top of fringe. The set consists of four place mats, 12 by 20 inches; four noveltyserviettes, 9 by 15 inches, and a centre mat, 12 by 24 inches. Stamped on soft cream or white linen—Price, \$1.35 per set; cottons for working, 30 cents.

C293—Garden Cosy—A really novel tea cosy in deep yellow art felt; the little figures, tree and fence are in appliqué, and the foliage, flowers and work on dresses are done in simple stitches. In full size, with appliqué pieces, it is priced at 75 cents; cottons for working, 15 cents, and a form can be supplied at 45 cents.

C294—Summer Pochette, or envelope purse, with hand strap across back. In white or cream linen—please be sure to state color when ordering—worked in bright, blending

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C277—Weaving makes a novel and charming decoration for huckaback towels. After hemstitching the ends you will have no trouble in following the simple instructions sent. The model is worked in two shades of green but the design may be

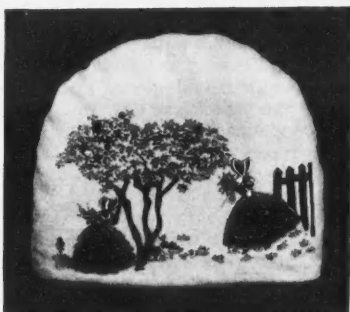


A novel departure—weaving.

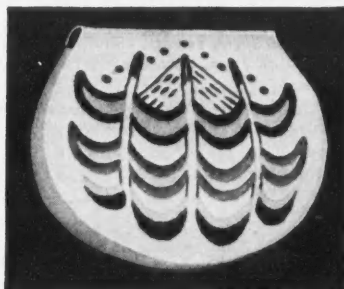
carried out in two shades of any color desired. The raised threads in the huckaback form the foundation for the weaving. Finest white linen huckaback is supplied—size, 18 by 33 inches, with instructions for weaving design; price per pair, 95 cents; cottons for working, 10 cents.

C275—Duckling Bib—The cutest little yellow ducklings among the flowers. Stamped on strong factory cotton, price 10 cents; cottons for working, 5 cents; binding, 5 cents.

Any of the handicrafts on this page, or those shown in previous issues, may be ordered from Chatelaine's Handicraft Studio by sending money order to Marie LeCerc, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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A linen summer pochette.



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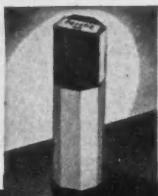
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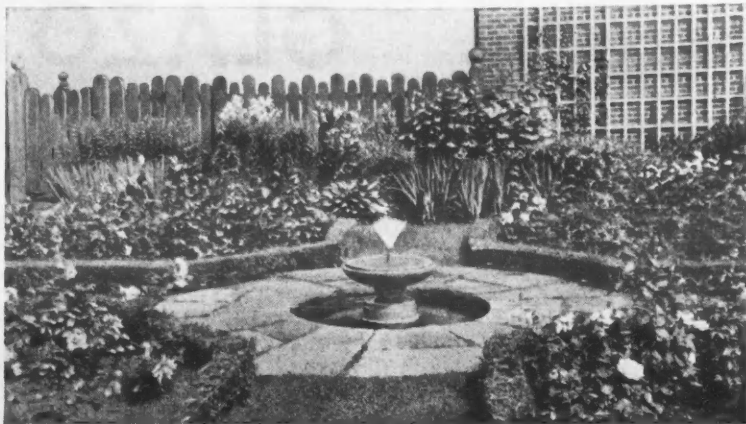


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July Work in the Garden

by HENRY J. MOORE

DURING JULY, work of an important nature must be done if your garden is to be kept in good condition. Among the most essential operations are the summer pruning of shrubs and the care of the lawn.

Pruning Ornamental Shrubs

One of the chief reasons that many plantations of shrubs quickly become dilapidated is that a wrong impression of what constitutes pruning exists.

In all pruning operations we must recognize two distinct types of shrubs; those which flower upon the current year's wood and the other upon the old or previous season's growth. Usually failure to discriminate between these two leads to trouble, the operator cuts away the flowering growth annually, and so through ignorance the beauty of the plantation is not allowed to develop.

It is not difficult to distinguish either kind of shrub. The hydrangeas and the roses are examples of the first mentioned, and the lilacs, shrubby honeysuckles, weigelas, viburnums (snowballs), deutzias, forsythias, and *spirea Van Houttei* (the bridal wreath) of the latter. Generally, those which flower upon the current year's wood should be pruned in spring, and those on the old wood as soon as flowering is past. There is an exception to this rule of which notice must be taken. Shrubs which bear so-called berries (fruits), even though they belong to the class which flower upon the old wood, should not be pruned after flowering, as this will eliminate their winter's beauty. In this category, for example, are the white and red fruited snowberries, *symphoricarpos racemosus and vulgaris*, berberis, and deciduous species of *euonymus*. Shrubs which bear these ornamental fruits may be pruned in early spring.

As an instance of summer pruning, let us take the case of the bridal wreath. When it passes out of flower, some of the old flowering growths may be removed but the younger and smaller growths should be left. In the case of this and similar shrubs which flower upon past years' growths, new growths will be produced after flowering. Hence pruning should be effected as soon as the flowers fall.

Summer Pruning Roses

Certain kinds of roses should be summer pruned in order to make them produce fresh flowering growths to afford a succession of bloom until late autumn. Among these are the hybrid teas and baby polyanthas. As the blooms fade, the flower stalks should be cut back to the third joint or leaf down the stem. This greatly facilitates the production of growth and of flowers. Later in August the oldest of the flowering growth of the climbers may be removed and strong young canes be trained in to take their

place. The mistake of severely pruning climbing roses should not now be made, as this is essentially an operation for April when dormant pruning may be safely and properly effected.

Cultivation

Two of the greatest factors which contribute to success in the growing of shrubs are proper and timely pruning and cultivation. If, after pruning, the soil areas are cultivated to allow of the entrance of oxygen, this will favor the formation of plant foods and help to conserve moisture. The result will be the production of splendid flowering growth. It should not be assumed, however, that artificial or other fertilizers should be applied at the time of cultivation. If well manured once a year, the soil should be capable of supporting all necessary growth. Where the soil lacks fertility it is without doubt a good practice to apply a little artificial fertilizer at the time of cultivation once during the summer. In this connection it may be said that when found necessary to prune severely any overgrown or dilapidated shrubs, the enrichment of the soil along with cultivation will be the means of restoring it to a state of vigor and flower-bearing.

Summer Care of Lawns

Especially with spring-seeded lawns trouble is experienced during the mid-summer period. The grasses may not have germinated equally or may not be growing properly, through lack of moisture or infertility of soil respectively. A good way to encourage thick growth is to cover the area with about one-half inch of well rotted stable manure such as may be screened through a one-inch screen. This mulch or covering will shade the fine roots and eventually help to form humus into which the grasses will root. It will also give fertility and serve to hold moisture. This treatment is recommended not only where water service does not exist but everywhere in warm dry summer localities.

When cutting the grass, if it is a young lawn, practices are often indulged in which are detrimental to its welfare. The grass should not be allowed to grow to an excessive length, but should be cut when about three inches long. The grass is often raked off; this should not be done, however, but should be left to shade the roots and to add to the humus of the soil. Only where excessive growth has been made should the grass be removed when cut.

Sometimes in newly made lawns, in fact often, many annual weeds will appear. These make the area unsightly but as far as causing injury to the lawn is concerned, should not cause a moment's worry. These weeds to a certain degree are helpful, shading the grasses as they do from the intense heat of the sun. They are of such a nature that when once cut they die.

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If the food you are using agrees with the baby and he is gaining in weight it is probably suitable.

Do not use olive oil or vaseline. These soften the skin and make it more tender. There is no objection to the use of powder providing it does not contain starch. When starch is allowed to remain on the skin for any length of time, the combination of sweat and starch ferments and changes, among other things, to acetic acid (vinegar) which is an irritant. The basis of all body powders should be talc, china clay or kaolin: they are all the same thing. To the talc should be added stearate of zinc one part in eight, or oxide of zinc one part in four. The best means of preventing sore buttocks is by the application of some form of tannic acid mixture. Another is to dissolve tannic acid in alcohol (ten to twenty per cent). Apply and allow the alcohol to evaporate leaving the tannic acid. If you apply this once a day for three to four days it will protect the buttocks effectually from the irritation of the discharges. A tannic acid mixture should be sprayed on by an atomizer. It will soon form an impervious coating over the parts and protect them.

Have been reading your articles on infantile paralysis and would like your advice.

I am twenty years old, have been laid up with infantile paralysis since 1933. Am in hospital now taking physiotherapy treatment, have taken seventy-three; am now having sinusoidal current, massage and exercise every day. Have regained some movement and would like your advice.—(Miss) R. S., Regina, Sask.

You are in good hands and having proper treatment. Usually convalescence after I.P. lasts for one and a half to two years. Swimming is a useful exercise. You may need a suitable appliance to help in walking. Stick to the treatment. Perseverance in such cases is quite worth while.

My baby boy, aged two months, weighs nine and three-quarter pounds. Have nursed him, but find he needs additional feeding.

1. Please send suitable formula.
2. Until a week ago he had diarrhoea. Now he is constipated. What shall I do for this?
3. After sleeping a while he sometimes starts or gives a little cry. What is the cause and remedy? Is lime water useful?
4. Do you think sugar of milk better than dextri maltose?
5. My little boy, three and a half has been constipated from birth. What can I do for him?
6. He is very white and never tans. Does this indicate a lack of bile?—(Mrs.) L. D. J., Magog, Que.

1. Formula will be found in baby book sent you.
2. For constipation increase the sugar in the

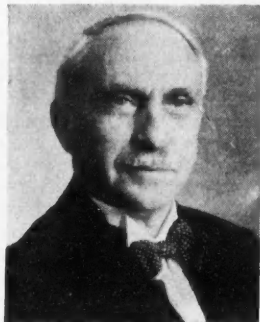
feeding. And also use more boiled water.

3. Don't worry about this. It will probably disappear. There is no need of using lime water.
4. Milk sugar is not so easily digested as either granulated (cane) sugar or dextri maltose. The latter is the best of all sugars to use, especially if there is any tendency to looseness of the bowels. In ordinary feeding of babies granulated sugar is the common one used. Milk sugar is used in babies who have a tendency to vomit without looseness of the bowels.
5. Look up answer in baby book.
6. The bile has nothing to do with the whiteness of your boy's skin. When summer comes, expose him gradually to the sun.

My five-months-old baby likes to sit up on the bed. She can so remain for one or two minutes. When she topples over she immediately tries to rise again. She also seems to enjoy standing when supported. I do not think she shows signs of rickets. Will standing like this, or sitting up do her any harm?—(Mrs.) K. P., Lindsay, Ont.

There is no danger in allowing these exercises for short periods. The healthy infant, when awake, is always exercising. Exercises of the kind favor growth and

How to Keep Baby Well



Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, Chief Inspector of Health for Ontario, who contributes these articles monthly, will answer questions sent to Chatelaine concerning the care of babies. A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed if a private answer is desired.

A MONTHLY SERVICE

Free pre-natal and post-natal letters are available by writing to the Mothercraft Service of Chatelaine. These are issued by the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare through its Child Hygiene Section and the Department of Public Health.

OWLS

by M. Eugenie Perry

I like the great big fluffy owls,
"Too-who! Too-who!" they say.
I hear them in the night, when out
At Grandpa's farm I stay.
But on our gate-post, right in town,
One morning, one sat, too.
When I ran out, it flew away,
And said "Too-who! Too-who!"

There is a kind called pygmy owl,
No bigger than a wren—
At least not much, but bunchier—
A day-time owl, and when
I was at Grandpa's, one like that
Off with a chicken flew.
So I like best the nice brown owls
That say "Too-who! Too-who!"

Owls have big eyes. Their feathers are
So soft, they fly without
A bit of noise. The great horned owl
That sometimes comes about
My Grandpa's barn, is, Grandpa says
Just wicked through and through,
Not like the harmless big brown owls,
That say "Too-who! Too-who!"

The horned owl says a deep "Whoo-who!"
The naughty pygmy owl
Says something like "Cook-cook-cook-cook!"
The screech owl gives a growl,
And then a whistle. Saw-whet owls
Make funny noises, too;
But I like best the big brown owls,
That say "Too-who! Too-who!"

development and are indicative of intelligence.

Under what conditions should a mother not nurse her baby?—(Mrs.) K. L. C., Arkona, Ont.

If she is tuberculous.
If she has serious heart or kidney disease.
In the acute stage of an infectious disease.
If she has epilepsy or chorea.
If she is losing in weight and strength.
Sometimes the infant may not be able to nurse because of weakness, tongue-tie or cleft palate.

What is scurvy in infants? My baby, six months old, has a scurffiness of the skin of the chest and scalp. Is this scurvy?—(Mrs.) A. P. R., Charlottetown, P.E.I.

According to what you say, your baby has no sign of scurvy. Scurvy is a disease due to the use of improper food. There is soreness of the legs, swollen, purple or bleeding gums, black and blue spots on the legs. The child is pale, sleeps badly and has a poor appetite. The use of fresh milk, orange juice or juice of tomatoes will soon remedy these conditions. Your baby may have a scurffy skin from the use of poor soap, or too much soap. Use a good castile soap.

What is considered a proper weekly gain in weight for a three-months-old baby nursed at the breast?—(Mrs.) B. F., Sandwich, Ont.

Infants under three months should show a weekly gain of five to seven ounces. Those from three to six months, four to six ounces. A gain of less than four ounces a week is too small and means that the baby is not receiving the proper amount of breast milk. The amount of milk taken by the baby may be learned by weighing him before and after nursing. The difference in weight will be the weight of food taken. To gain accurate information the weighing should be carried out after each nursing for twenty-four hours.

What are the best fruits to give little children? Should a child of two years have any raw fruit?—(Mrs.) A. P. R., Forest, Ont.

The only raw fruit which should be given to children under two years is well-ripened banana. Orange juice may be given at any age. After two years, sliced oranges, bananas and apples may be given, but not all children can digest peaches and apples until five years old. Strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, cherries and pears should not be given until after five years of age. Cooked prunes, or apricot pulp, and apples may be given at one year. Cooked peaches, pears and apricots at two years, and cooked small fruits at four years of age. Cooked fruits are more digestible than raw fruits. Too much sugar should not be used.



A Powder that Protects
Baby's Skin When
the Diaper is
WET

When baby is fretful and restless, irritated by DIAPER RASH, there's no use of putting on more powder. What is needed is a WATER-PROOF baby powder—Merck Zinc Stearate. Try it and watch baby smile!



MERCK ZINC STEARATE

is more than a fine, delicate baby powder. It is water-proof and forms a protective film between baby's delicate skin and the wet diaper. It prevents chafing and diaper rash. Every tin is equipped with a self-closing top. Baby can't open it and you can't spill the powder accidentally.



Ordinary powder absorbs water and forms a paste. Water does not mix with Merck Zinc Stearate but stays on top in tiny drops, as the picture shows and keeps the skin dry.

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● "Well, well, am I feeling good this morning! All bathed and powdered and full of pep! ... Got to work off steam somehow. Guess I'll try that somersault Brother Bill was trying to teach me yesterday."



● "Boy—what a queer feeling! Where do I go from here? This wrong-side up business certainly gets a feller hot and bothered... Gee, have I got enough nerve or haven't I?—Come on, you scare-cat—PUSH!"



● "Ump!—Ouch! Shucks, that was easy! I'd do it again—only I'm a little warm and tired. Better get Mother to give me another rub-down with my Johnson's Baby Powder. And listen, all you other baby athletes..."



● "If your Mothers aren't using Johnson's on you—you tell 'em to test different baby powders with their finger-tips. They'll find some are gritty—but Johnson's is softer than a bunny's ear. It hasn't any zinc stearate or orris-root in it, either."

● Send 10c (in coin) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Johnson & Johnson, Limited, Montreal, Canada. *Johnson & Johnson Limited*

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Conducted by J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

TUBERCULOSIS IN CHILDREN

ALTHOUGH THE mortality from tuberculosis has been more than halved in the last generation, it still carries off about one-seventh of the earth's population. Tuberculosis is acquired chiefly in childhood. It is an infectious disease gained from close contact with someone; such, for example, as a tuberculous mother. It always comes from without like typhoid fever and diphtheria. Because entire families have sickened and died of tuberculosis, the public have assumed that the children have inherited the disease from the parents. Tuberculosis is not inherited, it is caught from someone else. It is probably true that one person may more easily take the disease than another. There is no doubt that all of us have inhaled or swallowed the germs of tuberculosis at some time, possibly many times. In one person the germ finds a favorable place to grow and there it flourishes. In another the soil is barren for the germ; that is, the strength and vigor of the person are able to overcome the infection and it dies.

Usually children are infected by the germs conveyed in dust from street, public conveyance or dwelling, by direct contact through kissing or the germ may be swallowed in food or drink.

Bovine and Human Tuberculosis

There are two kinds of tuberculous infection; first, the bovine type which is carried to the child in the milk of tuberculous cows; and second, the human type. In children under five years, about one-third of the cases are of the bovine type; but taking all ages, about eighty per cent of tuberculous infection is of the human type.

Almost every part of the human body may become the seat of tuberculosis. In the lungs it is called consumption; in the brain it shows itself as tuberculous meningitis; it may attack the bones and joints, the spine,

where it is known as Pott's disease; in the glands of the neck where it is called tuberculous adenitis; if it affects the knee it is called white swelling; it is found in the intestines, the peritoneum, the glands of the abdomen, the bladder, kidneys and the skin.

Between thirty and forty per cent of all cripples have been maimed by tuberculosis. In children it is a very serious disease, but many cases recover with more or less disability.

Prevention of Tuberculosis

Tuberculosis is one of the diseases which can readily be prevented. The principle of tuberculosis prevention is the dictum of Moses, that is, "to separate the sick from the well." If there is a tuberculous mother or other member of a family, the sick one must at once be taken out of the family and cared for elsewhere. Those infected may surely be discovered by the use of a simple and effective test—"the tuberculin test." Usually the infected ones, if the disease has not spread too widely, may have their resistance built up by rest, good food and outdoor life. If the infection has advanced until there is fever, weakness and loss of appetite, the affected one, too, must be separated from the family and have proper treatment. The wholesale prevention of tuberculosis may be effected by the tuberculin testing of all children, tracing the source of the infection, separation of the sick from the well and proper care of the infected ones.

The prevention of bovine tuberculosis involves the testing of cows, destruction of the ones that react to tuberculosis and in the use of either pasteurized or boiled milk. The great reduction of tuberculosis mortality in the last twenty-five years is the best evidence of what may be done in the prevention of this human scourge.

Dr. McCullough's Question Box

I have a baby girl one month old. I nurse her.

1. When is the right time to give orange juice or prune juice?
2. When can I give cereals?
3. When shall I give her water? Before or after feeding?
4. She was born with white pimples under her skin on the nose. How can she get rid of them?
5. Her tongue is always white. What will clear this up?—(Mrs.) A.C., Rouyn, Quebec.

1. At four months; a teaspoonful of orange juice or prune juice. Increase to juice of half an orange by sixth month.
2. At six months you may give one or two

rounded tablespoonfuls of Cream of Wheat mixed with cow's milk which has been boiled for three minutes.

3. One or two ounces water—eight to sixteen teaspoonfuls—may be given daily either before or after food or with food, gradually increasing to six or eight ounces daily by twelve months.
4. The pimples will probably disappear.
5. Don't worry about the tongue if the baby keeps well.

My baby boy, two years and five months old, weight, thirty-five pounds; height, thirty-eight inches, has had scalded buttocks and the parts thereabout since he was nine months old. He has been on skim milk for a year. What can be done for this?—(Mrs.) C.G.M., Bantford.

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Even if baby refuses vegetables in other ways he will soon take to Clapp's and enjoy them.

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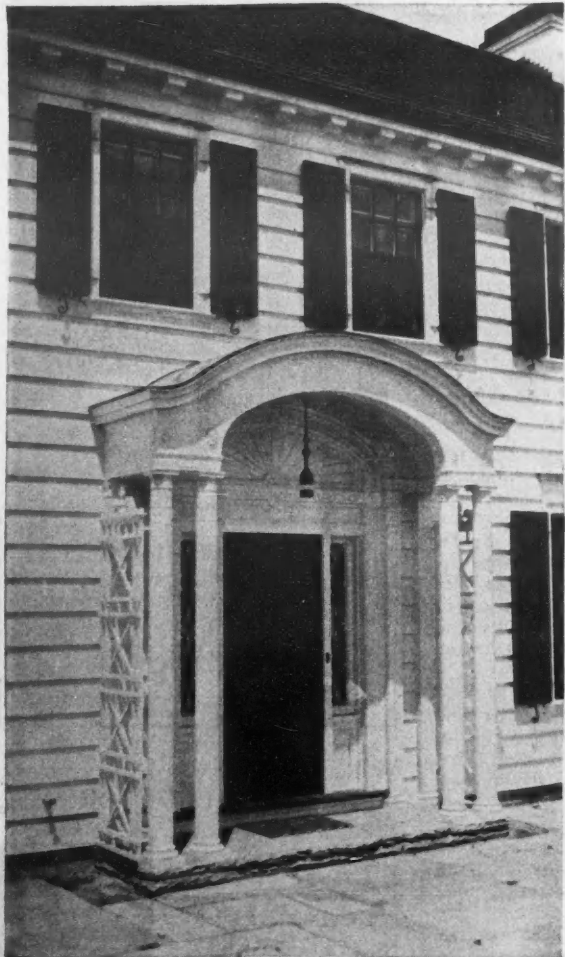
HOUSEKEEPING



Chatelaine's Department
of Home Management

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Helen G. Campbell, Director



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Nor' Easter

(Continued from page 22)

her dreams of a home and permanence and peace.

She faced her dry, hot eyes in the mirror, accepting the end of life for herself. George had been her life for too many years. Fool, fool, she'd been to put her writing, her friends, everything aside for one person. She'd put all her eggs in one basket; an egg. Poor George was rather like an egg, come to think of it. She giggled, heard her laughter ascend to a small scream. "I must get hold of myself," she said aloud and stood rigid, her hands clenched tight together, fighting for calmness. Hysteria averted, she went downstairs, locking her door carefully, mechanically, counting the steps as she descended.

In the lobby the bus driver was talking excitedly. "It's sure a hurricane," he said, importantly. "Five small boats lost a'ready from all reports." Toni saw Bill Bailey put his hand over the man's mouth.

She turned away from them as if she had not heard and went toward the card room, but once out of their sight she snatched up her slicker, and went swiftly out by the side entrance and around the verandah to the dock path.

The next hour was chaos. Toni was never to remember it very distinctly. She knew she paced the long dock, back and forth, back and forth in an endless treadmill. At times when the wind caught her she felt herself blown dangerously near the edge; she thought about that calmly. If she were blown over it would solve everything. She'd fight, but not too much. Head down, rain beating against her face, drenching down inside her coat, she plodded on endlessly, senselessly. Each time at the end of the dock she stopped to strain her eyes into the darkness of the river. Futile, of course. George was gone.

She watched the bobbing light for a long time before her mind took in its meaning. She could make out the outlines of the swinging lantern, could even hear George's voice shouting, before her numbed brain began to function. She screamed then, astonishing herself. She'd never really screamed before; not open-throated, mechanically, involuntarily like this. She could hear her own voice over the howling of the wind.

INSIDE THE hotel they made a great fuss of the men. Logs were piled on the fire; everyone crowded up to shake hands, to help with dripping coats, to laugh and shout with the excitement of relief. Helen clung to Tom Davis and sobbed wildly, running her hands over his wet shoulders as though she could not yet believe that she had him back.

George stood shivering before the fire. His broad, usually ruddy face looked white and strained. He clung to one of Toni's hands while he tried to tell what had happened.

"No one was hurt," he kept repeating. "We just couldn't get in, that's all. Didn't dare come in through the inlet; had to stand out until the gale blew itself out." His body gave a convulsive shudder and he said "Cold," apologetically.

That put an end to the handshaking. "Of course you're cold," Bill Bailey shouted. "You ought to be in bed, all of you. What're we thinking of. Boy—hot water bottles—blankets—I've got what you need," he interrupted himself, bustling behind the counter to bring up a gallon jug.

There was a shout of laughter when the crowd saw that. "Bill, the well-known teetotaler," George stammered, his teeth chattering. He laughed wildly and Toni put a restraining hand on his arm.

"Bed for you, my dear. Go along with Bill now."

George still clung to her hand. "You'll come up in a little while, after I get to bed?" he begged like a child.

"I'll come and tuck you in," Toni assured him.

Climbing the stairs of the Annex an hour later Toni tried to analyze her emotions. That was difficult because she did not seem to have any. Her odd numbness remained. "I can't take it in yet," she thought. "George is here; he isn't dead; I have him back safe," she repeated experimentally. She felt nothing.

George sat up in bed, swathed in blankets, his face flushed, his eyes overbright.

"You're an extremely handsome gent," Toni told him, sitting down on the edge of his bed. "Fever accounts for most of it, I'm afraid; just a false beauty, darling!"

George shook his head. "Bill took my temperature. I'm normal—that way." He grinned. "Other ways—not. I've got a fever all right, only it's not the sort the thermometer registers. It's you. I want my wife. Toni, Toni, what can we have been thinking of, wasting time this way?"

He took her hands, holding them tight in his own hot ones. "That was all I could think of, out there tonight. I was scared. I thought we were going to die. And I could only remember that I didn't want to die without having had you; and our home together and all the things we used to plan."

Triumph surged over Toni in a wave, beating along her veins, roaring in her ears. She'd won. He wanted her. The strength of her exultation frightened her. It was almost vindictive; as though she'd beaten an enemy in a long, hard-fought battle. When he put his hands on her arms and tried to pull her toward him she brushed him away impatiently. Why, she felt like a conqueror, she discovered; arrogant, even antagonistic.

"You'll have to give me time to get used to all this ardor. Don't—ah—rush me into anything, will you, George?"

George, seeming not to notice her tone, was contrite. "You're tired and unstrung, dearest. I should have realized." He watched her, his gaze affectionate, as she got to her feet and crossed to the window. "Think of the life we can have together," he said in a soft voice. "We'll get a house . . ."

Staring into the blankness of the window-pane she only half listened to his voice. This means comfort, she thought; security; a home and a man to take care of you. It's what you've dreamed of, her mind insisted; what you've lived for. Suddenly the implication of that struck her. Security. Comfort. But how abominable! To marry a man for what he could give her—but that was cheap and cowardly!

"We've loved each other so long," she heard him say, and rejected that so violently that she almost spoke out. "That's habit," she wanted to scream at him. She forced herself to calmness, tried to listen.

"Can't you see the home we'll have? When I think of it—you across the breakfast table—you in front of the fire with me at night . . ."

Pictures began to form in her mind. She saw a breakfast table. She poured coffee and looked across into brown eyes set in a fan of wrinkles, above a long, thin-lipped mouth. She stretched her slippers to George's fire but in the chair opposite a tall man lounged, his black head resembling George's brown one not at all.

She whirled round then. "George, I—can't. It's been too long. I don't want you any more."

But George wasn't going to believe that. It was, he said, ridiculous. His voice went on beating at her while she stood, hands over her cheeks, and stared at him, saying almost nothing. It wasn't, she found, a thing you could argue about. She tried once or twice to explain miserably that she was as astonished as he, but he did not seem to hear her. She found herself at last crouched again on the side of his bed, his hands this time held in hers, while she tried, without hurting him, to convince him.

She might as well save her breath, George

Continued on page 66



~ IN THE GRACIOUS MANNER ~

Good friends deserve good fare. And what better gesture of hospitality is there than a glass of that fine, old Canadian beverage—Canada Dry—The Champagne of Ginger Ales? Perhaps it's an evening of bridge, or just a sociable gathering . . . whatever the occasion . . . Canada Dry will add to the gaiety. For always the bubbles dance merrily in its depths . . . its sparkle matches the brilliance of the conversation . . . and its flavour delights alike the palate and the disposition. It's the friendliest drink of all.

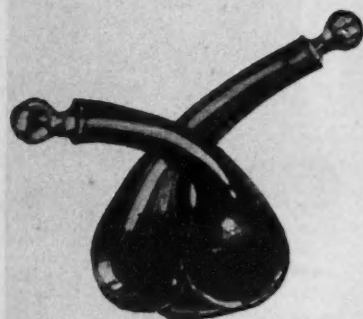
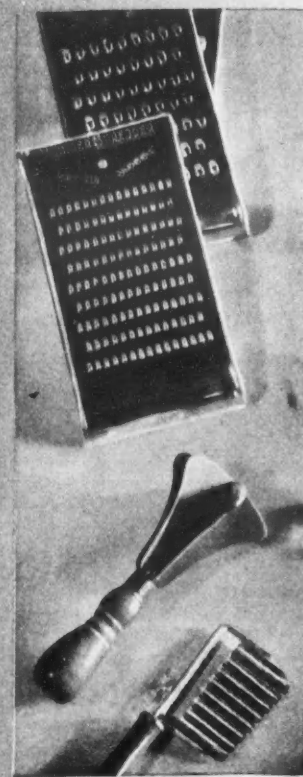
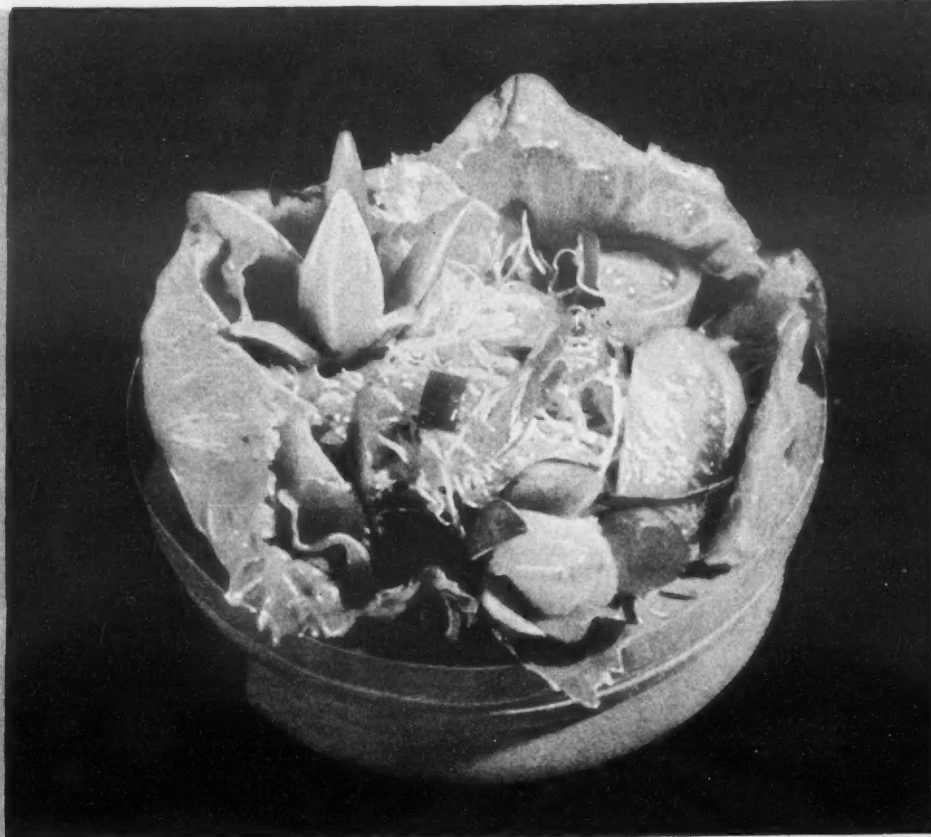
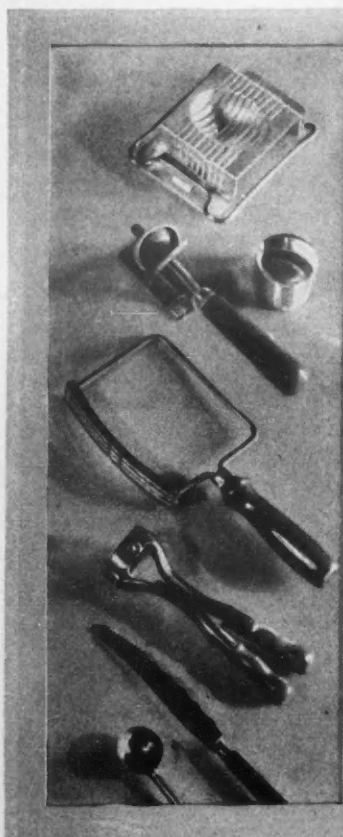
Canada Dry is a fine drink for the children, too, because it's so pure and healthful. It's the one ginger ale known round the world for its matchless quality and taste.

A case of Canada Dry comes in so handy for so many occasions, that you'll find it well worth-while to order one soon. Sold everywhere in the crested emerald bottles.

CANADA DRY

THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES





SALAD DAYS

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL,
Director of The Chatelaine Institute

YOU'LL AGREE with me that a perfect salad is a lovely thing—appealing alike to the eye and the palate. It's irresistible. But don't ask me what I think of insipid mixtures set out on bedraggled, watery leaves. Or the overdecorated concoction which, in my opinion, is just as bad. I'd forgive you many things, but not these, especially when it is so easy to achieve perfection. All you need are well-prepared ingredients which harmonize in flavor and color, crisp thoroughly dried greens, a bit of clever but restrained garnishing—and the right dressing.

Yes, I feel strongly about this matter of salads and salad making. You may use any and every fresh thing from the garden, as well as a number of other good products simply combined or held together in a tender jelly. But success will depend on a good choice for your ensemble; certain flavors and colors blend pleasantly, others just don't hit it off together. So that's the first thing.

The next is the careful preparation of every leaf, sprig, slice or bit of vegetable, fruit, fish, meat, eggs or whatever you use. Then attractive arrangement, the proper dressing and appropriate service.

Consider the greens, the foundation of every salad. Lettuce is the most usual but by no means the only one; there is the peppery graceful cress, the delicate endive, the pungent escarole, romaine and others—even the lowly dandelion. You may use one, two or all of them, for each contributes variety of flavor and color. They are all alike in one respect, however; they are at their best only when crisp and cool. Select only perfect leaves or stalks, wash them in cold water and shake well. Put them in the special container or a covered dish in your refrigerator and then, before you use them, dry them between the folds of a cloth or a paper towel. Nothing is worse than drops of water left on, for it means the ruination of any dressing.

Use care, too, in the preparation of the other ingredients,

whatever they may be, if you don't want your salad to have a thrown-together look. Meat, fish and cooked vegetables should be cut in even fair-sized pieces, not chopped too finely. Raw vegetables should be washed, crisped and dried, then prepared according to their variety and your own preference. For instance, cucumber may be in cubes or thin slices, tomatoes sliced or in wedges, green pepper diced or in thin strips, cabbage, finely shredded; chives and onions, well chopped; carrots, white turnips, beets and others, grated. There are all sorts of gadgets to make the work easy and the results attractive.

Meat and fish for salad, by the way, are usually improved by marinating: which means to toss the diced ingredients lightly in French dressing until every portion is coated. Do this an hour or so before serving and let stand in a cold place. It helps to improve the flavor and preserve the color and texture. Good for potato salad mixture, too, and many other combinations.

Fruit, fresh and canned, is used to advantage in salads; its cool tartness and fine appearance are appetizing at any time. Varieties which are apt to darken when peeled—apples, peaches, pears, bananas—should be covered at once with French dressing.

Arrange your salad just before serving and add your salad dressing then or at the table. Resist with all your strength elaborate garnishing but with the variety of ingredients in all their different colors and forms, make the dish as handsome as a bouquet of flowers.

There is, of course, an endless number of possibilities in combination. I leave that largely to your ingenuity and good food sense though the suggestions given later may help you.

Each type of salad has its own rôle, and indeed its successful service depends a good deal on knowing which goes where and what goes with it. The salad may, for instance, be the main course—a whole meal in itself; in which case your choice will be a hearty variety full of real nourishment. Meat, fish, egg or cheese with vegetables are appropriate

combinations and sufficiently satisfying. If, instead, the salad is to accompany the roast at dinner, it should be light and simple—a mere bit of crispness. The same applies to the one served as a separate course following the meat, otherwise the meal will be too heavy. The perfect thing for this is a variety of greens in a chilled bowl, each leaf glistening with well-seasoned French dressing and tasting, oh, so good. It may be just a neat wedge of lettuce with a vinaigrette or another dressing. Or lettuce curls with chopped green pepper and minced chives, spears of endive with scarlet tomato wedges, a light tomato jelly, holding slivers of celery and tender green peas, sections of orange and grapefruit, freed of all the skin and membrane. Simplicity, that's the thing.

Dessert salads are usually fruit in tasty combinations often with a foamy sweeter dressing. Almost any variety, fresh or canned may be used, with suitable additions for interesting flavor and garnish. They are sometimes molded in a delicate jelly and turned out in trim little mounds.

Salads star in party refreshments and here again the occasion decides the type to serve. If it's an afternoon bridge you'll want one that is light but very tempting—a mint jelly ring with pineapple and a cream cheese dressing, pear halves set on a spoonful of mayonnaise to which is added a little chopped ginger, the rounded side of the pear spread with softened cream cheese and covered with overlapping halves of Malaga grapes—for all the world like a bunch from the vine, if you stick in a sliver of ginger for the stem. Or for something simpler, golden canned apricots on a slice of pineapple (cut in sections and placed together again), decorated with a fat prune in the centre—black-eyed Susan!

If it's an evening party and the salad is the main dish, you might have something more substantial—lobster, crab, shrimp, chicken, cheese and vegetable, or any one of a hundred or so possibilities. Then there is the buffet supper or the supper round the fireside when the salad may be a wonderfully good mixture in a [Continued on page 61]

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mixture of fine flavors? Both have their devotees and both are possible when you have the ingredients on hand. But don't forget thorough chilling and an attractive bit of garnish go a long way in making them superlatively good.

Iced Beverage Cubes

- ¾ Cupful of lemon juice, strained
- 1 Cupful of grape juice
- ¼ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of water

Combine the above ingredients, stir until the sugar is completely dissolved and turn into the ice-cube tray of the mechanical refrigerator. Use these instead of plain ice cubes to garnish and chill summer beverages.

Fruit Punch

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of tea
- 2 Cupfuls of freshly boiling water
- 1 Lemon
- 1 Orange
- 1 Can of crushed pineapple (No. 2)
- 1 Pint bottle of grape juice
- 2 Pint bottles of dry ginger ale
- Sugar

Pour the freshly boiling water over the tea and allow to stand for five to seven minutes. Strain and add the juice of the orange and the lemon, the contents of the can of pineapple, the grape juice and ginger ale and enough sugar to sweeten to taste. Serve in tall glasses over crushed ice, garnished with a curl of orange peel or a sprig of fresh mint.

Grape Mint Punch

- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of water
- 3 or 4 Drops of essence of peppermint
- 1 Cupful of lemon juice
- 1 Quart of grape juice

Boil the sugar and water together for ten minutes. Add the peppermint essence and cool the mixture. Mix with the fruit juices, chill and serve with cracked ice.

Minted Ginger Ale

(Individual Serving)

- 1¾ Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- Fresh mint leaves
- ¾ Teaspoonful of sugar
- Cracked ice
- 1 Bottle of dry ginger ale

Crush the mint leaves in the lemon juice, add the sugar and stir. Lastly add the cracked ice and the ginger ale. Combine thoroughly and serve.

Fruit Medley

- 1 Cupful of orange juice
- 1 Cupful of lemon juice
- 1 Quart of grape juice
- 2 Cupfuls of pineapple juice
- 1 Small bottle of maraschino cherries
- 2 Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Quarts of carbonated water

Combine the lemon, orange, grape and pineapple juices, cut the cherries in pieces and add, with their juice. Add the sugar and allow to stand in a cold place until dissolved. Just before serving, add ice cubes and the carbonated water.

Rhubarb Punch

- 1 Quart of red rhubarb
- 1 Cupful of sugar

- Water
- 6 Cloves
- 1 Inch of cinnamon stick
- 1 Small piece of ginger root
- 1 Cupful of water

Put the rhubarb, which has been cut in inch pieces, and the sugar in a saucepan and add water to cover. Cook until tender and strain. Boil the spices in the cupful of water for five minutes and strain. Combine the two liquids, chill thoroughly and serve in tall glasses with ice cubes.

Pineapple Punch

- 4 Cupfuls of cold black tea
- 4 Cupfuls of pineapple juice
- Juice of two lemons
- ¼ Cupful of sugar syrup
- Ice cubes
- Fresh raspberries for garnish

Combine the tea, the pineapple juice, the lemon juice and sugar syrup and chill thoroughly. Strain over ice cubes and garnish with fresh raspberries.

N.B.—To make sugar syrup, boil together for five minutes, two cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water.

Iced Orange Coffee

- ½ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of water
- Yellow rind of two oranges
- 4 Cupfuls of cold coffee
- Juice of two oranges
- ½ Cupful of evaporated milk
- Crushed ice

Boil the sugar, water and orange rind, from which all white has been removed, together for ten minutes. Cool and strain and add the coffee. Chill thoroughly and just before serving add the orange juice and the evaporated milk. Serve in tall glasses over crushed ice.

Iced Chocolate Mint Drink

- 2 Squares of chocolate
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- ¾ Cupful of sugar
- 4 or 5 Marshmallows
- 2 or 3 Drops of oil of peppermint
- 4 Cupfuls of milk

Melt the chocolate over hot water, add the boiling water and cook for three minutes. Add the sugar and boil again for two minutes. Remove from the heat, add the marshmallows and beat until they are melted and the mixture is smooth. Add the oil of peppermint and the milk, beat well, chill and serve with cracked ice.

Raspberry or Blackberry Shrub

- 1 Quart of blackberry or raspberry juice
- Sugar syrup
- 1 Cupful of grape juice
- Juice of two lemons
- Juice of two oranges
- Cracked ice
- Carbonated water

Strain the juice from canned berries, pressing as much of the pulp through as possible, or cook fresh berries with only enough water to keep them from burning, and strain. Sweeten to taste with sugar syrup. Add the grape juice, the lemon and orange juice and chill thoroughly. Fill tall glasses one-third full of cracked ice, add one-third glassful of the fruit mixture and fill the glasses with carbonated water. Serve at once.



• "Just the flavor I've always wanted"—"Simply delicious"—these are the comments of critical women on first tasting this new type of dressing.

"Thousands prefer it to mayonnaise"

yet it costs less!



LIB: Sally, these bridge suppers are getting me down! Bert always wants waffles . . .

SALLY: Why don't you try a frozen salad? Mary Strawbridge is raving about a new dressing—Miracle Whip.



BERT: Those waffles nearly ready, Lib? I'm hollow clear to the toes.

LIB: Surprise! 'Tisn't waffles; it's salad!

BERT: Well—for the love —



LIB: Yes, her picture was in the morning paper. Believe I will! . . . Thanks for the lift . . . and the hint!

SALLY: Bert will love the flavor of Miracle Whip—that combination of mayonnaise and boiled dressing.



SALLY: Don't cry 'til you taste it, Bert! BERT: By golly, it is good—specially this stuff on top. What is it?

LIB: Miracle Whip Salad Dressing—darling—everybody's favorite!

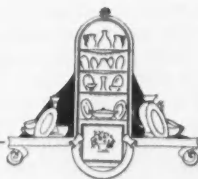
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COOL DRINKS for HOT DAYS

by M. Frances Hucks

SOMEONE ASKED me recently: "Won't you write an article and tell me all about summer beverages?" Well, of course, I couldn't do that; as well ask an astronomer to tell you all about the stars. But I do know some things, and July is the time to put them into practice.

First of all, I know that summer drinks should be long and tall and generous. They should have a hint of frost about them with ice cubes tinkling in their cool depths. Or they may be piping hot—for a chilly evening. I know no occasion when a lukewarm beverage is to be tolerated.

Art in mixing means the following of certain rules though there is plenty of room for your ingenuity in developing new flavors and novel garnishings. The little matter of ice, for instance, is something to think about. Use plenty, in cubes just as they come from the tray of your refrigerator or broken into fair-sized pieces if you're cracking artificial ice. Finely chipped ice melts more quickly and does not last so long. Besides, the generous blocks look nicer. You can make ice cubes even more attractive in several ways—by placing a cherry, a bit of lemon or orange, a sprig of mint or any colorful edible in the centre when the cubes are only partly frozen, by coloring the water with pure food coloring or better still by making them of fruit juice, sweetened very slightly. Fruit juice cubes are especially good, for as they melt they add their own color and flavor. Try them with plain ginger ale.

Chill all the ingredients for your beverage before pouring over the ice in the glass, otherwise the ice melts too quickly. Chilling is especially important if you are using a carbonated beverage; there is more effervescence and sparkle as you drink.

It is best to use sugar syrup to sweeten punches and other summer beverages rather than sugar. It saves time and makes a better, smoother blend—really a vast difference. Make a supply and keep it bottled in your refrigerator for a thirsty day. Honey is good with some combinations; so are maple syrup and white corn syrup. And the juices of canned fruit help. Most people prefer a tartly refreshing drink—not too sweet, so taste as you mix.

One of the most important and one of the nicest things about summer beverages is the variety of ingredients that may go into them and the multitude of different flavors which we can achieve. There is a big field for experiment and origination. In fact, some of your biggest successes may be made from no particular recipe but a little of this, and this, and that, from materials on hand. That is, if you know the few tricks in combining.

You believe in preparedness, don't you? It's the part of wisdom to stock a corner of your refrigerator and a cupboard shelf with ready-to-drink products, and others which play their part in making a delicious beverage. The list includes ginger ale, grape juice, cider, and popular brands of carbonated beverages, raspberry vinegar, lime and other fruit "cups" or "ades," soda water as well as canned fruit juices *en variété*. Syrups, flavoring extracts and spices have their place, and tea and coffee are useful in the long tall glass as well as in the cup. Milk—evaporated, condensed or pow-

dered—should be tucked away ready against the time the supply of fresh is low and you want an eggnog, a "shake" or another nourishing drink. Have a jar of chocolate or cocoa syrup on hand ready for quick and easy flavoring. Perhaps you will keep a grand mixture of left-over juices from canned fruits and a bottle of sweetened lemon syrup just so you'll never be caught unawares. Fresh fruit—lemons, oranges, anything that grows on tree or vine—may lend its deliciousness to your punch, so there is no limit to the good things you may serve.

Mix your drinks early—that is, the fruit juice combinations—for they "ripen" on standing and take on a particular mellowness. But if you are using a carbonated beverage add it just as you are serving. The best way is to pour the first mixture over the ice in the glass, then carefully, a little of the carbonated liquid which will immediately begin to bubble and fizz. When it has had time to do its bit of stirring, add the remaining portion and serve at once. The richer milk-and-egg drinks are ready as soon as combined and should not be allowed to stand about before serving. Don't put ice in these or they taste watery, but be sure they are really cold.

Any one of the concoctions in the way of summer drinks is good at any hour of the day. If they are used with the meal, choose the type and the flavor according to what you expect of them. If they are intended as thirst quenchers

only, the light, pleasantly tart mixtures are best but if they are to be counted on to supply some of the food value of the meal, the more nutritious milk drinks are appropriate.

Tastes vary in drinks as in everything else. These drinks may be plain or a wonderful

How to Make these Delicious Summer Drinks

ICED BEVERAGE CUBES
GRAPE MINT PUNCH
MINTED GINGER ALE

FRUIT PUNCH
FRUIT MEDLEY
RHUBARB PUNCH
RASPBERRY OR BLACKBERRY SHRUB

PINEAPPLE PUNCH
ICED ORANGE COFFEE
ICED CHOCOLATE MINT

Here's Summer

HERE'S Summer! — and here's hoping it will be a long and delightful one, as our Canadian Summers usually are.

Of course our Summers are often hot and sultry and this means discomfort and an "all in" feeling for many, but that is not the fault of Summer. The full enjoyment of even the hottest days is all a matter of keeping the blood in proper condition. Take my case! I'm never "all in" even on the hottest days. I'm always full of "pep" and energy. I often sit in the "altogether" on the flat top of our building in the broiling sun, hours at a stretch, without even a head covering, although the "authorities" all say "cover the head while sun bathing." And that's good advice too for those who live on the conventional diet of civilization which cannot avoid destroying the normal alkali reserve, "nature's first defense against fatigue, disease and premature death." When the normal alkali reserve is destroyed the blood becomes "viscid" or rosy, circulating with great difficulty through the capillary blood vessels through which all organs, including heart and brain, get their life blood supply. On hot days, sweating depletes the blood of water, making it still more rosy and difficult to circulate through heart and brain. That is what causes the "all in" feeling, heat strokes and collapse on hot days.

But I fear none of these because I have in my blood a "normal alkali reserve" and my blood is not rosy, but vital and very fluid. That gives vitality and resistance to heart and brain, through both of which it circulates without hindrance, maintaining a free supply of life blood in these vital organs and calling upon the heart for far less labor. Of course, therefore, I am not "all in" on even the hottest day and can safely defy "old Sol" to do his worst. Anyone who will live my way can safely defy the sun, especially if he will feed himself my way.

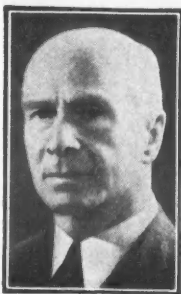
And now you may ask "How does the cold affect you?" Well, during the past winter, the coldest in many years, I motored all over Ontario and parts of Quebec and New England, wearing neither overcoat, vest nor underwear. Sometimes it was 36 degrees below zero, yet I went about lecturing between 3 and 4 hours every night, often talking 8 hours in one day, yet I never suffered or never tired—and I am now in my 77th year. How could I do it? For the very same reason that I can stand excessive heat, because I have a normal alkali reserve in my blood, my "first defence against fatigue, disease and premature death." For blood is life, life is resistance—and blood is made from food.

How did I obtain such a perfect blood condition? By the use of an 80% alkali-forming diet, the most important part of which consists of either Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy or Lishus, and Kofy-Sub as my only beverage.

I suffer from neither heat nor cold and at 76 I safely defy disease because I obey the Creator's health laws, and a perfect body with immunity from disease is the reward of Creative Wisdom for all who thus obey.

You can obtain this same great reward if you will also obey. Proper feeding is not all, but it is a vitally important part and the place to begin. My bulletin on Alkali-Forming Foods will greatly aid you and is free to those who write for it, but I want only those to have it who are sufficiently health-conscious and intelligent to be anxious to have it without being urged. Address: Robert G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.

Robert G. Jackson M.D.



The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., at 75. When 50 years of age Dr. Jackson was given but four months to live by the famous Sir Wm. Osler, but through natural living habits and the use of alkaline foods Dr. Jackson is to-day in his 76th year the embodiment of youthful vigor and endurance.

These Recipes are Mentioned in Meals of the Month

Jellied Vegetable Salad

- 1 1/4 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- 1/2 Cupful of cold water
- 1/2 Cupful of lime juice
- 1/2 Cupful of boiling water
- 1/3 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 3/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of mild vinegar
- Green coloring
- 3/4 Cupful of diced cucumber
- 3/4 Cupful of thinly sliced radishes
- 3/4 Cupful of thinly sliced young onions

Soften the gelatine in the cold water. Add the lime juice to the hot water and sugar. Combine with the softened gelatine and dissolve over hot water. Cool and add the lemon juice, salt, vinegar, and enough green coloring to make the mixture a pale green. When the mixture begins to set, stir in the prepared vegetables and turn into a cold wet mold. Serve unmolded on crisp lettuce or watercress with mayonnaise. Approximately six servings.

Lamb Pie

- 2 Pounds of lamb flank
- 2 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1 Medium onion, sliced
- 1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of pepper
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- Baking powder biscuit dough

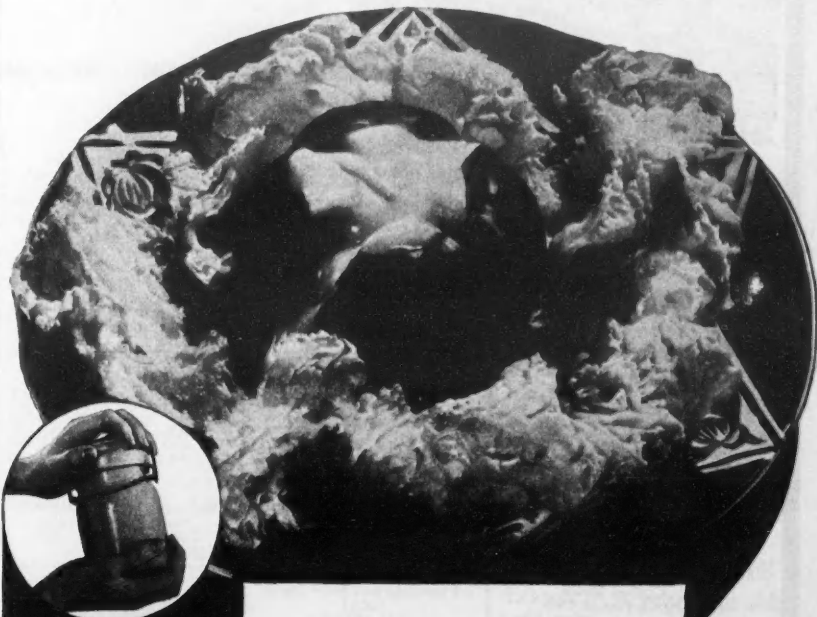
Wipe the meat, cut it in pieces and cover with the boiling water. Add the sliced onion, the salt and pepper, cover and allow to simmer until tender—about two hours. Remove from the heat and allow to cool in the stock, preferably overnight. Remove the fat, put the meat in a baking dish, discarding all bone and gristle, strain the stock and measure it. There should be one and a half cupfuls. Melt three tablespoonfuls of the lamb fat, add the flour and stir until smooth, then add the stock gradually and heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Season to taste and pour half cupful over the meat in the baking dish. Cover the top with small uncooked baking powder biscuits and bake for half hour in a fairly hot oven—400 degrees Fahrenheit. Heat the remaining gravy and serve with the pie.

Jellied Meat Loaf

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- 1 Cupful of cold water
- 2 Cupfuls of meat stock or bouillon
- 1 Medium onion, sliced
- 1 Stalk of celery
- Small bay leaf
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 2 Cupfuls of chopped cooked veal, ham or chicken
- 1/4 Cupful of pimiento strips
- 1/2 Tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Add the sliced onion, the chopped celery and the bay leaf to the stock and bring to boiling point. Boil slowly for three minutes, strain and pour over the softened gelatine. Add the lemon juice, cool, and when the mixture begins to thicken, add the meat, the pimiento and the chopped parsley. Turn into a cold wet mold and chill. Serve unmolded, cut in slices and garnished with hard-cooked egg, sliced tomatoes and green pepper rings. Twelve servings.

Miraculous! You shake up this Mayonnaise!



Eagle Brand

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

- 1/4 cup vinegar or lemon juice
- 1/4 cup salad oil or melted butter
- 2/3 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 1 egg yolk (unbeaten)
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Few grains Cayenne
- 1 teasp. dry mustard

Place ingredients in pint jar in order listed. Fasten top on jar tightly and shake vigorously for 2 minutes. The mixture will blend perfectly. If thicker consistency is desired, chill before serving.

• Imagine! Deliciously smooth, home-made mayonnaise in 5 minutes! No tedious stirring. No failures! And it costs less! • But remember — Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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The Chatelaine Magazine

Behind the Chatelaine's Seal of Approval

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

THE HOUSEKEEPER these days must have her wits about her. Science has lifted much of the old-time drudgery from her shoulders, but just the same she has her own set of problems. She must know not only her onions but all her groceries, for in her rôle of purchasing agent for her family she must be able to make a wise choice from among the wide range of food products on the market, to recognize quality, to be familiar with the different brands and grades, to know what to expect of her purchase and how to use it to the best advantage. All this in order to get full value for her money.

If she is a sensible, thrifty soul, she is "choosy" not only in her selection of expensive equipment, but in the little items which may cost only a few cents but are important to her success and her reputation as a good manager.

There are signs by which you may judge and the Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval is a reliable one. Just what does that mean in the case of a food? The answer is that the product is what the manufacturer claims it to be, and that it will give satisfaction when used according to its purpose.

And how, you may ask, do we know that it is good; on what do we base our judgment? Perhaps I can tell you more clearly by describing the tests of one particular product although naturally these vary with different foods.

Let us take baking powder, a leavening agent familiar to any housekeeper who ever baked a pan of biscuits. The procedure is like this:

When an application for test is received from the manufacturer we go out and buy a supply from the nearest grocery, whether or not samples have been sent to us. Then we sit down and study the label. What does the manufac-

turer say about it? Does he guarantee its purity and efficiency in leavening? Are the directions clear and are there any recipes? After we have taken note of these points, the sample goes to the kitchen and is tested as an ingredient of batters and doughs carefully prepared from a standard recipe, using the proportion of baking powder recommended by the manufacturer. Not only that, we use in each case the same technique of measuring, mixing and baking, with the oven heat controlled. After cooking, the results are examined with a critical eye and tasted by the critical palates of our tasting committee.

In making our tests we do not overlook the fact that baking powders differ in the amount required. All types liberate about the same amount of carbon dioxide, the gas which forms when the soda and acid of the powder act upon each other, and which leavens your loaf. But certain types are slower in action. Or to put it more clearly, less gas is freed before the mixture goes into the hot oven. You see when you are making a cake, as soon as liquid is added to the dry ingredients (of which baking powder is one), the gas begins to form but the amount formed then, at room temperature, varies according to the type of baking powder you have used—tartrate, phosphate or combination. The quantity for good results is usually specified by the manufacturer. Hence the importance of reading the label. Excellent results are possible with all the types, provided you follow directions and measure accurately.

But to get back to our testing of one particular brand. Of course, we use the amount recommended by the manufacturer and try out any recipes which may be on the package. If the recipe does not work out satisfactorily or if it is indefinite or vague in wording, recommendations are made on this score.

And while this study is going on in the kitchen, our chemist is putting the sample through its paces in the laboratory. He first of all weighs the unopened can and takes the weight of the contents—to verify this claim. Then he starts in to check a lot of other things. The Dominion Government has set a certain definite standard for baking powders in order to safeguard the housekeeper against an inferior product. The sample must, of course, conform to this, (and to the Chatelaine Institute standard of quality and efficiency). Next he

identifies the type by means of certain chemical reagents which indicate the acid component. As you know, there is soda in all and a little cornstarch or flour to keep the powder dry and prevent any reaction in the tin. But the acid differs. It may be cream of tartar, with or without tartaric acid, to produce what we speak of as a tartrate baking powder. Or it may be calcium acid phosphate for the phosphate powder.



In our laboratory

If it's a combination type there will be two acids—calcium acid phosphate and sodium aluminium sulphate. And so we know if it is what it claims to be, and something of the rate at which it will react in a mixture. To find out how it will behave in a batter or dough the chemist measures the amount of available gas, using the apparatus shown in the illustration by which he can check with accuracy and precision. There is a legal limit for metallic impurities and he must know that the sample is within this limit. So a test is made on this score.

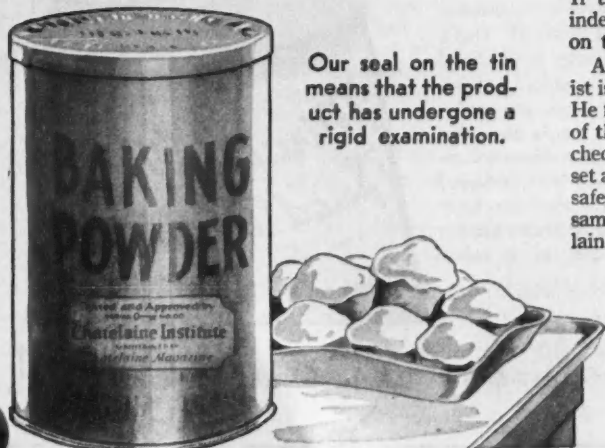
On the basis of these two reports—of the home economist in the kitchen and the chemist in his laboratory, our decision is made. If it is found satisfactory, chemically and for the culinary purpose it is intended, if the manufacturer's claims for it are justified and the cost to the housekeeper is reasonable, it is given the Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval. If you see this Seal on a product or in an advertisement, you may be assured that it has been subjected to rigid examination and found not wanting. You may buy it with the assurance that it is good quality and good value.

Of course you cannot expect perfect results unless you are precise in measuring and equally careful with each step in preparation. Too little baking powder results in small volume and heaviness or closeness of grain; too much is equally undesirable for the product will be coarse and dry and sometimes it will "fall." Remember, too, that the amount required depends on what type you use, for they cannot be used interchangeably—a teaspoonful of one type for a teaspoonful of another. Use the quantity specified by the manufacturer and if you bake from a manufacturer's recipe, use the baking powder recommended unless you understand how to adapt it for a brand of another type.

Another point to consider is the speed at which you work. Batters and doughs should not be allowed to stand about in room temperature after they are mixed. If it is necessary to keep them for some time before baking, place them in your refrigerator, as the low temperature retards the formation of gas.

Quite an important ingredient, baking powder. And quite an interesting study to find out its characteristics.

We have given you a glimpse behind the scenes to let you see the manner in which scientific knowledge and precision enter into the testing of food products at the Chatelaine Institute. Our procedure varies according to the food under test but the same careful scrutiny is given to all and the Chatelaine Institute Seal on a product is a sign of our approval.



Our seal on the tin means that the product has undergone a rigid examination.



"I like a HOT dinner...and a COOL-looking wife"

"I DON'T SEE how Jones stands it," my husband said. "He gets home at night, tired as a dog, and all his wife gives him for dinner is cold pick-ups."

"Jack," I said, "I used to hate cooking in summer, too. It's Pyrex Ware that's made all the difference. You don't know what hours of work it saves me! I baked this whole dinner in 30 minutes—and kept cool on the porch while it was baking."

"With Pyrex Ware, you not only bake at lower temperatures—you cook, serve and put things away in the same dish, cutting your dishwashing two-thirds."

"Food tastes better, too, when it's cooked in Pyrex Ware. It doesn't get overdone or underdone—for you can see it bake."

"Jack said: 'For Heaven's sake, buy some more Pyrex Ware, if it helps you to get a dinner like this.'"

"This was my 30-minute menu:

**Individual Beef Cutlets Potato Puff
Escalloped Asparagus
Tomato and Cucumber Salad
Strawberry Shortcake**

SHORTEN YOUR KITCHEN HOURS this summer—stock up now with heat-saving, time-saving Pyrex Brand Ware! Very reasonably priced. Pie plates, 60¢ to \$1.00. Casseroles, 60¢ to \$2.50. Custard cups only 10¢ each.



Nothing better in summer than Strawberry Shortcake. Bakes more evenly in Pyrex Ware.

Raisin Muffins come out tender and fluffy when baked in Pyrex Custard Cups.



SPARKLING

Pyrex OVENWARE
Registered Trade-mark

Saves money, saves time, cooks foods better

Salad Days

(Continued from page 54)

huge bowl or a molded one full of a variety of harmonizing ingredients. Potato salad is the first thought, to go with the cold cuts. Or a platter of stuffed eggs in lettuce cups, cole slaw, sauerkraut salad, chicken with vegetables and so on—and on.

That's not all the salad story; the dressing is equally important to a perfect ensemble. In fact the main art in making the salad is in mixing a delicious and appropriate dressing. French dressings, boiled dressing and mayonnaise, all permit of variations and it is easy to make a great variety from these basic recipes. Then there are the comparatively new and very delicious dressings made with condensed milk and a few other ingredients, simply shaken together—one of the modern short cuts in cooking. With so many possibilities, so many varied and interesting flavors, why do most housekeepers limit themselves to one or two and use them with everything? There is a right dressing for every type of salad; the bowl of fresh greens, for instance, simply demands a blend of oil and vinegar in proper proportion, seasoned to the last point of perfection. A molded salad calls for boiled dressing, an uncooked thick dressing or mayonnaise, and most fruit salads for a dressing of delicate flavor. These are only a few hints, but if you experiment a little you will find the perfect complement to your salad whatever it may be. And if you should have no particular choice, try different dressings from time to time and so add even greater variety to this popular course. You can make up a quantity of the plain base or use the prepared and bottled kind and vary them to suit your fancy. That's what keeps your interest up.

And now, how to serve the salad? In a large bowl or on individual plates? The occasion partly decides that, too, although there is no hard and fast rule; it's largely a matter of convenience and preference. Sets of bowls and plates are being shown in smart designs for use when the salad is served at the table or set out for the buffet supper. Among the new things for informal serve are the quaint little wooden bowls shown in the illustration. Brush them before using with hot salad oil and wipe; don't wash them afterward; let the wood carry a faint flavor of your perfect dressings.

Then there is the question of what to serve with salads. But that's another story; more of it later in another issue of *Chatelaine*.

A Meat Salad

- 1½ Cupfuls of diced cooked ham
- ¼ Cupful of chopped sweet pickle
- 1 Sweet red pepper, minced
- ¼ Cupful of chopped celery
- ¼ Cupful of diced cucumber
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of dry mustard
- ½ Cupful of French dressing

Combine the ham, pickles, red pepper, celery and cucumber and allow to chill thoroughly. Mix the mustard to a paste with a little warm water and gradually pour on the French dressing, beating vigorously during the addition and continuing to beat until the dressing is smoothly blended and thick and creamy. Season to taste with salt and sugar and serve with the above salad, arranged on crisp lettuce.

A Fish Salad

- 1 Cupful of shrimps
- 1 Cupful of grapefruit sections, cut in pieces
- ½ Cupful of diced cucumber
- ½ Cupful of diced celery
- Mayonnaise
- Lettuce
- Green pepper strips

Remove the black vein from the shrimps and cut each shrimp in two or three pieces. Combine lightly with the grapefruit, cucumber and celery and add mayonnaise to moisten (about quarter to one-third cupful). Chill thoroughly and serve on crisp lettuce with additional mayonnaise if desired and garnish of green pepper strips. Six servings.

A Fruit Salad

- 6 Slices of canned pineapple
- 1 Small box of strawberries
- Sugar
- 3 or 4 Marshmallows
- Blanched toasted almonds
- Lettuce
- Fruit salad dressing

Drain the pineapple and cut each slice in two crosswise to form two thin slices. Wash and hull the berries and reserve some of the most perfect ones for garnishing. Mash the remainder, add sugar to sweeten and the marshmallows which have been cut in small pieces with the scissors. Allow to stand in the refrigerator until well chilled. Arrange a thin slice of the pineapple on crisp lettuce, cover with the strawberry mixture and place the other thin slice on top to form a sandwich. Put more of the strawberry mixture on the top and garnish with the whole berries which have been split part way through to hold a toasted almond. Serve with fruit salad dressing. Six servings.

A Green Vegetable Salad

- Endive
- Lettuce or romaine
- Chopped celery
- Chopped cucumber
- Strips of green pepper
- French dressing
- Grated onion

Marinate the chopped celery and cucumber in French dressing, drain and fill the endive stalks with the mixture. Arrange on lettuce or romaine, garnish with strips of green pepper and serve with French dressing to which a little grated onion is added.

A Mixed Vegetable Salad

- 1 Cupful of finely grated raw carrot
- 1 Cupful of cooked or canned green peas (well drained)
- ½ Cupful of finely diced celery
- 1 Teaspoonful of very finely minced fresh mint
- Mayonnaise
- Lettuce

Combine the vegetables lightly and add enough mayonnaise to moisten. Chill and serve on crisp lettuce. Garnish with celery curls.

- 1 Cupful of diced apple
- 1 Cupful of grapefruit (juice and pulp)
- 2 Cupfuls of ripe melon (cut in small dice or scooped out with a small ball cutter)
- ¼ Cupful of shaved almonds or chopped pecan nuts
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- ¼ Cupful of cold water
- ½ Cupful of boiling water
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- Fruit dressing or mayonnaise

Prepare the fruits as directed, mix lightly and set in the refrigerator to chill. Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes, add the boiling water and sugar, stir until dissolved. Set aside to cool. When the mixture begins to thicken, add the lemon juice, the prepared fruits and the nuts. Turn into a cold wet mold and allow to set.

A Molded Salad

Serve unmolded on crisp lettuce or watercress with fruit dressing or mayonnaise as accompaniment. If desired the nuts may be omitted from the mold and used as a garnish.

(Continued on page 63)

MAZOLA

for Salad Dressings

BETTER QUICKER CHEAPER



BETTER because

Mazola is a pure vegetable oil, manufactured from sun-ripened golden corn. For mayonnaise and all salad dressings, it is preferred by many to the finest imported olive oils.



QUICKER because

Mazola is naturally suitable for mixing - delicious, smooth mayonnaise can be made in a few minutes, quickly and easily.



CHEAPER because

Mazola is an ideal oil for the kitchen. Inexpensive to buy and economical to use. For deep frying and sauteing, it has no equal. It can be used over and over again without transmitting the flavour from one food to another.



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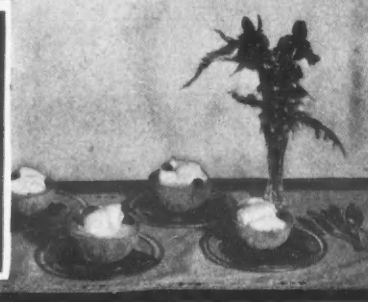
The SALAD and COOKING OIL

The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited,



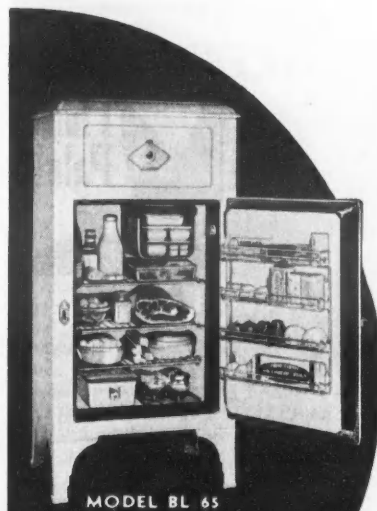
Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for July



1 BREAKFAST <i>(Sunday)</i> Fresh Strawberries Crisp Waffles Honey Coffee Cocoa	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Chicken and Celery Salad Brown Rolls Assorted Cookies Chilled Chocolate Milk Drink	DINNER Chilled Tomato Juice Rib Roast of Beef Mushroom Gravy Browned Potatoes Asparagus Peanut Caramel Ice Cream* Iced Tea or Coffee	17 BREAKFAST Pineapple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Cocoa	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Barley Broth Devilled Eggs with Lettuce and Watercress Hot Biscuits Tea Honey Cocoa	DINNER Liver and Onions Baked Potatoes Broiled Cabbage Jellied Fruits Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
2 Orange Juice Cereal Bacon Marmalade Toast Coffee Cocoa	(Picnic Supper) Hamburger in Flat Cakes with Catsup Stuffed Celery Dill Pickle Loaf Cake Cookies Coffee Fruit Punch	<i>(served at noon)</i> Hot Consommé Cold Roast Beef Mustard Pickles Lyonnaise Potato Green Beans Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea	18 Baked Rhubarb Cereal Tiny Broiled Sausages Toast Coffee Cocoa	Macaroni and Tomatoes Green Onions Radishes Berries and Cream Plain Cake Tea Cocoa	Cream of Mushroom Soup Jellied Meat Loaf* Duchess Potatoes Buttered Beets Fresh Cherry Pie Coffee Tea
3 Stewed Rhubarb Bread and Milk Bran Muffins Coffee Jam Cocoa	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Head Lettuce Salad Canned Peaches Warm Muffins Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Creamed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea	19 Cereal with Sliced Bananas Whole Wheat Muffins Coffee Jam Cocoa	<i>(Cold Plate)</i> Jellied Meat Potato Salad Cabbage and Green Pepper Slaw Pickled Peas Fruit Trifle Tea Cocoa	Panfried Small Fish Boiled Potatoes Fried Tomatoes Junket with Sliced Oranges and Coconut Coffee Tea
4 Tomato Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Crackers Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Cole Slaw Tea Cocoa	Lamb Pie Steamed Rice Spinach Lemon Foam Pudding Coffee Tea	20 Chilled Tomato Juice Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Bean Soup Grilled Sardines on Toast with Lemon Blackberries Fruit Bread Tea Cocoa	<i>(Vegetable Plate)</i> Scalloped Potatoes with Cheese Green Peas Baked Carrots Creamed Cauliflower Baked Chocolate Pudding Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
5 Chilled Melon Broiled Small Fish Tart Jelly Toast Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Pineapple and Strawberry Salad Fruit Dressing Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Frankfurters Sauer Kraut Broiled Tomatoes Molded Rice Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea	21 Stewed Fresh Cherries Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Cheese Toast and Bacon Curls Relish Stewed Rhubarb Cookies Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew Dumplings Wax Beans Tapioca Cream Pudding Coffee Tea
6 Grapefruit Cereal Coffee Cake Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cream of Corn Soup Raw Vegetable Salad Brown Bread Slivered Dates in Lemon Jelly Wafers Tea Cocoa	Broiled Salmon Tartar Sauce Mashed Potatoes Beet Greens Rhubarb Crisp Coffee Tea	22 (Sunday) Orange and Grapefruit Juice Cereal Broiled Tomato Slices with Bacon Coffee Toast Cocoa	<i>(Outdoor Supper)</i> Stuffed Rolls Brown Bread and Lettuce Sandwiches Pickles Fresh Cherries Spice Cake Tomato Juice or Fruit Punch	Lamb chop, small sausage, kidney and banana Baked Stuffed Potato Celery Radishes Strawberry Tarts Coffee Tea
7 Stewed Fruit French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Fish Salad with Sliced Cucumbers (left over salmon) Gingerbread Cup Cakes Foamy Sauce Tea Cocoa	Thin Vegetable Soup Browned Hamburger Boiled Potatoes Harvard Beets Berry Pie Coffee Tea	23 Cereal with Chopped Dates Toasted Rolls Stewed Fresh Fruit Coffee Cocoa	Broth Creamed Eggs on Toast Fruit Cup Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Baked Meat Loaf Potatoes in Cheese Sauce Spinach Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
8 (Sunday) Fruit Cup Cereal Mushroom Omelet Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Assorted Sandwiches Radishes Olives Raspberry Sherbet Wafers Hot or Iced Tea or Cocoa	Jellied Tongue Scalloped Potatoes Green Peas Pineapple Ice Box Cake Coffee Tea	24 Fresh Berries Creamed Chipped Beef Toast Coffee Cocoa	Combination Salad Brown Bread Cup Cakes with Raisin Sauce Tea Cocoa	Julienne Soup Cold Meat Loaf Boiled Potatoes Corn Steamed Rice with Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
9 Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Chicken Soup Casserole of Cabbage, Celery and Cheese Chilled Melon Tea Cocoa	Roast of Veal Franconia Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Coconut Bread Pudding Coffee Tea	25 Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Pea Soup Club Sandwiches Pickles Fruits Jellied in Ginger Ale Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked Pork Chops Browned Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Sugared Cherries Crackers Cream Cheese Coffee Tea
10 Cereal with Fresh Fruit Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee Cocoa	Broiled Small Fish Fried Potatoes Sliced Tomatoes Stewed Rhubarb Cookies Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Cold Sliced Veal Potato Cakes Creamed Cauliflower Cherry Batter Pudding Coffee Tea	26 Rhubarb Fried Eggs and Bacon Toast Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Mushrooms or Celery and Onions on Toast Chilled Grape Tapioca Ice Box Cookies Tea Cocoa	Corned Beef Hash* Buttered Asparagus Spring Vegetable Salad Berry Short Cake Coffee Tea
11 Watermelon Milk Toast Raisin Muffins Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Meat and Vegetable Salad (cubed ham, veal or chicken, hard-cooked eggs, peas, olives, and dressing) Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Fruit Cup Noodle Ring with Mushrooms New Carrots Green Beans Chocolate Ice Cream Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea	27 Chilled Melon Cereal Whole Wheat Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa	Cheese Soufflé Green Salad Baking Powder Biscuits Marmalade Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Cold Plate Chilled Salmon with Lemon Sections Potato Salad Sliced Cucumber Head Lettuce Steamed Ginger Sponge Coffee Tea
12 Stewed Prunes Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes Toast Coffee Cocoa	Noodle Soup Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Raspberries and Cream Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	Broiled Steak Boiled Potatoes Buttered Onions Jellied Rhubarb Layer Cake Coffee Tea	28 Sliced Bananas Bread and Milk *Bacon Biscuits Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Crisp Waffles Lemon Sauce Fruit Salad with Whole Wheat Wafers Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Steak Mashed Potatoes Green Peas Deep Fruit Pie Coffee Tea
13 Orange Halves Cereal Scones Coffee Honey Cocoa	Creamed Carrots and Peas on Toast Prune and Cheese Salad Toasted Scones Tea Cocoa	Baked Trout French Fried Potatoes Cole Slaw Cottage Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	29 (Sunday) Grapefruit with Fresh Berries Fried Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cold Meat Platter with Cucumber Fingers and Watercress Hot Potato Cakes Pickles Brown Bread Ice Cream Angel Cake Ginger Ale	Tuna Fish Soufflé Potato Chips Baked Tomatoes Chilled Cantaloupe with Fresh Raspberries Coffee Tea
14 Strawberries Creamed Fish on Toast (left over) Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Onion Soup Potato Salad with Watercress and Hard-cooked Eggs Stewed Gooseberries Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Loin Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Spinach Baked Custard Coffee Tea	30 Chilled Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Hamburger Cakes Mixed Pickles Sliced Oranges with Coconut Date Muffins Tea Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Bacon Sliced Potato with Onion (boiled) Beet Greens Caramel Custard and Almonds Coffee Tea
15 (Sunday) Cantaloupe Poached Eggs on Toast with Cheese Sauce Coffee Cocoa	Jellied Vegetable Salad Brown Rolls Assorted Cheese Crackers Hot or Cold Drinks Jam	Hot Baked Ham Creamed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Sponge Cake with Crushed Strawberries, Whipped Cream Tea	31 Cereal with Fresh Fruit French Toast Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Grated Raw Vegetable Salad Frosted Cup Cakes Hot or Cold Drink	Rolled Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Summer Squash Blackberry Roly-poly Coffee Tea
16 Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Cocoa	Baked Beans Lettuce and Tomato Salad Green Apple Sauce Ginger Wafers Tea Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Cold Sliced Ham Parsley Potatoes Creamed Celery Caramel Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea			

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.



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Salad Days

(Continued from page 61)

A Frozen Salad

- 1 Cupful of whipping cream
- 1 Can of pineapple (No. 2) drained and diced

Salad Dressing Suggestions

FRENCH DRESSING

- $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 Teaspoonful of salt.
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of less of pepper.
 - 2 to 3 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice or vinegar.
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of salad oil.
- Combine the above ingredients and beat or shake in a jar until it becomes smooth and thickened.

MAYONNAISE

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of mustard.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt.
- Dash of cayenne.
- 1 Egg yolk.
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice or vinegar.
- $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 Cupful of salad oil.

Combine seasonings with egg yolk and beat thoroughly. Add part of vinegar and mix well. Add oil, a drop at a time at first, then more quickly, beating all the time. Add the remaining vinegar as the mixture thickens.

BOILED DRESSING

- 1 Teaspoonful of salt.
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of mustard.
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour.
- Dash of cayenne.
- 3 Egg yolks, or
- 1 Egg and one yolk.
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of milk.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of vinegar.
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter.

Combine the dry ingredients in the top part of a double boiler, add the eggs which have been thoroughly beaten and mixed with the milk. Cook, stirring constantly, and when the mixture begins to thicken add the vinegar slowly. Continue to stir and cook until the mixture is thick and smooth. Remove from the heat, add the butter, strain and cool.

QUICK MAYONNAISE

- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of vinegar or lemon juice.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of salad oil.
- $\frac{2}{3}$ Cupful of sweetened condensed milk.
- 1 Unbeaten egg yolk.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt.
- Dash of cayenne.
- 1 Teaspoonful of mustard.

Place the above ingredients in a jar, fasten the top on tightly and shake vigorously for two minutes.

VARIATIONS

1. Add French dressing gradually to four tablespoonfuls of crumbled Roquefort cheese.
2. Add one tablespoonful of grated horseradish and one teaspoonful of minced chives or onions.
3. Add one tablespoonful each of minced pickle, olive, onion and parsley.

VARIATIONS

1. Add chopped, hard-cooked egg and one tablespoonful of capers.
2. Add four tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a dash of tabasco.
3. Add two tablespoonfuls of chopped raisins and one tablespoonful of finely chopped nuts. Fold in one-half cupful of whipped cream.

VARIATIONS

1. Add one chopped hard-cooked egg, two tablespoonfuls of chopped pimiento and one tablespoonful of chopped sour pickles.
2. To one-half cupful of dressing add two tablespoonfuls of peanut butter.
3. Add tomato catsup, minced green pepper and grated onion.

VARIATIONS

- Add one-quarter cupful of lime juice.
- Add five tablespoonfuls of chili sauce, one teaspoonful of grated onion and one tablespoonful of lemon juice.
- Add one-half cupful of cream, whipped.

SALADS WHICH ARE GOOD WITH THESE DRESSINGS

Head lettuce.
Mixed green salads.
Those made with ham or other meats (not molded) except chicken.
Tomato salads, beet salads.
Head lettuce.
Mixed green salads.
Cabbage salad.

Fish salads.

Meat or fish salads.
Bean salad.

Waldorf salad.
Cabbage salad.

Head lettuce.
Fish salads.

Prune salad.
Cabbage salad.

Green salads.
Fish or meat salads.

Almost any fruit salad.

Green salads.
Bean salad.
Ham salad.

Almost any fruit salad.

- 1 Small bottle of maraschino cherries, halved and drained
- 16 Stuffed olives, sliced
- 1 Cake of soft cream cheese
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise
- Lettuce cups

Whip the cream until it will hold its shape, and add the pineapple which has been thoroughly drained and cut into small dice, the halved, drained cherries, and the thinly sliced olives. Mash the cheese with the mayonnaise and combine with the first mixture. Turn into the tray of a mechanical refrigerator and freeze without stirring. Serve a large rounded spoonful in each lettuce cup with salted wafers.



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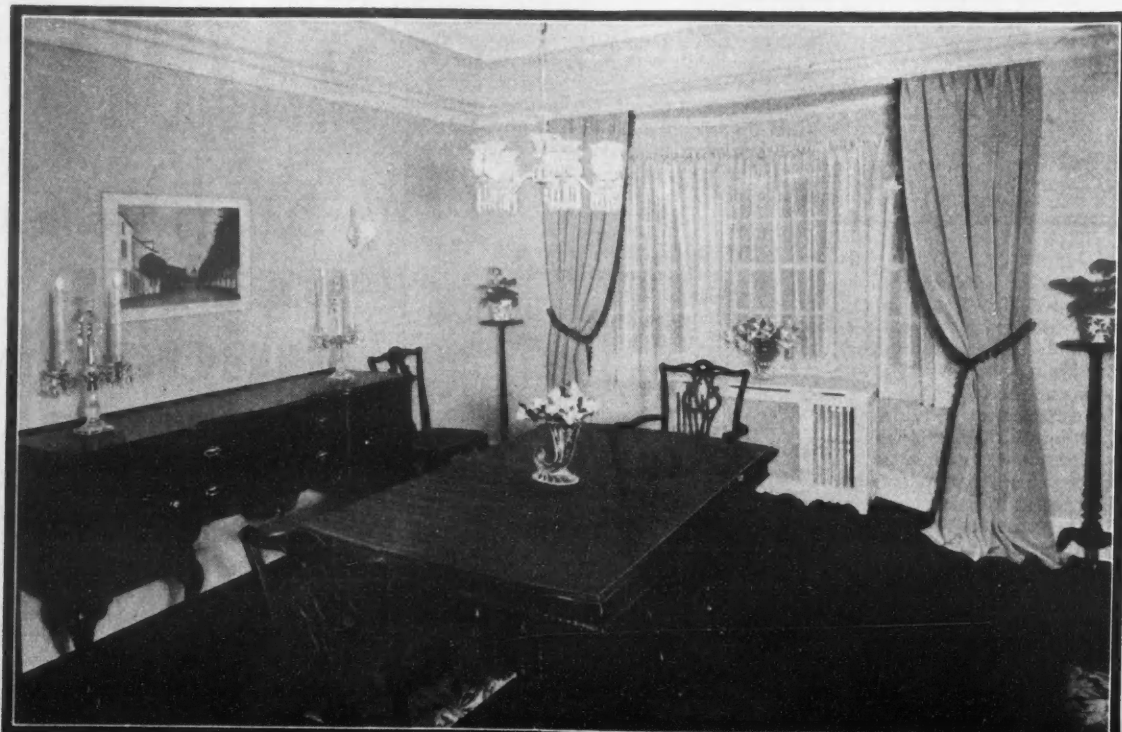
NOTICE

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CERTAIN MANUFACTURERS have placed upon the Canadian market articles bearing the name Chatelaine.

● In one case the name of the product has been lettered in a style closely resembling the established name-plate of this magazine.

● The Publishers desire to call attention to the fact that with the single exception of Chatelaine Patterns, Chatelaine Magazine and the Chatelaine Institute maintained by it, have no connection whatever with commercial products sold under the same name.



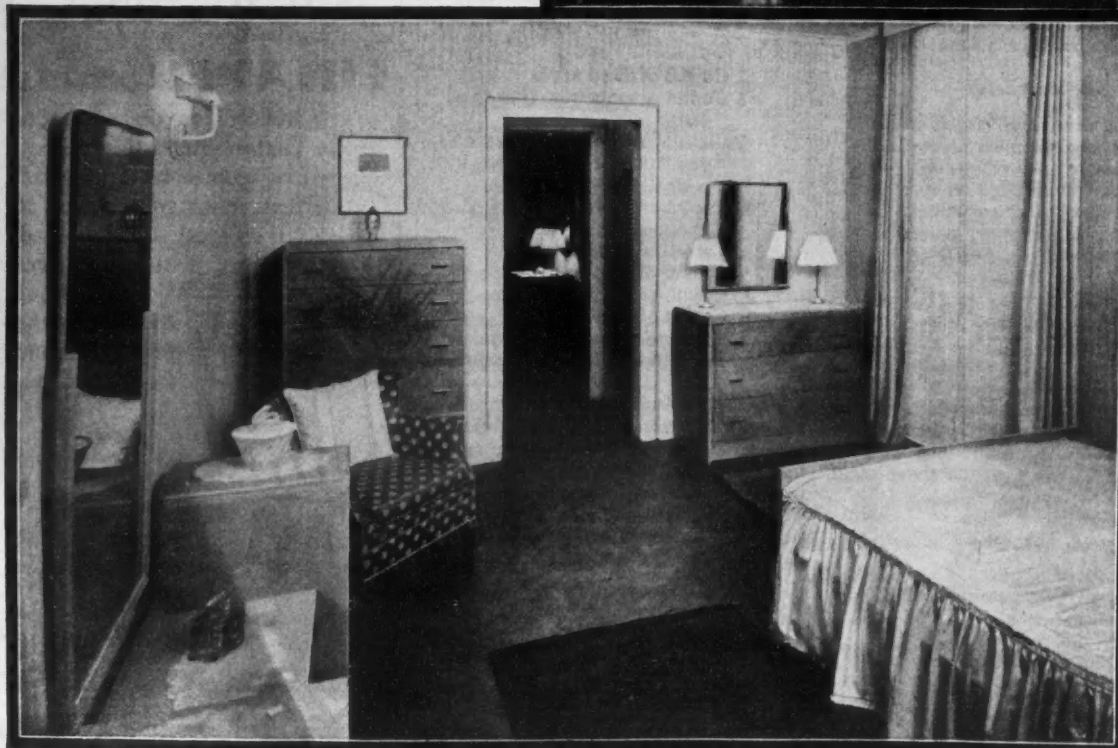
Courtesy of Avon House, Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

The sweeping new lines of modern simplicity give an unusual dignity to the dining room, that aims to find a happy medium between formality and friendliness. Note the length of the side curtains—a treatment very much in vogue when floors are carpeted to the walls. Suite by Andrew Malcolm.

Here's a charming bedroom that skilfully handles the difficult windows with draperies of glazed percale. The carpet is of plum broadloom, and the chair in green denim. The Colonial suite is of smoky pine, and the interesting Quebec bedspread in natural colored linen with turquoise design.



Courtesy of Avon House, Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.



A modern treatment uses grey walnut furniture with chrome-plated handles against the walls with battleship grey linoleum on the floor and a deep blue rug. The absence of all unnecessary detail, the simple, flowing lines, and the definitely practical furniture make this a swift-growing vogue.

Courtesy of Thrift House, Eaton's—College Street.

The Queen Fish Cat...

A children's story
everyone will enjoy

by Anne Elizabeth Wilson

WHERE," asked Mrs. Fan-Fin, waking up one bright morning from a pleasant doze, "is your father?"

"He went up in the net while you were asleep," gasped Rosita. "I was terrified and hid in the castle or they might have caught me."

"I doubt it," sniffed Mrs. Fan-Fin a little irritably though rather excited. "Skinny little girls are not much in demand, I'm sure." She herself was pleasingly plump, and the sun shone through her beautiful filmy fins and tail so that they looked like pink spider webs. She was very lovely and knew it, but poor Rosita was just at the awkward age.

"But mother," she protested, "aren't you sorry?"

"My dear," said her mother with a flourish, "your father needed a change. Very likely I shall be joining him soon, and if you are quick enough you may get into the net with me when it comes down next time. To tell you the truth, we have been hoping for something like this for a very long time. The other fish in this tank," and she looked with none too friendly eyes at several shy young goldings under the cabomba plant, "are very ordinary."

"But mother," still insisted Rosita, "how do we know that we'll still be together? Poor father went up quite a while ago."

"I know," replied her mother, "but your father and I are a perfectly matched pair. No one would be foolish enough to take one without the other. You'll see; my turn will come, and if you're spry you may wiggle right along with me into a new life. It often happens that they put in some of the little fry like you—just for luck."

"I'm not lucky, though," mourned Rosita.

Perhaps that was true. When this story is done, you may judge for yourself. The Fan-Fins had lived in some very luxurious bowls in their day, but ever since Rosita had been born they had had rather a dull life. In the big pet shop where they now found themselves, they were mixed with all sorts of common varieties of fish. Even the snails bothered Mrs. Fan-Fin, and they multiplied so fast that she found the little ones on the bottom of the tank very tiresome.

As she remarked to her husband: "There is never a time where there is not a pebble or a snail underfin in this tank. What would I not give for some sweet white sand to nestle in again!"

"You are so sensitive," agreed her husband.

As for Rosita, she played with the little baby snails and loved to dig them up from the bottom and bounce them about in the water. She was a happy child, and if she was neither lucky nor beautiful, as her mother often reminded her, she was at least sweet-natured. It was true that her little tail was not the fine fan-shape of her mother's, but it glowed with quite as lovely a color in the sunlight. And if her sides were not as well rounded as her handsome father's,

it was very likely because he got most of the food. But she never dreamed of complaining. If her father and mother gobbled up her share of the fresh ants' eggs that were their chief diet, she tried to keep from being hungry as best she could by nibbling at the green cabomba. It was filling but not very fattening.

Moreover, she rather liked the shy common fish that from time to time came into the tank. They were often hungry and lanky, too, and had soft little snouts that never snapped at her wispy fins and tail. They were kind to her, for judging by the way her parents treated her, they suspected she was a stepchild. Certainly she resembled neither her mother nor father very much.

Rosita was playing with two of them a little while later, when suddenly there was a disturbance on the surface of the water—that grey ceiling over their heads beyond which they knew a peculiar world existed, for most of them had passed through it in wriggling excitement at one time or another.

"The net!" breathed Mrs. Fan-Fin. "Quick, Rosita, stay by my side and swim up. Look your best now."

Rosita hurried, but the net slipped through the grey film above them, scooped up Mrs. Fan-Fin as she gracefully fanned the water in expectation—and came no more.

"Mother, mother," whimpered Rosita, nosing the surface desperately after her, but not so much as a ripple rewarded her. Her family had gone to the new life they had hoped for, and she must remain—perhaps for all her days—in the little dull world of the pet shop tank.

She let herself drift to the bottom listlessly. Perhaps they had been severe and haughty, but they were her own beautiful parents and she had loved them dearly.

"Never you mind, dearie," said a friendly little golding. "We'll take care of you, that we will."



The fish had begun to love her and used to nibble at her soft paws when she dipped them in the bowl.

"You'll have our ants' eggs tonight," said another, rubbing against her. "You're needing a good meal."

"Thank you ever so much," sobbed Rosita. "You've always been so good to me."

The baby snails floated nearer her as she lay on the pebbles and made a little nest for her.

"Have a nice nap," advised a horny old snail mother. "There's nothing like a good sleep to make you feel better." And she herself fell asleep promptly.

"I just hope mother will find daddy," said Rosita sadly. "They were—they were a p-perfectly m-matched pair."

"And that's the best you can say of them," snapped a bristly old silver fish. "Shame on them for a pair of meanies. You're worth both of them, my dear, and we're glad we didn't lose you, anyway."

SO THE TANK settled back to its quiet life, and a better life it was for all. Rosita soon grew fat and beautiful as the other fish tried to give her her just share of the food, and she began to forget her loneliness. It never occurred to her that she might some day be taken out in the net now, for she had always considered herself a plain creature, fit only for the least exclusive of collections.

A few snails went, a silver fish or two and three sweet little tadpoles. Rosita missed them. She was hoping to see them sprout their legs. She had never seen a tadpole turn into a frog.

Then one day, the net did come into the bowl and dragged around on the bottom. It picked up two tadpoles, a big snail and some babies, the old Silver—and Rosita. She was browsing under the cabomba, little dreaming that anything would ever change for her, but she had been scooped up as part of a "selection."

"Good-by, good-by," she cried [Continued on page 70]



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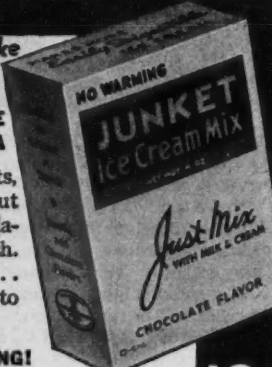
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KEEP COOL!

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

PHEW IT'S hot! And what are you going to do about it? Grumbling is no good, but the smart housekeeper can pull a trick or two against the weatherman.

Make up your mind not to get in a stew about things, but to plan your work to run as smoothly as possible. Meals should be simple, and if you know ahead of time what you are going to have, you can do away with much fuss and bother at the hottest time of the day. Work your refrigerator overtime although there is no quitting bell for this steady-going piece of equipment. In other words, use it for "cooking" many dishes as well as for storing supplies.

You know the good things it will turn out—the salads, the desserts, the long cold drinks, dishes for any or every course of the summer meal. And the dishes you can prepare in the cool of the morning and trust to your refrigerator until it's time to pop them in the oven. Its shelves may hold pastry and and cookie dough, the batter for waffles, chocolate and other syrups, even sauces, sweet and savory for a variety of purposes.

Thanks to the refrigerator, no one need go hungry even on a blistering day when it's too hot to move.

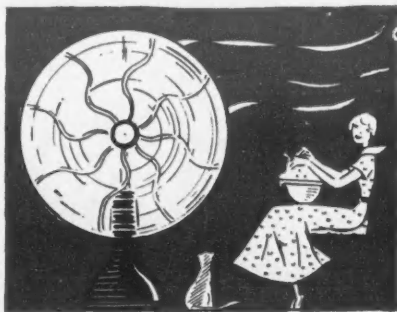


ARE YOU lucky enough to have a porch or verandah not too open to the public view? You might make it your summer dining room or use it for occasional meals at least. If you have instead a cool backyard, spread your table under a shady tree and dine *al fresco* once in a while.

Now don't tell me that's too much trouble. It will be if you insist on having a spread or demand a lot of service, but not when you serve a simple supper.

Picnic equipment is almost a necessity in most households now that we can hop in the car and get out to the country in no time. Keep a shelf somewhere for your hamper, thermos bottles and jugs, waxed paper, paper cups, plates and "cutlery," unbreakable salt and pepper shakers, and safety matches if you take along one of those handy little camp stoves. Then you're ready any time and nothing will be forgotten.

Go as often as you can; it is cooler in the country, and it will keep you young.



NOT A breeze anywhere! Then let your electric fan come to the rescue and manufacture one. It will do duty in the kitchen, dining room, bedroom or any room of the house and it contributes a good deal to summer comfort.

Hot air rises, you know, so set your fan high up somewhere and open the windows at the top. Position means quite a lot to this busy little appliance.

If your budget will allow, get a ventilating unit for the kitchen window and place it in the upper section. They come in different sizes and the frame is adjustable to various widths. So there is no trouble about that. These fans work two ways; pull the switch cord and it wafts out heated air laden with cooking odors. Give it another pull and the motor reverses to draw in freshness from the great outdoors.

Remember to oil the motor occasionally and it will reward you by long and faithful service. And don't lay your fans up for the winter; they are useful in all kinds of weather.



HOW OFTEN you've said it: "Where does all the dirt come from?" I've no explanation and no remedy, so I suppose the laundry problem is one which we'll have always with us.

Now in washing, a little headwork is worth a lot of rubbing. You must keep clean to keep cool, but you can prevent unnecessary work by the use of tailored household linens which take kindly to the tub and are easy to iron. You can even cut down the number of pieces in the wash if you are content with gay oilcloth table covers or place mats, for family meals and if you take advantage of the many paper products which serve such a wide variety of purposes. Think of the convenience of paper towels in the kitchen—or in the bathroom.

It's better, I think, to wash even two or three times a week rather than face an overflowing clothesbasket every Monday. Then you won't get all worn out and feel too sorry for yourself. Be up and at it before the sun gets very strong and give your washing machine the hardest part of the work to do. Don't let things become too soiled; it's hard on them and you. Don't stand up at the ironing board; sit comfortably as you smooth away the wrinkles from your clothes and keep them from your face.



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Pages 71, 72, 73 and 74

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The Book Club at Work

(Continued from page 4)

naturally and happily as a young animal does under the mother's care. One evening when he was cold he lit a fire in the grate with his father's manuscript, a lifelong work on some obscure subject. Brenda, perversely, did not feel this to be the tragedy that others regarded it. When the child was operated on in the hope of curing its imbecility, it died. Brenda felt, somehow, triumphant. The child refused to be restored to what is called sanity in this world. Characteristically, Brenda herself was killed while rescuing a kitten from the wheels of a passing car. Who was right—Brenda or Fredrica? The world or the not-world? Mary or Martha? The thing that was felt about this book was its integrity. What is integrity?

Virginia Woolf says "it is the conviction that he (the novelist) gives one that this is the truth. Yes, one feels, I should never have thought that this could be so. I have never known people behaving like that. But you have convinced me that it is, so it happens."

Not all of our members have read Frances Winwar's *Poor Splendid Wings*. It requires time and close attention and we haven't all got our teeth fairly into it. We had some desultory talk about the Rossettis and their circle; some speculation as to the relations of Swinburne and the Comte de

Sade, which, alas, added nothing to our appreciation of Swinburne's poetry. Some surprise was expressed that the Rossettis had been considerably influenced by Walt Whitman.

The evenings were well spent. Sometimes at the end, as Aldous Huxley puts it, we had only a roomful of carbon dioxide and ammonia empesting the air. Other times controversy waged, sparks flew, rights were upheld. On occasions we talked darkly, of going out and sinning promiscuously to add glamor and excitement to our lives. But we never did.

Thanks to the suggestion of *Chatelaine*, we feel that for no great outlay we have kept up in books this year.

List of books read:

Poor Splendid Wings, by Frances Winwar.
The Man of the Renaissance, by Ralph Roeder.

Flush, by Virginia Woolf.

The Woods Colt, by Thames Williamson.

The Best Plays 1932-33, by Burns Mantle.

Three Lives, by Gertrude Stein.

Peter Abelard, by Helen Waddell.

Ida Elizabeth, by Sigrid Undset.

The Longer Day, by the author of *Miss Tierton Goes Out*.

The numbers read aloud at the meetings were, plays:

The Playboy of the Western World, by J. M. Synge.

The Doctor's Dilemma, by G. B. Shaw.

Design for Living, by Noel Coward.

The Late Christopher Bean, by Sydney Howard.

One of *The Seven Gothic Tales*, by Isak Dinesen.

The Highwayman and The Sword of Welleran, by Lord Dunsay.

Parts of *The Crock of Gold* and *The Demigods*, by James Stephens.

A Room of One's Own, by Virginia Woolf.

of no cure for it that will actually change the formation of the eye, although you might take her to see an oculist and get his advice on the subject.

If you can just get her through this sensitive period she will later on cease to regard this as a peculiarity. She will look upon it, instead, as a distinctive characteristic.

At this age, it is the height of most girls' ambition to look "ordinary." Anything out of the ordinary excites attention and is therefore disliked. You can help her, indirectly, by bringing to her attention the fact that out-of-the-ordinary things are distinctive and can often be turned into assets instead of liabilities. Take, for instance, people within her own understanding. Point out that it is not the perfect features of, say, Katharine Hepburn, that make her attractive. It is her large mouth and her vigorous and almost gawky figure that have won her fame. Katherine Cornell is another case in point. Her mouth is abnormally large, and when she was a child she was considered really ugly because of this and also the cast of her features. Her eyes slant upward somewhat and her high cheekbones give her a slightly Asiatic cast of features. But these are unusual characteristics that have helped to place her at the head of her profession. Norma Shearer has a decided cast in her eyes, but this appears most fascinating because Miss Shearer has capitalized it instead of letting it "get her down."

Another thing you can do is to concentrate on one of your daughter's really effective features. Perhaps it is her hair, or her mouth or figure. Praise it tactfully now and again and it will give her a certain pride in her appearance which will offset the inferiority complex she has developed. Teach her to be fastidious about her clothes, to develop a good idea of line and color in their selection, to walk gracefully and to have a good carriage. You will find, I am sure, that imperceptibly her view of her fancied misfortune will change.

Beauty Problems

(Continued from page 39)

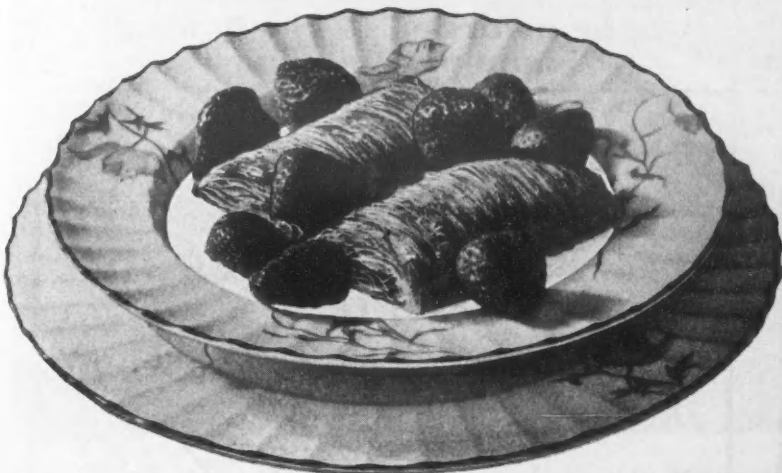
the way you apply your rouge. Be careful to smooth it broadly over the cheekbones and well up toward the ears. Don't let it come down toward the level of the mouth. Keep it high up and set it well across the cheeks. Little round earrings, not the drop kind, also give width to the face. Don't wear long necklines but wear rather round ones. The high muffled neckline is fashionable now and should suit you very well. Fichus, if you wear them, too, should be very short.

Self-Conscious

I HAVE a daughter fourteen years of age who looks older because she is tall. She is very self-conscious and has a bad case of inferiority complex, and this, I think, is the reason: Her eyes do not seem to have the same shape as other people's eyes. The eyelid seems to come over a little too far just in the corners of the eyes near the nose which causes her eyes to look a little slanted. Other children seem to have noticed this also and some have called her "Jap eyes." This has hurt her feelings and has made her self-conscious. The rest of her features are all right, so could you please suggest something for her to do with her eyes?

YOUR DAUGHTER is passing through a particularly self-conscious stage just now, which all girls go through in varying degrees. Even the children who have been cruel enough to develop her sensitiveness, are themselves sensitive about some fancied defect in their appearance or personality. The treatment is psychological, for I know

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VICEROY MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED
WEST TORONTO



Nor' Easter

(Continued from page 52)

told her. "Talk, talk!" he cried out at last. "What's the use of it?" He jerked his hands away and took her roughly, awkwardly, into his arms. "You belong to me and always have," he said, his unshaven cheek against hers, hurting her. She turned her face away and then his hand was under her chin, forcing her back and he was kissing her, violently, urgently.

Her revulsion was involuntary. She jerked away, thrusting him off angrily, her mouth twisted with wry, unconscious disgust. "I can't . . . George. I can't," she kept saying, on her feet now and with her hands out warding him off.

George turned a hot, painful looking red. "I'm sorry I'm so distasteful to you."

She had, then, some faint idea of how she'd hurt him and made a quick pitiful gesture toward him, but his next words changed all that.

"I think you're out of your mind, Toni. What'll you do without me? Try thinking about that!"

So that was what he thought! That was the way he felt—arrogant, condescending, sure of being necessary to her. She was in the hall then after one long speechless stare at his angry red face.

She leaned against the closed door, shaken with anger, confused and aghast at the suddenness of it. Out of her confusion only one thing was clear. She could never go back to George. He would go on being angry, their friends would gossip and she could never explain even if she would. Everyone would blame her; everyone except Steve; he would believe in her without explanations.

It was warmly comforting, thinking of Steve. With a sick pang, then, she remembered. Steve had gone away, had gone finally and worse, casually, making ridiculous her certainty of their closeness to each other. She wondered, with a sort of bitter amusement, why that should seem the most desolate thing of all—to lose something that you'd never really had.

WHEN STEVE came out of the shadows of the small parlor to meet her at the foot of

the stairs she stopped short, her eyes wide with unbelief.

"How is George?" he asked her. "Quite all right, thanks." She brushed his question away impatiently. "You—you didn't go? But I saw you—"

"Tracks washed out," he explained. They stood awkwardly facing each other in the small deserted hall. "I'm glad your husband got home safely," he said at last.

"That's a poor joke. Aimed at my—devotion, I suppose? I don't care for it at all."

Steve stared at her. She could, she thought, still see that look of dislike in his eyes. "Joke?" he said stupidly.

"If it interests you he isn't even going to be my husband. We've been engaged so long that that ought to be a fine bit for the crowd at the Inn. You'll doubtless enjoy telling them." It seemed impossible that she could be hurling hard angry words at Steve. She was hurling them at that dislike in his eyes, of course. She could not seem to bear that.

"You mean—he's not your husband?" Steve repeated.

Toni gazed at him blankly, her mouth slightly open. "You thought—but that's incredible!"

The dislike was gone; his eyes were blazing into hers, his face a mask of intentness; she felt his hands grip her elbows hard.

"Not incredible, Toni. I'm a fool about introductions—names. Everyone called you Toni. I can't believe it."

This isn't happening, Toni told herself. I've made it up.

Then she was in his arms. She felt them like hard bands round her shoulders. She felt at home there, as if she belonged.

"And you're free!" Steve marvelled. "My dear, don't look so surprised. Haven't you known I loved you since the first?"

Toni held herself away from him so that she could look up into his face. "Oh, that, of course," she agreed soberly. "I knew you loved me; at least until today I knew it. I loved you, too. Only I thought—well—it was like family-like belonging together because we were the same kind—oh, I can't explain: just human-being sort of love; Steve. That's not being in love," she finished anxiously.

She saw his lips coming closer. It seemed that she waited a long time for his kiss. And when he raised his head at last, her eyes were closed.

"And that?" he asked her softly. "Was that 'not being in love' my funny sweet?"

And Toni, with a sudden, warm certainty, knew that it was.



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ODORS VANISH**



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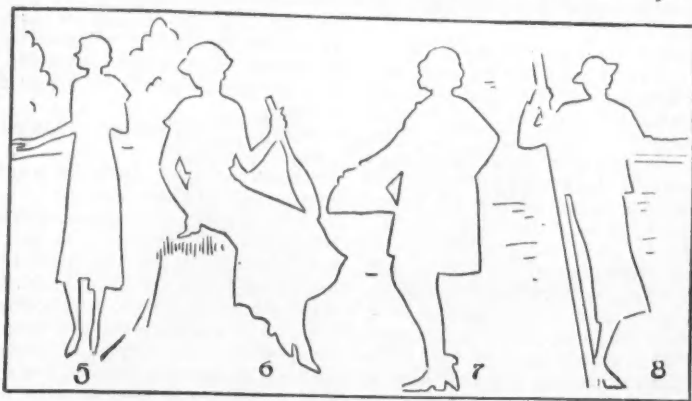
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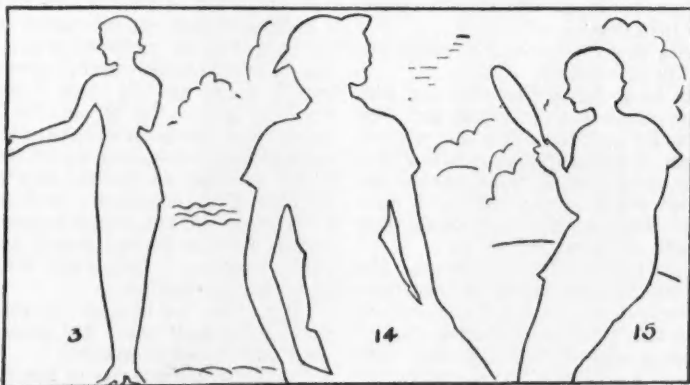
For Calendar apply to the Bursar

Description of Fashions Shown on Page 17



5. A distinctive version of the new play suit—in Killarney green and old gold. Materials are crêpe Ondone and crêpe Amelia, by Canadian Celanese Limited. 6. White tennis frocks are sporting colored trimmings. This model by Patou uses crochet for its yoke, belt and matching sweater—in green. 7. Vari-colored cotton tweed is used for this attractive coat and bag ensemble for the beach. Worn by Dorothy Dell, of Paramount. 8. A summer travel suit in brown worsted cloth, with vest and lapels, gloves, handbag and hat band in brown and white checkered wool. Worn by Sylvia Sydney, of Paramount.

13. The briefer the better where bathing suits are concerned. The Monarch Knitting Company, Limited, makes this backless suit with the striped, comfortably fitted tie-around front. 14. Frock of white ribbed silk, topped dashing by a jacket of the same material in red, white and blue stripes. The white panama hat is banded with red.—Patou. 15. Lyolene favors flared shorts for beach and sports wear. Celanese Monterey crêpe in alabaster trimmed with Lido blue.



Knife pleating makes a new summer dance dress simply swell. In white, with pleats on the brief train and a pleated cape that is off or on—in a wink.

The acetate piqué sailor collar does things to any dress, and it's newer than tomorrow. Appliqued with bright blue stars, of course.



Linen bags, leather-lined, are a new hand-bag thrill; saw one in rough red; and was it revolutionary!

The Persian turban is a riot of color—and it has a new grandeur for the white linen outfit.

You simply must have linen, and now it comes in hats and gloves as well as dresses, suits, bags and slippers. So plan some linen, some place; that's a dear!

Have you that "thin" black evening dress yet? Get it, me gal, and top it with a white jacket. It'll do things for you.

I'm that way about those gay velveteen jackets that are as bright as the tropics.

Long organdie gloves, with tricky frilled cuffs, are making their presence felt. Saw a pink pair that put high pressure on a navy sheer outfit. The hat was fluted pink organdie, too.

Now when we go in to get a facial, they massage our toes. For it seems that it's the sore spots on our feet that bring those lines into our faces. There is a nice smelly foot cream that is used for the purpose. And is it foot easy!

A bathing suit which makes clever use of white trimming on a brown ground. Bands of white extend over the shoulders and trim the low back to the waist, where they cross to form a belt. Made by R. M. Ballantyne, Limited.

What people are saying about this NEW Kellogg Cereal



"Gee, Mother, these new wheat flakes taste good! Can I have some more?"

"You certainly may. Kellogg's Whole Wheat Flakes are the kind of food I like to see you eat."

MOTHERS know what a splendid all-round "building" food whole wheat is. And never before was whole wheat so tasty as in these new crisp-toasted flakes!

You'll find every member of the family loves them. They're extra *crisp* and *crunchy*. And there's almost a meal in a bowlful. The big red-and-green package is surprisingly economical.

Your grocer has Kellogg's Whole Wheat Flakes, oven-fresh and ready to serve. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



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Ten big colored crayons enable any boy or girl to produce colored patterns on these outline sketches. This is done with pattern cards placed beneath the sketches. These cards permit hundreds of different patterns when used in combination. Texcraft comes in a strong box, 16" x 12"; with a richly colored cover, altogether an excellent, educational, inexpensive birthday gift that is highly appreciated.

If your dealer cannot supply you enclose money order for \$1.15 and a Texcraft set will be mailed, post paid to any address in Canada. Refills are available at all times at 18c for one package, or 30c for two packages.

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More Than \$3,500 Cash Prizes to be awarded in fascinating map puzzle game



SIMPLY CONNECT PLACES SHOWN ON MAP IN WHICH LETTER "O" APPEARS

That's the first test in Maclean's Magazine Travel Game. Looks easy, doesn't it? Well, why not try it! Your answer will open an opportunity for you to share in more than \$3,500.00 in Cash Prizes.

Above is a Map of Canada on which a number of Places are shown. Without any trouble you can find Toronto, Vancouver and Saint John, all of which contain the letter "O" in the spelling of the Names. The others are just as easy to find, but the idea is to see who can draw a continuous line from "dot" to "dot" and connect the MOST "O" Places, making sure that your line between "dots" is straight.

Start from Toronto and finish your Path at Toronto, including it but once in your count. Go in any direction with your Path, up or down, any way you like, but do not cross your Path at any Point. Players must submit their Maps, giving total number of "O" Places reached and Path marked with pen or pencil in a straight line from "dot" to "dot."

YOU MAY WIN \$1500.00!!! (Including \$500 Extra for Promptness)

A First Prize of \$1,500.00, including \$500.00 extra for promptness, will be awarded! In all more than \$3,500.00 in CASH may be won in Maclean's Travel Game. Closing date for entries November 30th, 1934. There will be Thirty-Five Winners. The first prize, the Golden Opportunity, is \$1,000.00 CASH (plus \$500.00 CASH Extra for Promptness)—a Total of \$1,500.00. You should act quickly—remember the \$500.00 extra for promptness. If there is a tie for any prize in the Judges' award the amount of the prize concerned will be DOUBLED and this amount divided equally among those tied for it. Anyone who in any contest has won as much as \$100.00 in Cash or Merchandise is not eligible to enter this Travel Game.

CASH PRIZES

1st PRIZE	\$1,500 CASH
(Including \$500 Extra for Promptness)	
2nd PRIZE	\$1,000 CASH
3rd PRIZE.....	\$250.00
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5th PRIZE.....	100.00
6th PRIZE.....	75.00
7th PRIZE.....	\$50.00
8th to 14th PRIZES	Each 20.00
15th to 35th PRIZES	Each 15.00

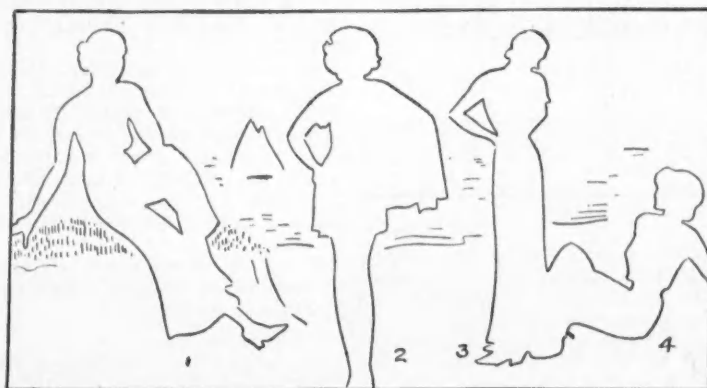
200 POINTS will positively win first prize. We will give you 100 Points for sending in the correct answer to this Travel Game Map. Promptly upon receipt of your correct answer, we will tell you how you may gain the remaining 100 points to win \$1,500.00 IN CASH, including \$500.00 Extra for Promptness or any one of the other 34 cash prizes. Now connect those "O"-Places and mail your Map promptly to: Prize Manager, Maclean's Travel Game, 210 Dundas St. West, Toronto, Ontario.



If you suffer with pimples, eczema, rashes, chafings, eruptions or other distressing skin trouble, begin today to use **Cuticura Soap** and **Ointment**. Bathe the affected parts with the Soap, anoint with the Ointment. Relief comes at once and healing soon follows.

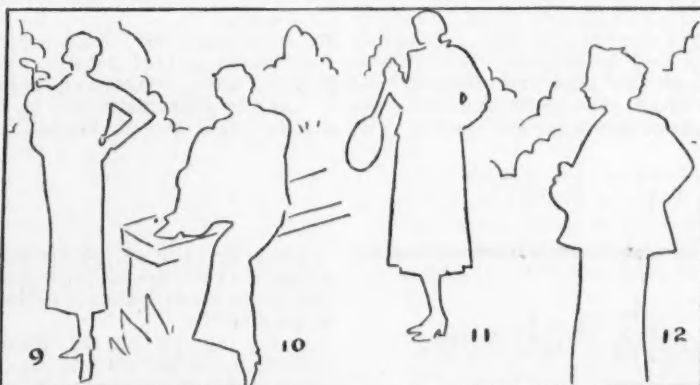
Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder are sold at all druggists.
Made in Canada

Description of Fashions Shown on Page 16



1. Being a platinum blonde, Muriel Evans, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, naturally chooses black for her ultra-smart, workmanlike beach pyjamas. They are of heavy weight ribbed cotton fabric, B.V.D. make. 2. Green and white jersey is used for the play suit worn by Gertrude Michael, of Paramount. The cape is so designed that it can be utilized as a wrap-around skirt. 3. Patou created these beach pyjamas of wool jersey in dark brown and straw color. 4. Red and white silk linen, a combination that is particularly effective for beach wear.—Patou.

9. For golf, this three-piece suit called "Checkmate." The skirt and blouse are of red and stone tweed, the short plain coat is red. — Ulick Limited, London, England. 10. If you're navy-minded there's this spruce looking ensemble designed by Patou. Trousers of white wool, blouse of white crêpe de Chine, and jacket of marine blue jersey. 11. There's a knowing air of smartness about this full-length coat. It is white, of course, lined with a green material of a pebbly texture, cuffed with the same material. — Patou. 12. For resort wear, this ensemble frock of ribbed cotton, trimmed with belt and buttons of marine blue. The jacket, tie and hat are knitted in marine and white wool. — Patou



Fashion Shorts for July

(Continued from page 17)

The white jackets are keeping up. Now those heavy crêpe ones, over sheer crêpe dresses, in darker colors, are creepin' in.

It's a honey—the plaid gingham trio of shirt, shorts and skirt. Saw it in the brown and yellow tones, with brown accessories. M-m-m!

By the way, pink is goin' places. It's slated to be one of the summer's smartest shades. Of course, yellow will be poppin' up continually, like the daisies.

Those smart cross-barred and checked organdies and sheer cottons are to the fore at all evening frolics. Now they're making 'em into cocktail suits, with brimmed hats of the same material. Informal enough for an early dinner, yet smart enough for court presentation!

Some clever person who goes in for figures in a big way tells us that the smart young woman, this summer, will have at least ten cotton dresses in her wardrobe. If you're going out to buy five or six more, I suggest not forgetting those tailored gingham, not to mention piqués, sheer voiles, and one of those fine cotton laces.

A B.V.D. Lastex swim suit which fits as though it were painted on. The scalloped edges are a novel touch. Worn by Muriel Evans. Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer player.



SLEEVES ARE ALL A-FLUTTER



No. 272 — The circular flounce and flattering neckline are both unusual features of this charmingly youthful frock, a variation of which is shown at left. Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 15 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 265 — Stripes which go vertically up and down the skirt and centre front of bodice, and horizontally across the sides of bodice and flared insets, give an original touch to an attractive style. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 249 — The yoke is cut in one with the capelets or the long sleeves, and there is an inverted pleat at centre-back of the bodice. It is an effective idea to carry out the yoke and sleeves in a contrasting color. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

Chatelaine Patterns

Price 15 cents

Under special arrangement with Chatelaine Magazine, Chatelaine Patterns are exclusively created and distributed to stores by Fashion Institute, 210 Dundas Street West, Toronto.

Tomorrow We Live

(Continued from page 47)

what this means now, for the both of us?"

A low chuckle, and: "It means we're going back, my dear. For ever."

"We might lose each other down there, Ilsa." Pete's eyes were wide and haunted.

"Lose each other?" Ilsa's voice dropped to the tones of amused denial. "Never. Here we should have, sooner or later. But back where we belong, working—back in what to us is really the only sane and normal way of living . . . Impossible."

"You're sure?"

"Certain."

For a long moment Pete stared at her. Humbly he wagged his head. "You're right, Ilsa. You're a remarkable woman. A very remarkable woman." He started the motor. "If only you could understand the technique of my comedy—"

"Technique?" Ilsa purred. "Comedy?"

Pete clasped his forehead, groaned. He let in the clutch.

And, abruptly, a dark form came hurtling from the house, clambered into the rear of the car.

"Ah heard you all. Ah'm goin' back to de city wiv you. Back to de profession." Cassie's teeth gleamed rampant in the shadows.

Ilsa and Pete scarcely noticed.

Pete was growling. "I suppose you claim to have carried all my comedy scenes for me? In 'Bachelor's Bow,' in 'Wild Flower,' in—"

And, across her lovely shoulder, Ilsa purred: "Perhaps not quite all, darling."

Behind them, breathing in ecstasy, was Cassie. "Lawsie, lawsie. Ain't dey jes natural togetah? Tomorrow we starts to live agin."

And, as the car jerked viciously off into the night, Cassie waved to the Ballards standing in their upstairs window with pity in their heart for Ilsa and Pete.

"Pore young folks," Cassie sighed, "Left heah wid all dat peace an' quiet."

The Queen Fish Cat

(Continued from page 65)

as they all were whisked wriggling and squirming to the top. "I'll remember you all. Remember me!"

Into the blinding strange dry light they went, and then into a small folding cardboard box filled with water. It was dark and strange-smelling in there, and Rosita wondered if this, after all, were all there was to a new life.

"Now," said the Silver, because he was the oldest, "let us always be the same dear friends we have always been. If we find ourselves in a big place with other fish, we must never forget the Old Tank."

"Never," they all agreed.

"It was plain and bare, but it was home," he added.

"Yes it was," said Rosita loyally.

"Miss Rosita," said one of the tadpoles shyly. "You're a lady. We're proud to have been chosen in your selection."

"My selection!" laughed Rosita. "Why mine?"

"Oh, we all know you're a Queen Fish," said the Silver. "We were only scooped up for—for—"

"Luck!" declared Rosita, remembering what her mother had once said to her. "And never was there a luckier fish than I to have you all with me. But I think you're mistaken about me. I'm very plain, really."

"We've been in terror all along that you'd go without some of us to look after you—"

"Look out!" warned a snail sliding dangerously fast. "We're going to be dumped. Hold your scales, you fish."

And just as he said, the top of the box was opened and they all slid out into fresh water.

They blinked for a minute and looked around them. Why, it was a lovely little round bowl of their own—a tiny castle and soft white sand, tiny colored shells and green sweet plants with tender leaves.

"We're special," whispered one of the snails delightedly, "because of Rosita. Didn't I tell you she was a Queen Fish?"

"Who had to tell me?" answered another snail. They were so happy they kept walking up the sides and slipping down deliciously to the bottom with a bounce.

"I wonder who owns us," pondered the Silver.

"We might see a face through the sides when we're fed," suggested Rosita. "Remember we used to see them sometimes just for a minute."

Soon enough they saw a face, but it was unlike anything they had ever seen before. It was black and had just one shining eye. It looked and looked at them—and then a long black arm broke through the surface and stirred them around briskly.

"Does it own us?" quavered Rosita.

But just as unexpectedly as it came, the face was snatched away, and the long black arm whisked out of the water with a swirl.

"Do you know," said the Silver thoughtfully, "I think it's a cat. My mother told me about them. They like to play with fish, but I don't think it owns us. Cats can be all right," he reflected, still trying to be cheerful, "and it has a bell under its chin."

"And one white whisker," added the big tadpole.

"And its eye is very clear, I'm sure," commented Rosita politely.

"Perhaps it's a Queen Cat," suggested a snail. They laughed at him, for, of course, he was only a baby.

So evening fell on their first day in the new life, and they were very, very weary.

When the light came again, they were set in the sun for a little while—not enough to make the water too warm, but just enough to set the cabomba blowing delicious air bubbles. They still had their own little piece of cabomba from the old tank and loved it. The new plants were friendly and beautiful, but the little plummy cabomba was their very own.

At night, they knew that they were carried somewhere else. What really happened was that they were put on a high pedestal where the kitten could not reach them, for although she was always allowed to play with them during the day, when her mistress was about, it perhaps was a good idea to set them beyond her reach at night. (Cats sometimes get so frisky at night.)

But the fish themselves were not afraid of her; in fact, they had begun to love her, and used to nibble at her soft paws when she dipped them in the bowl.

All in all, it was a life that any fish might envy. The truth was that they had really been bought to keep the kitten company, and she was devoted to them.

IF ONLY it could have lasted! It came to a sudden end that day when the New Fish was put into the bowl, and decided that he was king. Of course, he was a kinglike fish, but so selfish, so proud and hateful, that the bowl fell into a state of fear and despair. He was, of course, very jealous of Rosita, but the others swore that if they died for it, they would not desert their little Queen. They tried to protect her from him, for he bullied her unmercifully and she began to grow thin and miserable again.

Of course their loyalty to Rosita only made the New Fish more spiteful than before. He pretended to be good to her when it was daylight and anyone might see him, but as soon as they were moved to their pedestal and the lights were off, he chased her and bit her and made her life unbearable. Her beautiful tail and fins began to look ragged and limp where he had nipped them, and she almost wished she might die.

One night, he would let her have no rest. The others could only cower in the sand and shield her when she came near them, but he kept her darting about the upper water until her heart was nearly bursting.

"He's trying to make her jump out," hissed the Silver. "Poor little girl, poor little girl! She will do it if we are not careful." He well knew how a hateful fish can drive another to its death.

"Oh, my dear little friend," he said in his heart, "try to be brave!"

Rosita could hardly breathe. Her gills were fluttering so fast that she choked. For a fish can actually drown if it cannot catch its breath. She struggled to the surface for a little air, and as she lay there panting, the New Fish struck her side with such force that she threw herself wildly away from him—right out of the bowl.

Oh, the horror of that moment! She struck the pedestal and fell to the furry carpet beneath. Gasping and writhing, she believed that her hour had surely come—and then a strange thing happened. She felt a soft wet tongue licking her parched scales and gentle paws patting her comfortingly. After that, she remembered nothing else until she woke up once more in blessed cool water again. It was a miracle. There were the stems of plants all about her, and she was quite alone in a new dark bowl. She could see nothing through the sides, but she thought she could hear a tinkling somewhere. It was the kitten's bell, touching the sides of a bowl of flowers.

When the fish were moved to their place in the sun next morning, they were very quiet. Their food was sprinkled on the top of the water, but they did not eat; only the New Fish dared to go up to the top for a mouthful. He was ashamed of himself, but he could not resist a good breakfast.

It was when she saw him there alone that their mistress began to think about Rosita. She pushed aside the water plants to find her—but, of course, she was not there. She looked about on the floor, remembering that fish sometimes throw themselves out—and there she saw the kitten looking up at her anxiously.

"Pussy!" she accused her. "Let me sniff your paws!"

Sure enough, they distinctly smelled of goldfish, and so did her whiskers.

"You ate Rosita!" she almost screamed at her. "Your little playmate! Oh, how could you, when you seemed so friendly! I'll never have a nasty, sneaky cat again. Here I petted you and saved you because you were so pitiful with your one eye, and bought you the goldfish so you wouldn't be lonely; and now you've eaten the prettiest one of all."

It is sometimes amazing how human beings get things all wrong, but, of course, it did seem terribly suspicious.

"You shan't go near them again. I'll keep them up on the pedestal all the time now, you little villain." She snatched the bowl out of the sun and put it back on the pedestal. Then she caught the kitten up, showed her the bowl and spanked her.

"Bad cat, bad cat!" she said.

The fish huddled together in terror. It was dark in the pedestal corner and they longed for the light.

"Even the sunlight went with Rosita," mourned the Silver, and they all glowered at the New Fish.

The kitten ran out of the room and would not be comforted. Only that night she came back to a bowl of flowers in the window and curled around it—trying to keep it warm.

Inside it, Rosita was recovering as best she could from her fright and injury. The dust of the carpet had rubbed between her bruised scales, and her little body was dreadfully sore. She nibbled the plant stems for food and got a little, but the water was really very murky and she felt quite ill. For several days she lingered between life and death as the flowers grew older and the water greyer. At last, almost senseless, she let herself rise to the surface and lay there hardly breathing. Only a soft little paw patted her in sympathy.

"Pussy," said her mistress, "do you think that's a fish-bowl, too? My goodness, I must empty those old flowers!"

The kitten followed her to the kitchen, watching eagerly. Surely she would find Rosita now. *Splash!* the water was emptied out, and a poor limp golden morsel with it.

But Rosita was found. For a week or so she was placed in a hospital bowl at the pet shop, where rich old water plants nursed her failing life back again, and at last she was returned to her own bowl.

When the other fish saw her, they could not believe their eyes. The New Fish was so frightened that he could only swim around in circles and eye her in awe. Surely she was a Queen if she could jump out and come back again after all this time. No fish had ever done that before. The tadpoles were in ecstasy, and the old Silver so proud that he jostled the New Fish right out of the castle.

That morning for the first time, they were put back in the sun again, and the kitten patted them all in turn. Rosita never could tell them just what had happened, but she knew somehow that it was a pair of soft paws and a gentle little mouth that had saved her. They all nestled close to her lovingly.

"Our Queen!" they said.

"And look," croaked the bigger tadpole shyly, "look Rosita, one leg!"

The New Fish came over apologetically and stroked her with his fin. "Our Queen!" he admitted, chokingly. It was a very generous thing for him to do, and Rosita forgave him.

And just then, outside the bowl, they all saw the Black Face, its one eye gleaming devotedly.

"No," said Rosita, swimming up to the side and pressing her nose against the glass, "our real Queen is outside."

"Then she is a Queen Cat!" triumphed the baby snail. And for my part, I really think he was right.



Under special arrangement with Chatelaine Magazine, Chatelaine Patterns are exclusively created and distributed to stores by Fashion Institute, 210 Dundas Street West, Toronto.

THE SMART WAY TO SLENDERNESS



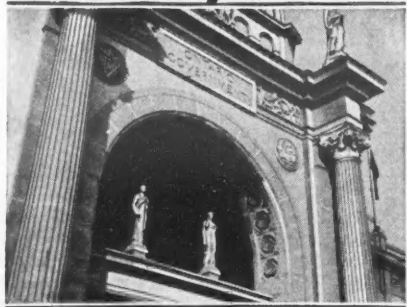
Chatelaine Patterns

Price 15 Cents

No. 253 — The wrap-around style which is particularly becoming to fuller figures, is here adapted to this dainty, cool looking frock. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches. Size 38 requires 4 yards and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39 inch material.

No. 267 — Two variations of this pattern are shown: One, for evening, complete with separate draped cape. The other shows the small dropped sleeve which may be cut if the dress is intended for afternoon wear. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 46 inches. Size 38 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material for afternoon frock.

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Come where the spirit of advancement, of progress, of better days, permeates the whole atmosphere of this gigantic agricultural and industrial Exhibition. Mingle with gay crowds. Hear that famous Kneller Hall Band. It's British. It has no peer. See the climax of Toronto's Centennial Celebrations as 1,500 costumed actors reveal the progress of Ontario's capital city through 100 years. See at a glance the progress of the universe in industry, agriculture, fashion, sport, science, art, automotive, engineering, music and travel. A thousand surprises await you in a dream city whose carnival spirit rivals that of Venice and Vienna. This is the big year.

COLONEL F. H. DEACON, President ELWOOD A. HUGHES, General Manager

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Pages 71, 72, 73 and 74.

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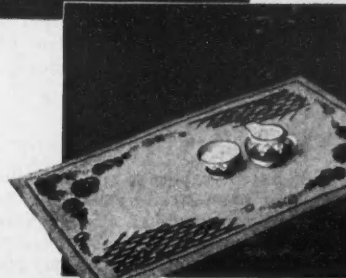
Chatelaine's July, 1934 Index of Advertisers

ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trade-marked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

Absorbine Jr.	42	Lambert, Marion of Canada Ltd.	40
Alma College	67	Lambert Pharmacal Co.	1
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Bauer & Black Limited	44	Lux	34
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Effective Embroidery



that's **QUICK** to do!

The modern vogue for effective **QUICK** embroidery is answered with these new designs and the new thread—"Anchor Soft Embroidery." Of purest cotton, this wool-like thread will lend wings to your needle, because one stitch does the work of three. In a variety of shades—all color-fast.



The coupon below will bring you a selection of new and delightful embroidery designs.

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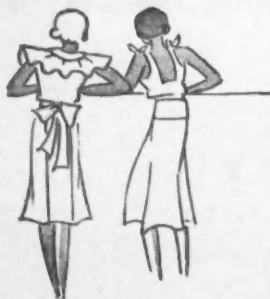
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I enclose 5¢ for new instruction leaflet and transfers on Anchor Soft Embroidery.

Name.....
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THE YOUNG IDEA IN HOLIDAY TOGS

Chatelaine Patterns



Price 15 cents

No. 261—The trio of sea-urchins at right are in beach-suits and hat made from the same pattern — one-piece sun-suit, two-piece waist and shorts and sun hat. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material for two-piece suit and hat; 1 yard of 35 inch material for one-piece suit.

No. 37 — Play rompers that are ideal wear for campaign. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.



737

94

No. 258 — A graduation or any other day frock, which may be worn with or without the wide frill. Sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 12 years requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 40 — In piqué for tennis, with a low square sun-back. A separate blouse turns it into a jumper-frock. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards of 39 inch material.

No. 737 — Sports shirt and trousers for the young man of the family. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 35 inch material.

No. 94 — Overalls are cool, comfortable things to wear in hot, summer, play-weather. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

258

40

It's the First Impression . . .

As the aperitif goes, so goes the dinner.

The roast may be burned or the bird may be tough but if appetites have been whetted by a cocktail made from Libby's "Gentle Press" tomato juice, tough birds and burned joints are forgotten.

Bitterness Eliminated

Let's tell you about this new, exclusive Libby process. The rind of a tomato, like the rind of an orange is bitter. The seeds and the core are tart. Through Libby's exclusive method, the full rich juice of the tomato is extracted and the core, seeds and skin are discarded, uncrushed. They add no bitterness to the sweet, refreshing beverage—proven by scientists' tests to be rich in Vitamin C and containing also Vitamins A, B and G.

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Libby's Gentle Press Tomato Juice is Canadian. The tomatoes are grown on Canadian vines of proven stock. The workers in the spotlessly clean kitchen of Libby's plant at Chatham, Ontario, are Canadian.

Buy On Approval

We are proud of this all-Canadian product. Try it on approval and, if disappointed, mail the label back to us at Chatham, with your name and address. We'll gladly refund your money.



LIBBY'S
gentle press
TOMATO JUICE



from



• THE LAST WORD •

Our Readers Have It.

Fashion Shorts

DON'T EVER publish a letter again saying someone doesn't like "Fashion Shorts." They're one of the snappiest features in your snappy magazine. I get more ideas for smart clothes out of those clever little paragraphs than out of whole fashion magazines. So much fashion is written in a cut and dried style that I and all my friends read Kay Murphy's little enthusiasms with great pleasure.—Torontonian.

Go Home, Young Woman

I WAS a stenographer and married a banker seventeen years ago, raised a large family, never had a maid, did all the housework and social work besides. I scraped and saved every penny—to go and lose every cent we had in stocks four years ago.

We have six young children. My husband is rapidly declining in health and has a ridiculously low salary. I find myself thrown with my back to the wall and only one alternative: "Go to work, young woman, if you don't want your children to starve!"

It's all very well for people to urge women to stay home. See that our men get a living wage first. I don't want to leave my children astray on the streets. But there are thousands of married women like me, who have helped to build a home and family, who are forced to go to work in sheer defense of their children's health. Remember this when you condemn some married woman who goes to work every morning and must leave her children behind.—"A Canadian Mother," Montreal.

The Greatest Calling

HAVE JUST received the June *Chatelaine* and read your editorial "Home Gets Its Chance," the rest has only been glimpsed as yet. I must tell you right away how much I enjoyed it. How true and wonderful are your statements! I thank you for them. You must be a wife and mother to feel as you do. It is life's greatest calling, and such a busy, worth-while one!—A. O. H., Hamlin.

Country Girls

CONGRATULATIONS to the Smithville reader who made a protest against the customary portrayal of country girls as healthy and wholesome—but inclined to be dumbbells. In so many stories it's the city girl who has the charm and the enviable qualities that the other girls want. Yet where do most of the smartest girls in the city come from? Practically all from the small towns and villages. How quickly they adapt themselves to the dressing customs of the city! Yet watch any city girl on a vacation to the country—and what does she look like at the end of two weeks? Has she adapted herself to the charming naturalness of the country girls? Just look at her and decide for yourself!—Another Country Girl, Ont.

Actual Life

WHEN YOU give us articles of real life as it is lived by women everywhere, as in your chronicles of a country doctor's wife, you are doing something that is really worth while. We women who read your magazine want reality as much as the romantic imaginings of your love stories. When I read what other women have undergone, and what their lives are like, I can adapt myself to my own with much more interest. Besides, dear editor, don't you think that this is where the

real romance lies? I think the series you have been running, telling of the daily adventures in living of such real people as a newspaperman's wife, a mountie's wife, and this doctor's wife, are among the most thrilling you've published. And from what I hear as I go about among my friends, there are plenty more to agree with me. I know you've got to use plenty of romantic fiction—but for goodness sake don't make the mistake of so many magazines and leave out the real stuff of life!—Canadian Wife, N.B.



JUST A LINE to comment on the goodness of the articles in *Chatelaine*, and also to tell you how much I enjoyed "Family Style," by C. G. Turner. I do not know when I got such a kick out of a story.—M. B., British Columbia.

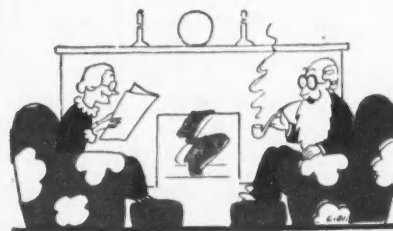
Privacy

I WANT to thank you for the article "A Chance to be Alone." One associates overcrowding with slums and factory towns, but it can be just as pernicious in the heart of the country. I am thinking of the many tiny farmhouses which contain a family of children, their parents, a hired man, and occasionally a "hired girl" as well. In the summer the children play outside, and the farm activities take the elders into the open. But in winter the household is crowded together until it seems miraculous that the walls of the house do not actually burst apart!—M. H., Sask.

What Can She Do?

I HAD the good luck to notice your "Challenge of 1934" reprinted in the *Vancouver Province*, and as it has been a dream of mine for fifteen years or more, I want to accept the challenge and do my part toward the completion of it.

For over a year I have held the faith that women could stop wars, but I could not bring peace into my own home, so I could not apply to a nation what I could not work out at home and be logical. Yet now that we have won through to peace at home, I want to do something about this larger dream. I am not an original thinker, or an influential person in this town of five thousand souls, but am sure my women friends would back me up. Can you help me to start the ball rolling out here in the West? What can I do?—G. C. M., Vancouver, B. C.



We Hope So Too

I DON'T wonder you say that "Family Style" is the story every editor welcomes. It is one of the most human and delightful stories I have ever read. I enjoyed it so much—and it brought back so many memories of my own wedding—that I had to read it aloud to my husband so that he could share it with me. Thank you for it—and I hope you get more like it.—A. K. M., Montreal.

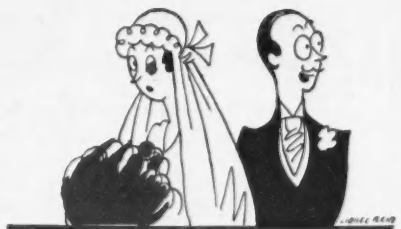
Still More

"FAMILY STYLE"—now there was a story! I chuckled all the way through and the last sentence made me shake until the tears came. I didn't dare laugh aloud for fear of waking the baby. This story deserves a place in a collection of "Best Stories." It even, to my way of thinking, may become a classic.—M. M., British Columbia.



A Moral

I WISH story writers would study "Debts," in your June issue. For this story has a lot of interest in it; yet the idea it drives home is one that would do a heap of good anywhere. Debts can only land you in eventual trouble. It was a tragic story, yet it seemed to me all the more powerful because of it. That is where a magazine can be such a power for good. In such stories, and in such articles as "Must the Children Suffer?" and "We Teach Them."—M. L., Calgary.



Smiling Brides

WHY ON earth publish such a silly-looking bride as that in your Beauty Culture section? Is that what a smart young bride of today looks like? Then I'm glad I married twenty-five years ago when girls did not look like blank-eyed sphinxes. This girl looked too goofy ever to attract a man's attention, yet the June issue features her as your Beauty bride! Why not get a girl with some vivacity to her? Don't you know we like them smiling?—Old Timer, Calgary.

Family Style

WHAT DID you think so wonderful about "Family Style"? You say it's the kind of a story all editors are looking for. Yet all the stories I send you come back with some such criticism as "Not enough action," "Not enough motive power," or "Not enough suspense." Yet you go and publish a story that is just an account of an ordinary wedding, where nothing dramatic happens except that the mother turns up at the wedding in her lace dress and fur-topped bedroom slippers. Do you call that suspense, or action, or plot? What is a struggling writer to do? They tell you to read the stories a magazine publishes—and in the majority of cases they don't follow at all the editor's reasons for rejecting your manuscripts!—E. F. G., Toronto.

June Fiction

I FOUND that "Stars in Her Hand" was a very enjoyable story. It had a sparkle that made it very pleasant reading. So many stories have such dull dialogue that it was pleasant to read one with the vitality of a modern drawing-room comedy. Would there be anyone, I wonder, who would not enjoy this story?—A. B. G., Vancouver.

YOU SO seldom give us a story with a historical Canadian setting that I hasten to applaud "Lady in Homespun," by True Davidson. A story like this gives us a picture of our early countryside. There is so much untouched romance in those days that I wonder why our magazines do not feature more of them. This story had a particular charm for me, as I live in the district described and cross the Etobicoke nearly every day.—A. M. H., Mimico, Ont.

Must the Children Suffer?

YOUR ARTICLE on this subject makes me say, as a Woman's Institute worker, that we should hang our heads in shame to allow such conditions in Canada.

Surely there are some organizations in this country that could take a copy from Queen Mary who is so interested in the welfare of the poor that she has a habit of dropping in "all unannounced" so to speak, much to the chagrin of landlords and tenants of certain slums. It took a Florence Nightingale to clear up the wretched conditions under which soldiers were cared for in war time. Why leave our good deeds until then?

We are told that the children of any country are its greatest asset. If this is true, let us women clean house in this matter and do for these children as we would have done for our own children if we knew they would be orphaned and left to the care of God knows who.—(Mrs.) O. J. B., Mission City.

That Dependent Woman!

"THREE IN A SAILBOAT" was a lovely story in every way. It brought out a point many of us women learn by bitter experience—that men love the dependent woman. I found "Debts" both interesting and entertaining as it answers an old question in a new way. "Stars in Her Hand" by Hagar Wilde was very romantic, and I suppose the light idealists like Carey usually do get the right of way ahead of the plodders. One feels very sorry for George, yet maybe, after all the woman will be happier with the easy-going understanding heart.—M. McK., White Rock.

AND NOW Stainless ENAMELED WARE

● **STAINLESS ENAMELED WARE** is here. General Steel Wares brings another contribution to the modern kitchen. With the ease of washing glassware, you can wipe away all traces of cooking from these colorful utensils. They successfully resist vegetable stains, fruit acids—in fact, every cooking stain. A damp cloth will clean them. You will see this modestly priced new ware in department or hardware stores.

To make your housework easier, General Steel Wares is constantly introducing new products. Another development is the new automatic McClary Gas Range, illustrated to the left.

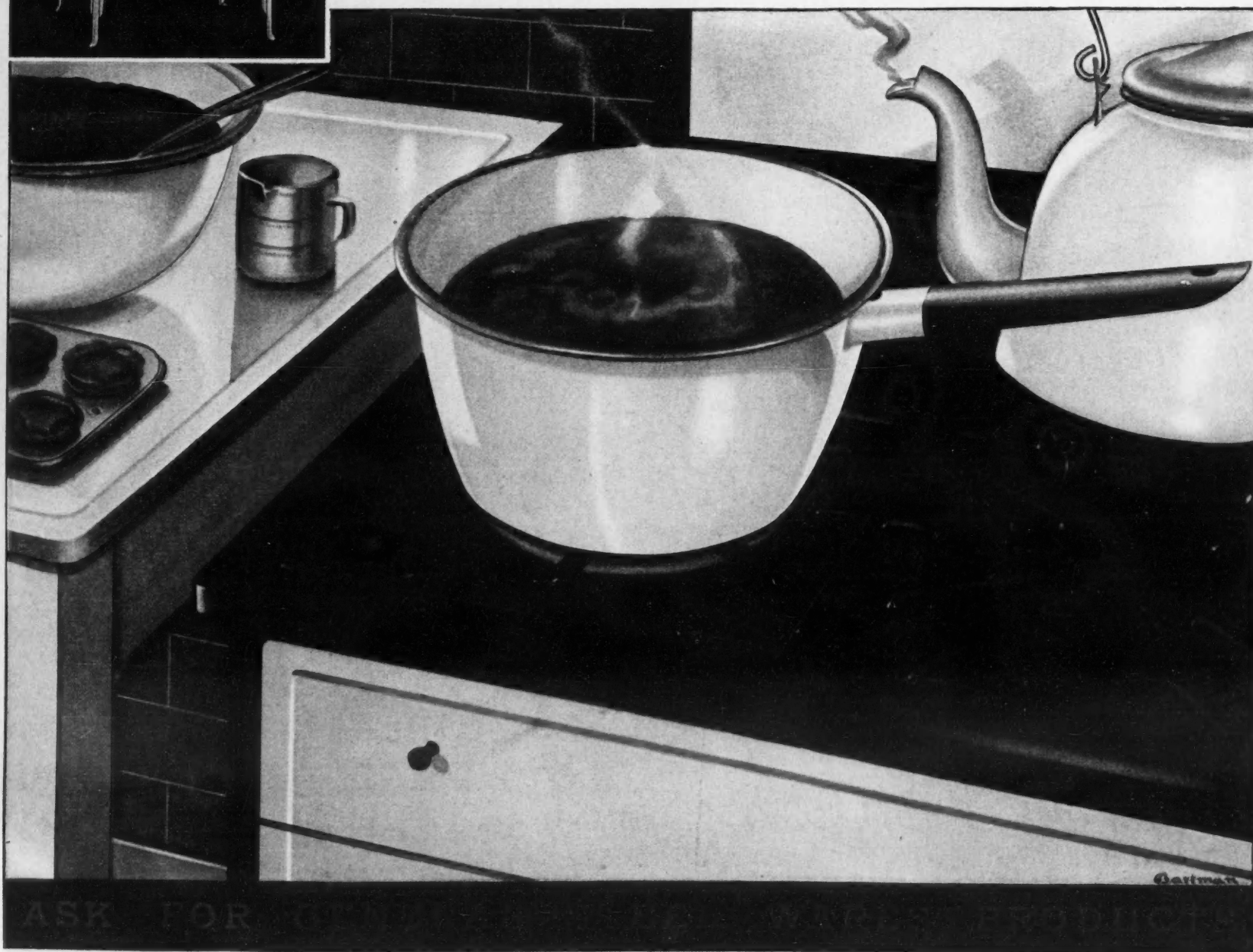
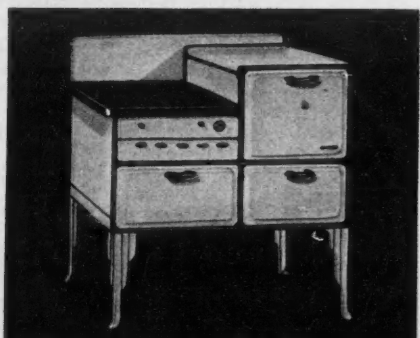
Baking, broiling and cooking are made easy, almost effortless, by this new range. The oven is automatically controlled . . . no watching or worrying . . . just a dial to set. It heats more rapidly and

evenly because it is super-insulated. It is 30% faster, yet uses much less gas. The cooking-top burners light automatically. In the new, improved, pull-out Broiler you can broil meats or fish without greasy smoke or objectionable smells. There is no need now to serve fried food on your table. Broil the McClary way—for health's sake! Ask to see this automatic McClary Gas Range. It is now on display at all dealers.

. . . .

In the illustration below are other products of General Steel Wares planned for the modern kitchen. The colorful utensils are the new stainless enameled ware. The range is the new automatic McClary Gas Range. The pretty table top is another product, also the muffin tin, and batter spoon. Ask your nearest General Steel Wares dealer about the plan for free advice from experts in re-planning your kitchen, or write to General Steel Wares Limited, 199 River Street, Toronto. Why not have a new kitchen? It costs so little.

Be sure to see this strikingly good looking McClary Gas Range, known as the Royal Console Model. It is complete with many new time saving and labor saving features. Cook automatically . . . let the McClary do your work.



ASK FOR THE NEW STAINLESS ENAMELED WARE